MY LIFE IN TWO WORLDS

BY

MARIE E. HENSLEY

INSPIRED BY GEORGE GORDON BYRON



LORD BYRON

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INSPIRED BY

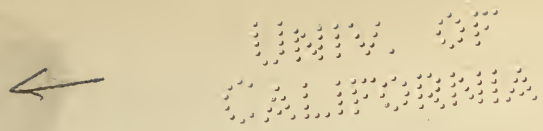
GEORGE GORDON BYRON

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Introduction

I, the author, claim that this york was written under inspiration, impressed by Lord Byron, the poet.

Inspirational is very different from automatic writing. Those who write under inspiration are fully conscious that they are impressed by an influence, independent of themselves, which uses their brains and minds, as instruments to connect them with the material world.

Those who write automatically, like autoonatums, are conscious of nothing. Their brains and minds are almost completely *magnetized into insensibility,* which makes it very difficult to give reliable information or truth, as a torpid, magnetized brain is not as good an instrument as a conscious one, or, very rarely done, the hand is *automatically* controlled, entirely independent of the brain and mind.

All works of a religious or a spiritual nature are inspired.

In harmony with the sub-conscious or subjective mind, they are impressed, by those who inspire, to give truth which can only be received according to the development or the receptivity

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of the material brain and mind and expressed according to the development of the brain, mind and senses. Hence all inspirational works partake of the channels through which they flow.

If the brain and mind of a person believes firmly in any especial religion or philosophy, it is difficult for them to receive that which is contrary to their belief, hence, a theosophist, under inspiration, adheres to theosophy, a modern spiritualist to modern spiritualism, a Catholic to Catholicism ,etc. Those who impress ever impress *the truth.* The difference in the various expressions is not *due to those impressing,* nor to the spirit or mortal *impressed,* but due to his *instruments,* his mortal brain and senses, the sole instruments connecting him with both the spirit and material world.

All give, according to their mental ability, hence, the various, conflicting statements in inspirational works.

Inspiration is recognized by many leading material scientists, Sir Wm. Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, etc.

Prof. Edgar Lucien Larkin states regarding it,

"The literature of this complex subject, now extensive, is increasing. *The fact is, the universe, beyond all doubt* includes hundreds

of facts and laws of whose very existence we are at present entirely ignorant. And so great that this interior universe may be called a universe all by itself, separate from the material universe.

"Science has now reached a point where a beginner, a designer, a planner is absolutely required, in a sense, a creator."

"Substance is a remarkable word. It means stand under, then substance is not matter. It precedes it."

I quote from Edwin Markham,

"As I take it man has a spiritual body within his material body, and the spiritual body is the source of our thinking and feeling. This concept of a spirit body is the only thing that makes immortality thinkable."

I could quote from many other thinkers and great scientists who know telepathy to be a fact, but space forbids. As telepathy is proven to be a fact, it is true that individual minds after death to their material bodies, as it is a power of mind, use it as when attached to mortal bodies. Hence this work was, unquestionably inspired by the poet, Lord Byron.

As "A Dweller in Two Planets," "Intra Muras" and various other inspirational works have been accepted as such, there is no reason why this should not be the same as the author

vouches for it, and, as she has also written fiction knows the great difference between it and truth, hence solemnly avers that this work is just what it claims to be, the work of Lord Byron, the poet.

He who is mentioned in the revised version of the bible—1881—I quote from "Testimony for the Bible,"

"Lord Byron in a letter to Mrs. Shepard said, 'Indisputably the firm believers in the gospels have a great advantage over all others. If it is true they will have their reward hereafter, and if there be no hereafter, they can be but with the infidel in his eternal sleep, having had the assistance of an *exalted hope through life,* without subsequent disappointment at the worst for them 'out of nothing nothing can come, not ever sorrow'."

The following lines are also said to have been found in his bible:

"Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries.
Oh! happiest they of human race,
To whom our God has given grace,
To hear, to read, to fear, to pray,
To lift the latch and force the way;
But better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or who read to scorn."

Sir Walter Scott claimed Byron was of "boundless genius," great of heart and soul, *"nobly purposed, etc."*

He was loved and esteemed by many, by those who knew the real man, not the despicable character portrayed by enemies, detractors and critics, or those who unfamiliar with the truth, through *self interest,* blackened not only his fair fame but that of his sister, who was highly respected by all, even by Lady Byron, to the day of her death.

Truth is mighty but it can not always be *expressed* in this world. Many as blameless as Lord Byron have never been justified.

Although this work portrays the real man it is not only for the purpose of justifying him, but to give truths to the world *not yet given.*

It is difficult with finite mind, to grasp the mortal within the spirit body. Those who can not must imagine as best they can, that the real and true spirit, in *the real and true body,* is ever with the mortal or material body, unless detached by sleep, trance or death.

"That in Heaven *their* angels (the real ones,) do ever behold the *face* of my Father which is in Heaven."

The Lord and His Apostles taught of three bodies in one. The celestial or spiritual, the real and true, the psychical a living frame or

vital body to vitalize the physical or natural body. This is grasped by many Christians, even though they have been taught that the soul becomes transformed into a spirit body, upon death to the mortal body.

Also grasped by the Buddhist and theosophest who believe in four bodies in one.

No religion nor philosophy up to that given through this author, teaches of the *spirit or soul in the spirit body, the same personality as brought forth on earth brought forth conjointly* living in the real life while attached or impressing the material or natural body.

All excepting *ambiguous statements* made by several mental branches and psychics, teach of a spirit life that *follows the mortal,* not a life *conjoined* to it, a *dual life,* not the *identical spirit* animating the material, actually living in his real and true body, while *conscious* on the mortal plane, and solely *conscious in the spirit* when his mortal instruments are magnetized into insensibility, into that cognized as sleep or trance, and he detached or apart from the mortal life and body.

Prof. Larkin truely observes, "This universe may be called a universe all by itself, *separate from the material universe.*"

Those who think, like him, cognize also a body *separate from the material body.*

If "substance is not matter but precedes it," thinkers also grasp there may be oceans of substance out of which all worlds and bodies are *formed,* the spiritual substance formed with interstices to permit the material to interpenetrate it.

Our *material organs,* not our spiritual senses, are limited. "The material senses shut out truth and healing." But the material senses are the real *spirit ones imperfectly adjusted to suit* that which is necessary for each spirit, his *senses* very imperfectly expressed through his poor material brain and sense organs. The sense organs are adapted to this plane of consciousness.

If science has reached a point where "a beginner, a designer, a planner" is absolutely necessary, in a sense, a creator, does it not seem possible that a creator may be a *Supreme Being. The Father,* as taught by the Lord, and the elder religions, the Father of Humanity." The Supreme God of the Brahmins, "The Divine Idea" of Christian Science, He, whom all Christians worship as our Father, God Omnipotent.

Creator, a beginner, a designer in the sense that all spiritual and material worlds are formed out of the already existing substance, vitalized by his life principle. And, although

his principles vitalize all substance, He, as creator, *distinct* from the things created, that which emanates from, an effluence from Him, while *vitalizing* all, still not the *source.*

Hence as Lord Byron, Emmanuel Swedenberg and others claim to have seen the Father as Divine Person, and as all *religions teach of a supreme God,* those who solely cognize "nature," "the elder brother," "the sole begotten son," should not ridicule that which they are *not prepared to grasp.*

Emmanuel Swedenborg, quoted, revered by many leading Divines, claims in his work "Heaven and Hell," that solely "the highest and purest see Him in Divine Person." , Lord Byron says *all are pure and good,* all children of God, that all see Him in the real life. As belief in evil is being wiped out of consciousness and it is recognized as it really is, due to *undeveloped conditions,* on earth, it can not be difficult to understand now that in the spirit life, all are pure and holy and not as, when Swedenborg gave his work *but the elect, a* limited number.

All who profess to be Christians, etc., can not doubt that which their religions teach that many of their inspired or prophets have seen and conversed with Him, even today some on the fields of battle claim to have seen "The

White Comrade," The Lord As humanity is more developed, has more developed brains and minds, why should they not see Him now as then?

Even though some can grasp naught higher than "the Elder Brother," or "the Sole begotten Son," they know that "the Spirit who animated the Lord must have been on a higher plane to themselves, and though they can not grasp him as God Omnipotent, at least ought not to pervert the teaching of Him who distinctly stated, "I and the Father are one, *not you* and the Father, but *I and the Father.* Before Abraham I was, not before Ahohenu you were."

I close with quoting from "The Prayer of Nature," by Lord Byron, the following verses and ask the unprejudiced, enlightened reader to judge, if even at that day, he had not a clearer conception of true religion than those who maligned him?

If He had been deemed the disreputable character portrayed by enemies, he would not have been mentioned in the bible nor esteemed by those of his contemporaries who were worthy of esteem and on the same plane as himself:

"Father of Light, Great God of Heaven,
Hearest thou the accents of despair
Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven

Can vice atone for crime by prayer?
Shall man condemn his race to hell
Unless *they bend in pompous form,*
Tell us that all, for *one* who fell must perish
in the mingling storm?
Shall such *pretend* to reach the skies
Yet doom his brother to expire
Whose soul a different hope supplies
Or doctrines less severe inspire?
Shall these by creeds they *can't expound.*
Prepare a fancied bliss or woe?
Shall reptiles, growling on the ground,
Their great Creator's purpose know!
Shall those who live for *self alone*
Whose years float on in daily crime
Shall they by Faith for guilt atone?
And live beyond the bounds of Time.
Thou, who in wisdom *placed me here*
Who, when Thou wilt, can take me hence,
Ah; whilst I tread this earthly sphere
Extend to me thy wise defence.
To thee, my God, to Thee I call,
Whatever weal or woe betide,
By *Thy command I rise or fall.*
In thy protection I confide
To thee I breathe my humble strain,
Grateful for all Thy mercies past,
And *hope* my God, to *thee again*
This erring life may fly at last."

This is perfect faith, implicit reliance upon God, grateful for all mercies — content what e'er befall, whether weal or woe betide, adversity or prosperity,—to leave all to the Father.

No prayers, nor petitions for favors, no desire to be blessed with rewards to be cursed with punishment, no attributing to humanity or mortal mind—greater power than God. No fear of The Devil, no fear of any but God. No faith, nor belief in aught but Him who "placed me here" who, "when Thou wilt, can take me hence." Is it strange that such a man, who had a contempt for creeds *not based upon truth, love,* should e'en in the real life—strive to dispel the illusions of mortal mind, and give his time and service to help, in all ways possible his brethren and sisters on the dark earth plane?

TO THYRZA.

Tho' roamed I the world over,
Far, far from the haunts of men,
Tho' ever and ever a rover,
And exile, and cared not when,
My life would end for ever,
If, perchance, I could fly to thee,
But, alas, never, no, never
Was I e'en granted glimpse of thee.

Only in great exaltation,
Oft allowed poets like me,
Was I blessed with inspiration
To behold or speak with thee.
Tho' oft with contrite, humbled heart,
I essayed to rend the vail,
Hoping, perhaps, you might impart
A glimpse to him beyond the pale,

Still within the depths of my soul,
Submerged 'neath waves of despair,
Not mine I'd feel, to reach the goal,
Alas, here or anywhere
Of communion, my love, with thee,
Not mine to feel soul, and mind
In unison with thine and free,
Not mine to feel the more refined
Love of thy spirit for me.

But now, with bliss of love divine,
Absolved from vain regret,
Never to be thine or mine,
For the love we ne'er can forget,
We come like seraphs on the wing,
Heart to heart and soul to soul,
Sweetest assurances to bring,
To those who've not reached the goal,
Who still uncleansed, unpurged by fire,
Slaves to insatiate desire,
Have yet each and every-one,
To learn as we, "Thy will be done."

MY LIFE IN TWO WORLDS

MARIE E. HENSLEY

CHAPTER I.



HEN I first began to think, in my real home in the spirit world, where all spirits live while they animate mortal bodies, I was amazed at the extremely realistic dreams, as I deemed them, of a place where I lived on the earth called London. I distinctly remembered and freely discussed them with my mother, who also dreamed like me, and with Elaine and Clara, whom I learned later, were my instructors, and governesses, called on the earth, guardian Angels.

Elaine and Clara had lived on the earth long before I had, but had stopped dreaming, and were to take care of and educate me, until I would stop dreaming as I supposed.

I could not tell which I loved best, my mother was very sweet and beautiful, so were

Elaine and Clara, who were with me more frequently. Sometimes I was taken to my mother who seemed to be asleep, but who, in reality, was conscious on the mortal plane.

I often remained with her until she awakened, when I would see Elsie, one of my mother's guardian Angels, help her to rise. My mother would clasp me in her arms and exclaim lovingly,

"Oh, here is my own real little boy," But, oh, my poor little lame boy on the earth." I would invariably reply, so lately from the earth myself, "Here is your little lame boy, Mama, I am that little boy, to-day you sent me from you and," she would interrupt me with caresses and sigh, "How I wish I could be my real self on the earth, how sad it is." Radiant and beautiful spirit that she was, her lovely eyes would fill thinking of the little earth boy upon whom she vented occasionally, not always, poor earth mother, the grief of a stricken, proud nature, no not always, poor dear mother, only when tortured beyond endurance, would you lose control.

Such scenes as these were my first recollections upon the spirit plane. My first of earth life were of a dreary, gloomy house in London, in a more dreary, gloomy room, where the sun scarcely ever penetrated, and where I played,

often hours, alone with some cheap, home-improvised toy or tool. I remember one day my father entered, redolent of liquor, my mother, shivering near an almost extinct fire in a small coal grate, pointed to me and reproachfully said,

"Well, what are you going to do, you have about ruined me?"

He replied sneeringly,

"Look out for him yourself, I am going to clear out." I will not describe the scene that ensued, babe though I was ,it made such an impression, I could not forget it for days.

Ere I proceed, I shall try to make as clear as I can our seemingly dual lives, while we dwell on the earth, or rather animate our mortal forms. Every earth, material world, such as ours, is within, seemingly to spiritual consciousness, a spiritual world. Every mortal babe, brought forth upon earth plane within a spirit babe, brought forth similarly upon the spirit plane. The spirit world and child, the real and true, destined to exist forever, immune to change and destruction, the material world or earth, destined to exist until it has brought forth all the children required by God, our loving Father, when it is resolved into the primal elements of which it is composed.

The material body, instrument for the spirit child, is ordained in conjunction with the spirit-

ual, to give it personality, as well as a certain amount of training and discipline, varying in all After it outlives its usefulness it is cast aside by the spirit and consigned to dust and oblivion. Therefore, I, as every other spirit on mortal plane, lived two lives, a dual life, until my detachment from the material body, by that which is called on earth, death, but is, in reality, awakening for good, in the real life. As Lord Tennyson says,

"There was and e'er shall be on mortal plane
of earth,
The wonder, the mystery attending ev'ry birth,
There was, and e'er shall be with failing of the
breath,
The sweetest peace and glory attending ev'ry
death,
From mortal plane so low to spirit one so near,
From earth's mis'ry and woe, to those we love
most dear,
Is but ceasing to dream, awaking to the true,
That the beings we seem are neither I nor you."

As I grew on spiritual plane when detached at night from my mortal body, which was always in the charge of an advanced Angel, I soon learned that I was a child of Omnipotent God, who was not only God of our spiritual world and its earth, but of all spiritual and

material worlds in existence, all of which He had created, and of the great Celestial Kingdom which like Him, had ever existed without beginning or end.

I also learned that there was a great difference between the two planes of consciousness, the spiritual, the real, in the sense it lasts forever, and the material, owing to its fixed duration, in a degree, unreal and transitory, though as real where all the things which constitute consciousness, the true sense of being are concerned. I also learned that while I could recall, on spirit plane, all my life on the material, the earth, when free at night, I could recall nothing of the spirit life on earth save occasional glimpses, as I developed and became more in harmony with the higher attributes of the soul, and detached myself from the grosser elements of materialism. Although God was my real Father, taught to worship Him by Clara and Elaine as well as conscious, as an individual soul-child, of receiving a continual influx of the soul gifts from vibrations connecting me with Him, I also loved very dearly my spirit father, with whom I was thrown in contact during my mother's connection with him on earth.

I remember one night, while we were all seated at a table with relatives and friends, I heard him say, looking sadly at my mother,

"Well, I presume this will be our last meeting on both planes for some time." My mind at once reverted to a scene I had witnessed on earth that day, and knew what it meant, and was not surprised, so different from what she seemed on earth when she replied as sadly, "Yes, we must be disciplined, we know why we suffer there."

Turning from their sad faces, I, one by one, carefully, slowly surveyed all at the table. I noted the radiant, glowing faces, the sweetness of expression, the tranquillity, the utter freedom from care and worry of all those who had passed the portals of death, who, safe in port at last, could never again know, even in dream life, either pain or suffering, and, child though I was, I sighed and wished my earth life, and my dear father's and mother's were ended, and I said so all could hear, although I scarcely raised my voice:

"Mamma, I do not like to go where you do not like me, and where you and papa cannot be."

Ere my mother could reply, Elaine, next to me, said lovingly:

"Georgie dear, you know you only dream these things."

I answered quiveringly, "I know, but they are real and true while I am there."

My mother, in the flowing garb worn by all

spirits attached to the mortal, hastened to me, clasped me in her arms, and said, with love ineffable expressed in touch and tone (ah, would the little lame boy on earth could have remembered, how the gloom of that sensitive nature would have been dispelled):

"My boy, my little real boy, you know your real mother loves you and that she is not herself on earth, or she would tell you even there, how dearly she loves you."

When it was time to go back to dream on earth, Elaine sang me to sleep. Before drifting off I prayed, "Dear Father, let me remember a little on earth." But, although I did not remember when I was taken from London to Aberdeen to a lonely life with my mother, I tried to be reconciled to her varying moods, her erratic display of emotion, and, although several times when, utterly beside herself with earthly trials, she alluded to my slight deformity, I was bitterly wounded and magnified my affliction until it became my greatest torment, still I ever within my soul, indubitably correctly impressed, felt but her real true love and devotion, no matter how poorly expressed.

In later years the wanton attacks upon that mother, the exaggerated accounts of her treatment of me, was one of my greatest grievances against the cold and callous criticism of a

superficial and decadent class. I will not again allude to my life on the mortal plane, save to refer to it here and there, until I severed the link binding me to the material for good, neither shall I dwell upon my youthful days at Aberdeen, Dr. Glennies' school, where I was tormented beyond endurance by a stupid policy, nor my life at Harrow, rendered so dear to me by the complete understanding and love of some of my dearest friends, friendships made there which were to last throughout eternity.

It is not my purpose to affirm nor deny any of the numerous love-affairs, and numberless escapades attributed to me, nor to enter into my very short connection with the House of Lords, and the demoralizing influence and effect of my social life.

I wish to state that almost all that has been published about my private life possesses barely a grain of truth, I impress this from my Home in the spirit principally to clear the name of one especially dear to me, as well as to give truths not yet given upon mortal plane. This will compel me to enter the closed sanctuary, to even my most intimate relatives and friends, of my married life, fraught with such direful misery to all connected with many families, particularly to my beloved sister Augusta.

Although I am in a spiritual atmosphere of

love and harmony, although I understand perfectly why our mortal lives are filled with discordant elements, still, so indelibly are earth experiences recorded, e'en would I, I cannot forget, especially that most wanton, of all unfounded charges, that which sullied the fair fame of one of earth's saints and be draggled in the mire the reputations of many connected with the unfortunate Byron.

How often had I, on earth, wept tears of blood, how often had I sent crazed petitions and anathemas to God only to have all recoil upon me with redoubled affliction. I supposed when I, not only had been made the laughing-stock of London after my meteoric career, but had lost friend upon friend, and my mother whom I mourned greatly, besides that other, the star of my life for so short an earth period, that I had quaffed life's bitterest potions, that I had in a measure conquered and rehabilitated myself in the eyes of the carping critics and fair weather friends before I married Miss Milbanke, but I little imagined the most harrowing of all was yet to come.

CHAPTER II.

In a world transcendently fair, naught upon earth with it to compare, in the spirit world, the real, true world, in all ways superior, greater, grander than the earth, two young people stood before a vine-covered, flower-be-garlanded snowy white villa.

It stood on a slight eminence commanding a view of the sea in front. Neither a spirit on spirit nor spirit on mortal plane, can adequately portray the glory of that sea.

It was night in that part of the spirit world, the spirit country of merry England. Night there is even more beautiful than the most perfect day on earth. It is ever lighter than the softest twilight, and, often as the first glimmer of dawn. All the spirit worlds, apparently much larger and nearer than on the earth, appear like immense, scintillating globes dotting the Heavens everywhere. These alone, irrespective of the perfect radium and electrical systems, give all the light that is necessary.

The two young people stood, in front of the house, glancing at the sea. Two other young people sat upon the porch ostensibly unconscious of the others. I, George Gordon Byron was standing with my love, Thyrza. The others were Clara, one of my dear Guardian Angels, and Marie, one of Thyrza's.

We had been detached during sleep, had devoted some time to receiving instruction, seeing relatives and friends, and had sought, ere returning to mortal life, a few moments to enjoy that solitary intercourse which is dear to spirits on both planes.

Enraptured, both so lately from the sombre dull skies and tints of the earth, we gazed, almost speechless, at the indescribable beauty of sea and sky. The sky was of the same pale blue and gold as the sea, with flashes of constantly changing colors, through which the great stars behind produced the luminous glow, the despair of artists. The sea, ah, the wonder, the glory, the radiance, the varying tint and hue in the tiny wavelet, the rippling billow and the great breakers. Then the rhythm, the music of the water, and above all, the celestial beauty of the beings floating above and in crafts of all kinds in the sky and on the water. Small, one person air-ships to

immense ones carrying thousands, tiny canoes to monsters of the deep on sea.

Every craft known on earth and many more, but, unlike earth, constructed of substances of imperishable beauty, wondrous symmetry of line and marvelous speed, for everything manufactured upon the spirit plane, yes, manufactured scientificaly, not with the wand of fairy or the incantations of witch or wizard, is perfect of its kind.

As spirit substance is the sole indestructible substance, it can be understood that the spirit world and spirit bodies are more real, and substantial than the material. ALL people, for spirits are people, as human in appearance as mortals only more perfect in all ways, are of as solid and much more wholesome flesh than mortals. All made in the image of their Father are necessarily perfect and beautiful, all with varying types of beauty and physique, but all with perfect forms, features, complexion, hair, eyes, brows and lashes.

As all God's children are really spirits born in the spirit world and simply animate or impress the mortal bodies which are destined to return to dust, the real life is the life of the spirit, but as all spirits, up to the time of their death on mortal plane, spend three-fourths of their time on that plane,

it naturally is as real to them, while living it, as the real life. Therefore Thyrza and I, more at home on the earth, less familiar with the glories of the spirit, restricted as all attached spirits are, were more than enthralled with the wonders visible on all sides, and, though we loved deeply with the true, conjugal love given but to soul-mates, we could not refrain from gazing, not only upon ourselves, far superior in beauty and charm to our mortal selves, but upon the ever changing panorama of harmonious beauty surrounding us. But, feeling the time was drawing nigh when we would be compelled to return to the mortal plane, I fastened my eyes upon my love, Thyrza, most beautiful of all maidens on earth in faulty mortal form, ah, how infinitely more so in her real spiritual one.

No one can do justice to the beauty of any spirit, all are exceedingly beautiful, but, as on the earth there are different types of both beauty and ugliness, so in the spirit world there are varying types and degrees of beauty alone. The difference is not in feature and form so much as in expression. A subtle charm, a magnetism, a glory, a radiance indefinable, yet as distinct as features and form. Those who are more in harmony with the soul vibrations from God, manifest a greater sweetness, a

more hallowed expression, a purer radiance.

All Celestial Angels possess in a marked degree this soul essence of beauty. Claire and Marie are Celestial Angels, while Thyrza is equally beautiful in all the essentials, they possess a Divine sweetness lacking in Thyrza, I have been told, but so great is the love for the twin-soul, imperceptible to me, who saw embodied in Thyrza the acme of perfection in face, form, expression and radiance.

With the infinite love of my soul, I gazed upon her splendid, ripe, wholesome beauty, nothing etheral about her, a beautiful girl, rich, red blood flushing the cheek, deepening in the lips, and delicately faint about ears and eyelids, all the rest of the skin as white as a snow-drift. The eyes, which frankly returned my look of adoration, were of dark azure, shaded with long lashes, great eyes flashing with merriment, dewey with love, tender with pity, or langorous with meditation.

No one on spirit side, cognizes aught of the animal feelings and propensities, all express but the spiritual attributes of love, power, wisdom, strength, etc. Whenever we refer to and speak of animal qualities and material conditions, we do not cognize them as we seem to on the earth.

It must not be supposed, since we express nothing but these higher attributes of the soul,

that we are insipid, colorless beings, all as alike as the fashionable puppets of society on earth. Not at all. Those who have all the wisdom, all the learning, all the wonders and marvels of countless spheres and worlds to learn from and explore, cannot but be vastly superior to those who are limited to one world and sphere of activity and that but little higher than the animal.

In the erect poise of the body, the queenly set of the head, the royal glance of the eye, the spirit child of God looked forth. I saw conscious wisdom, conscious power, conscious love and a limitless sweetness, a saintliness so Divine, as to fill me, so fresh from the earth with the awe and homage one accords a superior.

I was amazed when Thyrza broke forth,

"Oh, George, how like a god you look, if you were not so sweet and lovable I would feel like worshipping you, instead of our loving Father." Both she and I burst into peals of laughter. Claire and Marie arose and stood underneath the sparkling lights in full view. Although nightly Thyrza and I saw them, yet regularly we bowed in spirit before their Angelic superiority. They joined in with rippling peals of music, while we feasted on their loveliness, but though I felt their superiority in everything to us, that very superiority seemed to bring us

closer, more in harmony with them. Claire was as dear as my mother to me, Marie as dear as Thyrza's to her.

After we ceased laughing, I tried to discern, as often before, that which made them more beautiful. I compared them with Thyrza. All were perfect in form, feature, coloring, expression, yes, Thyrza's expression was as sweet. I looked again, I saw the conscious spirit of power, of love, of learning in Thyrza. At last I had found it. Thyrza was conscious of her superiority as child of God, Clare and Marie had long since forgetten it in *being* Children of God. Thyrza had just begun to realize her royal heritage, Clara and Marie had progressed throughout countless cycles of time and numberless spiritual worlds, acquiring all the essential knowledge and attributes requisite to fit them to enter the Celestial Kingdom. As, even, upon the earth, the greatest are the meekest, so in God's realms, the Celestial Angels the highest and greatest of all are the humblest, the most self - abnegating and self - forgetting.

Clara and Marie were utterly and entirely regardless of self, heart, mind, soul ever filled with thoughts of others. Thyrza still thought of self. Therein lay the difference, and, as upon the earth plane, there is a law of compensation, as well as laws of heredity, so also

upon the spirit there is the Divine law of an increased influx of soul gifts, when the spirit advances as all must.

Thyrza and I were upon the first or lowest plane of spirit advancement, of course much higher than the very highest of the material plane, as all spirit children are endowed with the soul gifts of love, wisdom and power which connect them directly with the Father, and hence enable them to advance more rapidly on the spirit than on the mortal plane, as it is very difficult for the material mind, evolved from the animal, to be impressed with the truths which they constantly receive through numberless vibrations, as well as are systematically taught by their Guardian Angels. But, nevertheless though I discerned the difference, and saw the greater love and glory irradiating their peerless faces, still, with the true love given us by our Father, my eyes lingered most admiringly upon the face of my love.

I noted her eyes turned longingly above, she wanted to float, to become a part of the merry pageant.

"Have we time?" I glanced at Marie and Clara, who nodded, and hastened within to don floating garbs, such as all attached spirits wear.

Within a few seconds, followed by mother and several others, we all softly arose, floating

indeed, veritable angels, not on the wing or with wings, but with a motion as easy, but much more pleasurable than walking, as natural to spirits, on spirit plane, as walking on the mortal.

"To London?" I asked Thyrza, she smiled, and we joined the great crowd traveling in that direction. As order is Heaven's first law, every where, where populated, order and system are enforced, not only on land and water, but also in the air, therefore there are aerial roads for aerial craft going in different directions, with great aerial depots. Also aerial roads for flying spirits, hence, there is never confusion nor disorder of any kind.

When we reached the heights desired, we were filled with the most exquisite sensations. The soft, balmy air, the sky and water sparkling with lights, the esplanade, bordering the sea, thronged with happy spirits afoot and in all sort of equipages and vehicles, the magnificent residences, the radiant beauty of the flying spirits impressed me anew with the glorious privilege of being a child of God, and thrills of love and gratitude to our loving Father swept through me with resistless force.

If the eyes were gratified with the ever varying pictures of beauty, no less were the ears with the varying melody and music of the

different sounds greeting us as we flew.

No discordant,ear-splitting noises,as on earth. Every sound, whether that made by boats, in air, on sea, by vehicle or equipage, or by the many animals visible on esplanade, or in many of the grounds over which we flew, as well as by the countless beings everywhere to be seen, was musical and attuned to give pleasure to the most fastidious ear.

Spirits possess the five senses, much more perfectly and highly developed, as well as several more, undreamed of on mortal plane, but whensoever they will they can control them, for instance, although the average sight is much keener than on earth, when sufficiently advanced like Clare and Marie, not like Thyrza and myself, they can, whensoever they will, either see as far distant as the most perfect telescope, the "world in big," and, excelling the most perfect microscope the "world in little."

The heavenly sounds, the rhythm of the water, the soft cadences of the voices, were now and and then entirely silenced by the entrancing peals and strains from great bands, comprising every instrument imaginable, and, now and then, voices of infinite range and sweetness.

Within a short while the spirit city of London appeared before us, gleaming like silver and gold, every building of a pale silver and

golden hue, mammoth buildings almost touching the sky, with turrets, spires and towers iridescent with millions of lights, but, to relieve the glitter and glow, everywhere parks and streets lined with trees and shrubbery of green and flowers of various kinds.

We were about to descend when Claire said, "Time to return."

When we arrived at the porch, all entered except Thyrza and I left alone for a few moments to take our parting embrace, ere returning to our couch to be attached to our mortal bodies.

"I dread to return, George," Thyrza sighed, "If I could remember just enough to make me stronger to endure that which I am ever anticipating, it is ever before me. Ah, how awful when we part."

She placed her dear face next to mine and looked beseechingly into my eyes as she continued,

"I know we are soul-mates, destined to become one when we become detached, but oh, the weary, heart-breaking time before, the sleepless nights which keep me even from this peace," and she embraced me lovingly, I lifted her face, lovely, glorious spirit though she was, her eyes were filled with tears, her form quivered with that which she could not understand

on spirit plane but which still caused suffering.

Attached spirits are the only ones who suffer. They are those which undeveloped psychics call "earth-bound." While detached, as we were, we know why we must endure the pain and suffering, but even so, as it is a part of our discipline, it only in a degree relieves.

I held her to me, deploring equally our return. I knew what she had to contend with, I knew, though she was as pure as her spirit in sight of her Heavenly Father, that upon the earth, through my inability to impress my material mind correctly, she occupied an anomalous position in the eyes of those who knew of our relations, one unworthy of her character and training. I also knew while I loved her and would ever be true to her while she lived on earth, I would not do that which I knew her sweet spirit craved. Even more poignantly than she I felt, though I knew how irresponsible I really was, for spirit, pure and holy on spirit plane, cannot always control mortal mind and body.

The material brain and body with the animal diseases and propensities, evolved from the animal, make it extremely difficult sometimes for the spirit to control. The material brain is formed of and dominated by millions of entities, with a certain degree of

intelligence, reason and consciousness. When these entities are undeveloped they combine in the aggregate and often prevent the spirit from transmitting and receiving impressions correctly, of course all permitted under God's law for the purpose of giving each child the discipline, the certain amount of suffering and pain deemed essential by the Angels in charge.

God is Omnipotent. Nothing is left to chance. His children are ever objects of His tender care. The mortal life, though transitory, and in a sense unreal, is essential, the training necessary, therefore, while I only too sadly realized my material limitations, I knew that though my way was beset with thorns and I was stung beyond endurance, I must resign myself to the inevitable. I answered tenderly,

"It is said on mortal plane, 'whom the god's love, die young,' darling, let us hope that our pilgrimage may be short, that we may quaff all the horrors in a little while and not have to linger as so many do. Better a short life of intense agony, than a prolonged one of continual suffering."

She answered cheerfully,

"Never fear, dearest, I can endure anything, I know I am thine, and you are mine, no matter how the mortal dream may end."

I gave a last, lingering glance at the sweet face, eloquent with faith and love, while I, impressed upon her mind, too overcome for speech, the vows of eternal fealty, ere we entered the house to return to the earth life of darkness and misery.

CHAPTER III.

It was morning in London. All society was in a ferment of great excitement. In club, drawing-room, Hyde Park, in fact wherever society met or congregated, one topic engrossed the attention to the exclusion of all others, that was the approaching nuptials of the popular poet, the irrepressible scapegrace and scribbler, known to all as Lord Byron.

I was alone in my chambers. I had dismissed my valet and sat down for a few moments to recall, as I ever did, one face from the many who had here and there claimed my public attention and interest, never, never, that of my heart and soul.

I had, acuated by several motives, decided to marry Miss Milbanke. The event was to take place within a few hours. I desired to take a long, farewell glance at the face so dear, ere endeavoring to relegate it for once and all to a sanctuary so sacred that I, until freed by death, could not intrude and be false to the trust reposed in me by the cold, passionless young lady soon, (alas, too soon, I felt as I gazed with heart and soul at the entrancing face), to be my wife. Ah, that face

so beloved, the face of one who had, unknown to the world, excepting to a very few of my intimates, been all in all to me, who had abjured faith, family and friends, aye, even that which the world called honor, all sacrified, without compunction, upon the altar of her love for one, who, to his credit be it said, never betrayed that love during her short life, and ever after, until the last hour of his mortal life held that love the one priceless boon granted God's children, the love of the twin-soul.

This was the secret sorrow, the canker which had eaten into my very vitals, which overspread my countenance, in the midst of gayety, with gloom which had made me a misanthrope, and which, hard as I tried to disguise it, breathed and lived a hurt, quivering thing, in most of my writings. Many had suspected an unholy entanglement, few knew the truth, and they were as true as truth to me. They knew that my soul was bereft beyond salvation, that whilst mortal life lasted, I should never again taste the nectar of the one great passion, the sole, true conjugal love, whether sanctioned by mortal law or not.

Like a lioness deprived of her whelps, a mother of her first-born, a wife of her best-loved, a husband of his wife, and above all a tortured soul of its one true soul-mate, I gazed

long and yearningly at the pictured face, and, stumbling with excess of emotion, I placed it in a secret compartment of a box, in a trunk which ever accompanied me, made a strong effort to recover my composure, and was soon in the hands of my valet, preparing for the expected ceremony.

Within a short while, with my newly wedded wife, I was the center of a group, who little dreamed of the tumult through which I had so lately passed.

My wife looked very fair, placid and complacement, as she eyed me approvingly, until I saw her glance down, and only one so ultra sensitive, so abnormally self-conscious, could have discerned the faint, irrespressible shudder.

When alone with her in the privacy of our chamber, I willed myself to forget and to live up to my vows, I did not, so material was I, truth compels me to state, in sight of her chaste loveliness, find it very difficult to do.

I found her sweet and coyly reserved. I attributed it to maidenly modesty, deeming it would soon pass away, but it never did. The maidenly modesty became so exaggerated as to require almost constant importunities for her to grant me after the honeymoon, even the caresses accorded a lover.

As months passed by, her peculiar actions continued, varied with occasional attempts to thaw out, to put a little life and love into herself. I began to imagine I had wedded one as frigid as an ice-berg, and naturally began to get cold myself, until I came to the conclusion, through overhearing a remark made to her confidential friend as well as maid (she whom I had been so criticised for making immortal in The Sketch) that she was by no means cold, but, in truth, a veritable volcano of slumbering forces awaiting an outlet to overwhelm, either with love or hate, any object who could inspire her with these feelings.

I began sadly to imagine I had never inspired the former, and to wonder why she had married me. She had rank, position, money and was charming in appearance and manner. Although her father was but a Baronet, she was the heiress of Lord Wentworth. I was an impoverished Peer, beset by debts, ostracised by some (defamed and slandered by many), with but a fleeting fame and popularity. To my sorrow and consternation, that fame and popularity seemed to irritate more than please her to such an extent she coolly asked me, "when I intended to abandon the folly of verse-making and make some real use of my life." Naturally exasperated by her lack of sympathy, I often

replied irascibly and more often left her with every appearance of disgust and scorn. I have no excuses to make for my conduct with her, simply to state I was in a state of continual apprehension and misery during our short time together. Execution upon execution had been levied upon my property, and although she knew it, all my worries called forth neither sympthay nor love. Ada, our little one, instead of being a bond, proved the opposite. The few weeks she was with me after her birth, she could not endure to have me show the child any affection. It often appeared to me as though she feared even personal contact, doubtless dreading not only mortal, but physical contamination. Only one was cognizant of this state of affairs, (my wife was ever sweet and gracious in public) the maid, whom I soon began to suspect.

One morning my wife and I met at the breakfast table, she was very sweet, apparently in a bright and merry mood, very unusual for her. As I gazed upon her, fair and stately, with every appearance of goodness and good nature, I could not conceive how or why she could be so different in private. So although there were several present, I said sneeringly,

"You are possibly your true self this

morning, why not leave the false one here instead of taking it into privacy, abandon it, I pray, my dear."

She did not change her expression, still wore the calm, serene one familiar to all outsiders, but she gave one scarcely perceptible glance downward at my cloven foot, possibly, it may have been innocently, thoughtlessly done, but my wounded heart could endure no more, I left abruptly, incoherently muttering audibly something about a devil in the guise of an angel.

As I stood at the door I gave a parting look of disdain, and was astonished to see a tear and quivering lips, the others observed also and felt, possibly as I did myself, that I had been brutal.

It is true I never had a great love for my wife, that she was not the one love of my life, but she had personally attracted me, and I had felt more than tenderness for her when we were first wedded, and, although her manner often repelled and unnerved me, I attributed it to her peculiar temperament and her condition, ere the child was born, and ever and always, overlooked and forgave all that hurt and perplexed me, and, therefore, was always ready to make the amende honorable and take her to my heart again.

It has been published repeatedly that I misjudged and mistreated her mercilessly. Like all married people, we had our tempests and storms, but also the sun shone for days, and all would be as tranquil and serene as her appearance until, often, a glance, a word of mine thoughtlessly spoken, would dispel the sunshine and darken the atmosphere for weary days and nights. Vain all my protestations, vain my efforts to repair the mischief. Ever and always I noticed glances of understanding between her and her maid. Once I overheard the latter say, ere I barely got outside the door, "He cares for no one but himself."

Sir Ralph and Lady Milbanke, at that time when I was undergoing the terrible humiliation of my financial condition, kept aloof, more or less, but I felt sure Mrs. Claremont kept them accurately, too accurately informed of all our domestic trials. In justice to my wife, I do not think that up to the time she left me, she had either discussed or criticised me with anyone but this maid, who was so close to her that it was impossible to keep anything from her, especially as she was of the prying, feline kind, who look through keyholes or listen wherever possible. With the exception of one or two of my most intimate friends, I kept all of my domestic affairs to myself. These alone,

knew the truth, fortunately for me, or I would have been more bitterly condemned.

My position, at last, through the insistent demands of creditors, and domestic inharmony, grew so intolerable that I often lost control, and though, it is true, I was never cruel to my wife, I deliberately wounded her with good reason often, but chiefly with the desire to make her abandon the imperturable calm of a manner which irritated me to the verge of distraction. Of all exasperating natures, that which masked a slumbering volcano, and had its fires under perfect control, evinced only in the white of the eye, the curl of the lip, the almost inperceptible smile of derision, was above all, to me most exasperating. Had she retaliated, had she been frank, had I been able to see her as she really was, I would in all probability have acted differently, and thus averted that separation which made me a homeless wanderer for years.

Mrs. Claremont came to me one morning as I was in the nursery with my little Ada. Ah, how often I would steal, when wife and Mrs. Claremont were not there, for just a little kiss, a clasp of those little baby fingers. No one, save Augusta, Tom Moore, Precy Shelley and the Countess ever realized

the absorbing love I felt for that little one who had been with me for so short a time. She tugged at my heart-strings, with incessant appeal, from her birth until I passed out, in the springtime of life, to the truths of being. I have knelt by her cot and prayed God, with all the fervor of a heart and soul at war with all but good, no matter how wrongly judged, to bless and care for that little soul, which I felt would soon be taken from me. I do not even now like to dwell on that time. Mrs. Claremont eyed me suspiciously, with an air of displeasure so strongly displayed as to elicit from me the stern command, "Mrs. Claremont, I desire to be alone with my child." She looked contemptuously knowing my weakness, at my foot. This enraged me so, that I said, "Either you or I leave this house to-day." With a covert smile of malice, she left. As it was not my first encounter with her, I knew what that smile portended. I had watched, with growing disfavor and despair, her influence over my wife. I had found her in my chambers looking through my private drawers, I had lost the precious box containing the picture of my love, doubtless purloined by her, I had caught her at key-holes, eyes glued and ears alert. I had seen so much of her snake and cat-like nature, I deemed I was justified in

my attack of her in The Sketch.

"Oh, wretch, without a tear, without a thought
Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought,
The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou
Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now."

At that time I was not developed as I became later, and solely was impressed with horror and loathing, instead of pity for all things low and material, even my own failings, I bitterly lamented and despised.

I was prepared when my wife entered, with her most stately, imperious manner, never worn in public and seldom before anyone but to me and her maid. I noted astonishment of nurse and maid present. She, also, ever alive to the opinion of the world, suppressed at once all visible signs of perturbation, changed her manner and very sweetly and coldly said she would like to see me in private, and withdrew, I meekly followed. In icy, concise language she demanded I abstain from seeing my child, save in her presence. I refused. She said, "I insist that solely in my presence, or that of Mrs. Claremont, shall you be permitted to see her."

I retorted,

"I shall see my own child when I please, and I insist that that woman leave the house to-day."

She elevated her eyebrows and pointed to

the door. I half maddened, placed myself before it, just before the keyhole, I felt who was without, and said scathingly,

"Any woman who would consort with a kitchen wench, born in a garret, bred in slime, and—"I opened the door just in time to see the snake raise herself from a crouching position before the keyhole, and pointing at her I continued derisively,

"A fitting companion for a lady."

I did not turn, but felt the abject humiliation of my wife who, unquestionably, was a lady.

Several days elapsed ere my wife forgot the mortification of this scene. She sedulously avoided me. All my attempts to see her privately were unavailing. Mrs. Claremont also kept out of my way. It was well she did, I had decided to resort to almost anything to drive her out of the house, for I felt truly she was the apple of discord, the sole cause of estrangement between my wife and myself. Had my wife not possessed such a reticent, secretive nature, had she come to me with the vile suspicions inculcated by this woman, all would have been satisfactorily explained, but never did she give me a chance to exculpate myself, never beyond intimation and innuendo did she ever openly charge me with anything

tangible. True to the vows which I had made when I bade farewell to that dearest of all faces, I had refrained from looking on it again, even in periods of deepest despair, as well as refrained in all ways from seeking others.

Here in the spirits' true Home, where naught but truth can be given, I solemnly state, no matter how many charge me with infidelity and all the crimes of the decalogue, that I had, ever since, I lost my one faithful love, been seeking for one like unto her, that I had fondly imagined that the time had arrived when I could find a constant one in the person of my wife, and had been true to her, no matter how bitterly disappointed.

My wife, suffering from the pangs, as she supposed of unrequited love, as well as filled with scorn and contempt for a being she considered entirely outside the pale of church and society, never failed to show in speech and manner her supreme contempt for all my weaknesses, during the few remaining days we lived together after the scene alluded to.

Mrs. Claremont, more brazen and self assumptious, continued to throw herself in my way frequently, and, invariably, after a first glance of venom into my eyes, would tantalizingly rivet upon my lame foot. I felt myself quiver with paroxysms of rage and chagrin, and, often,

found it hard to refrain from jumping on her, I was so near a nervous collapse, that she began to affect me as cats did the great Napoleon. My horror of her grew so intense, I felt like fleeing from her whenever I chanced to meet her, and shouting like Napoleon, "Un chat, un chat."

One day, ascending the stairs I met my wife, Sir Ralph and Lady Milbanke descending, Mrs. Claremont in the rear. I saluted them, but soon as I caught sight of Mrs. C. I lost all control. I felt myself screaming,

"You cat, you snake," and was seized by Sir Ralph, who said,

"For God's sake, what is the matter, are you crazy?" My wife pulled her mother and without a word of sympathy, passed on. Mrs. Claremont turned her head, shot me a malignant glance, and obtruded her tongue, unseen by Sir Ralph, who was holding me. I made a spring towards her like a wild animal, but she eluded me, Ere I could proceed, I was again seized by Sir Ralph and the foot-man who helped me to my room. Sir Ralph strove to calme me,

"Why, surely you cannot be yourself to let a woman like that annoy you," he cried, looking at me peculiarly, while my valet placed me on a couch.

"I do not believe I can be myself," I answered, "But my patience has been taxed beyond endurance."

"I am afraid it is your nerves, you are unstrung, and imagine a good deal. You had better consult Dr. Baillie." He muttered something about ministering to a mind diseased, and shook his head, as he, rather reluctantly, left me.

I have reason to believe that, after this affair, he spoke to his daughter, but with very little effect, save to cause her to come to me and advise me to seek a physician. I also heard later, she had gone to Dr. Baillie claiming I was insane. He said no, she also went to Dr. Lushington, and had several interviews with her mother, doubtless regarding my sanity. She really believed me mentally unbalanced, as well as morally and physically unfit, but possibly to avoid a violent outbreak, several days before and when she left for Kirksby Mallory, she was sweet and serene.

Her desire for a separation, although I had been more or less prepared, came as a thunderbolt, particularly on account of my child, whom I had barely seen save for the few stolen minutes. Infidelity, incompatibility of temperament and all else can be briefly dismissed. The truth, not known to me until death liberated me,

was the substantiated charges made by Mrs. Claremont to her, my picture and private letters without date were given to her, pretending to have been sent me after my marriage to her, or possibly believed by Mrs. Claremont as they were fresh and apparently little handled, also every tale, true and false concerning my career, she had carefully garnered and retailed to her naturally suspicious mistress, who, due to my reputation and hot-headed as well as gloomy nature, had credited all and not even given me a chance to defend myself.

As ever my devoted sister, Augusta, Mrs. Leigh and my friend Tom Moore stood by me unflinchingly as well as scores of others, but, alas, all they could do could not stem the current set in so strongly against me. My wife's character was too well known, my reputation, far worse than my character, was not good enough to cause even a ripple in my favor, outside the few who so loyally stood by me.

In despair, never dreaming it would be published, I wrote, "Farewell to my Wife," also "The Sketch" which were published unknown to me, having the opposite effect to that hoped for by the friends who so mistakenly committed this error. This was the last straw to the already too heavily burdened British back, and again maledictions deep and

dire swept away the little fair fame I had so painfully acquired in the home of my birth upon the mortal plane.

I determined to put the wide seas between, never more to return, to go forth again an exile, to roam and seek peace and solace in some far distant clime.

It was said that my wife had made certain charges to Dr. Lushington. No one, at that time, ever intimated aught against my beloved sister, her reputation and character were above reproach. My wife was her friend and both continued on a friendly footing throughout life, had there been aught of truth in the charge against my sister, my wife's character, exemplary in the extreme as far as virtue was concerned, almost Puritanical, as well as her contempt for lax morals were so well known that no one, had such an aspersion been breathed, would have listened. It remained for a later period, for a woman of the same Anglo-saxon race, in a country whose first children were born under the same flag, to bemirch the fair fame of one of earth's angels, simply to cast odium upon the memory of one who, whatever his failing, had ever fought for equality, liberty and fraternity, and who so loved liberty, that denied the right to fight for it in his own country, he died fighting for it in another, while that sister lived

to exemplify in her every act the eulogisms bestowed upon her by her brother, and to richly merit every one of his many benedictions,

How often, when far away I felt,
"For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart
I know myself secure, as thou in mine,
We were and are, I am even as thou art
Beings who ne'er each other can resign
It is the same, together or apart
From life's commencement to its slow decline
We are entwined, let death come slow or fast
The tie which bound the first endures the last."

This poem, as well as the one commencing, "My sister, my sweet sister, if a name dearer and purer were it should be thine," have been not only misconstrued, but entirely miscomprehended.

"The tie which bound the first," the tie of blood, ever, like true conjugal love, endures the last. If a dearer and purer name for a saint sister could have been coined, I most assuredly would have coined it, I could find none.

CHAPTER IV.

When, almost overwhelmed with grief and humiliation, I beheld the shores of my native land gradually recede from sight, I felt impelled to curse it, with impotent fury, when I reflected upon the terrible indignities which I had endured.

I stood on the deck, of the little boat, aloof from everyone, unconscious of all, but as I then deemed, my degradation. I had been made a target by all able to scribble a line, had been malignantly and grossly attacked by leading members of the press, had been even condemned by many friends and relatives who, despite the fact that no charge, nothing tangible had been brought against me, credited me with everything base that a malicious mind could invent and a mischievous one spread to the four winds of heaven.

"My native land," I sneered, "I cure the day I was brought forth upon you, I curse the soil, every foot I ever trod, every foot to be trod by generations to be born, I curse," but suddenly stopped, I thought I heard a voice, sweet and low, one long since

with the Angels, "Thyrza, Thyrza," I sighed, and placing my hand to shade my eyes that none could see the fast gathering moisture, I listened eagerly, all my soul listening for that well-remembered voice, but naught but the swish of the water, the fog-horn and a medley of various sounds could I hear. But though I heard it not again, it diverted my mind from the present, and, ere long, in thought I was once more with my beloved, she whom I had religiously refrained from dwelling upon since my marriage. Think it not strange, that though in the depths, bereft of all that I valued, wife, home, child, friends, position, good-fame, country, all swept away, still I felt a sense of freedom and a thrill of joy that I could with approval of conscience, (denied me by the many who knew naught of me) once more look, if only in memory, with the eye of my spirit, for even then I had begun to be impressed with more than glimpses of the truth, upon the beauteous countenance of her whom I felt to be my twin soul.

It is a truth we can freely discuss all but that which touches us most deeply. Our most sacred emotions are those caused by those bound to us by the greatest of all ties, the one true love, and, though often unsanctioned by man-made laws and society, are too hallowed, too akin to God

and His Angels, ridicule if ye will, I know whereof I write, to be shown to our most intimate friends. Not even Augusta, my precious sister had I permitted to enter that holy of holies, the inner-most sanctuary, devoted solely to that one, whom I felt near me then in the hour of my greatest anguish and shame.

Oblivious to all around, engrossed by the rapturous thought that she lived and was near me, I sought vainly within the recesses of my soul for an impression, if naught else, but I could get nothing, and after awhile, was aroused by a child's voice saying,

"Oh, look, how booful," I turned expecting to see a little child, nothing, nobody but a friend who was to accompany me into exile. I asked,

"What child was that?"

The answer was,

"You have been dreaming."

I could not explain it. I thought of all the little children I had ever known, dead and living, but could recall none with a similar voice, so pulling myself together, fearing that even my friend might think me "non compus mentis," I excused myself and retired.

After travelling a little, I located in a villa near an Italian town. As all my life, step by step, has been chronicled and many

steps that I did not take, as well as more words and acts graphically and untruthfully portrayed, I shall confine myself to that which I wish to give in this work, my soul experiences and my life on the spirit plane.

I kept myself very secluded, determined to associate with but few, to lead as isolated a life as possible. Besides being handicapped by lack of funds, although I traveled with every appearance of luxury, I was not only in very poor health physically, but affected mentally, and, often, myself began to doubt my sanity. Of all afflictions, to doubt one's sanity, is the greatest. I had thought I had drained the cup of misery to the dregs, but, as I pored moodily over my books, as I vainly tried to catch an idea, faltered for a word, and my hand ever quick to respond, remained inactive, powerless for lack of ideas and words to move, I dreaded I would soon be a victim to melancholia, and possibly put an end to all.

In this frame of mind one day while I sat upon the sand, gazing on the blue of the ocean dotted with numberless white fishing sails, I was strongly tempted to seek rest and peace beneath its softly rippling waves. So dominant had the desire become that I arose with the full determination to carry out my cowardly resolve, when again I heard the soft, musical

voice, but much more clearly,

"Stop George, stop."

Every doubt dispelled, perfectly sure that she was with me, that, although my mortal eyes failed to see her, she was actually present, I fell and almost buried my face in the sand, so overjoyed and overwrought was I. Again as before, all my troubles, past and present, fled before the light which drove away the fiends of darkness, in reality, the hallucinations of undeveloped material mind. Now, with open receptive mind, I anxiously awaited, praying fervently to the great God of all to grant just once again the priceless boon of hearing that voice, if not able to see the sweet spirit, I was more than repaid, I heard soft and low as an Aeolian harp,

"Fear not, I am here, and thy God loves thee, dear."

To a man about to perish by his own criminal act, to cut off the life given him by his Great Father, to plunge into the unknown, life's mission not yet fulfilled, these words seemed, as in truth they were, a message and command from God Almighty. "Fear not, I am here, thy God loves thee, dear," Ah, blessed words, thrice blessed messenger, she was here, and my God loved me, the unfortunate victim of heredity, and of still more unfortunate condi-

tions and environment. I wept. Great tears slowly formed and welled forth and one by one trickled down my face, suppressed sobs shook me for several moments.

When I again arose, I was master of myself, and, in a certain degree, of my later life on earth. I arose with perfect faith in God and life immortal, with a resolution, which never wavered, to dedicate that life, which that blessed message had saved from greater obloquy to (inasmuch as in me lay, trammeled as I was by material limitations), a life of utility and duty. Yea, duty, Byron the profligate, the scape-grace, the libertine, the misanthrope so called and judged by those who knew him not, took within sight of the blue rippling sea, within the silent recesses of his soul the vow to live henceforth up to the highest and purest aspirations of the most advanced of earth's children. This vow, regardless of all the calumnies by word of mouth or pen, I sacredly kept until I awakened for once and all upon the spirit plane.

That night when I retired to my solitary chamber, unshared by one who had wantonly thrust herself upon me and followed me from England, a creature of shameless impulses and more shameless morals, I prayed God to let me get one more glimpse of my beloved.

In the dusk of my room, no light visible save the far off, twinkling stars, I concentrated my mind on her and all things holy. I remembered not when I drifted off into sleep or consciousness on the spirit plane. But the following morning I recalled vividly all that had transpired, although at that time I cognized it but as a sweet vision.

Thyrza stood at my bedside, more radiant and beautiful than I had ever seen her in the world, her eyes luminous with love, she was dressed in a white, softly flowing shimmering robe, neck slightly decollete, arms bare to the elbow. No halo surrounded the head covered with a wealth of wavy, auburn hair, which with little silken tnedrils of curls escaping here and there, was plaited in one great braid, falling far below her waist. She was a thing of such beauty, I who had not seen her for some time in spirit, parted as we had been for so long on the mortal plane, could scarcely breathe, (as I arose from the couch in the spirit room within which was my material room, fully awakened on the spirit splane,) so awed was I by the splendor of her loveliness. "Thyrza, Thyrza," I clasped her to my heart, "So long, so long since I saw you."

"At last, at last," she sighed, "Again we are together, but come, your mother and many

are eager to see you."

"Nay, nay, a moment first with you, love," I cried, pressing her again and again ecstatically to my blosom.

All returned to me, I remembered this was the real life. Thyrza could not come to me although we were soul-mates, but now I was free she would always seek me, as she was detached, able to come to, to be with me on the spirit plane, so long as I was not living with another on both spirit and mortal plane. I knew that I myself had put the wide, impassable gulf between us on both planes, and, like a guilty thing, although we both knew all that is, is ever the only discipline required for us, I almost fell at her feet.

"Stop, George dear, not to me, not to me, to n oone, child of God, pure and holy in His sight, forbear," came in low thrilling tones. I lifted my humbled head, looked into her grand eyes, realized my own heritage, and devoutedly said,

"I shall not murmur nor rebel, but how bitter, how severe my discipline."

"Nay, dear, like mine, it may be short, some suffer more in a minute than others do in an hour. Mine was short, but you know how intensely severe."

Yes, *I*, *above all others*, knew, for I had been

the cause of all that sweet Angel's greatest sorrows on the earth plane, for me she had undergone more than a martyr's afflictions. She had endured much more with the sweetest resignation than I, who had been spared the ignominious fate of a suicide, through her instrumentality. I was not surprised when she, (all spirits are gifted with mind reading and thought transference) interposed, "Yes, just an instrument to prevent that act, but not the suffering, remember our dear Father always works through His instruments, but here is one impatient to see you," and I turned to be wrapped in a mother's fond embrace. My dear mother, dearer far on the spirit plane, where I had ever realized that a mother's love is equal to that of soul mate, and where I had realized that a son's love for his mother, although of an essentially different quality, not eclipsed by that of soul mate, for both are equally precious. I looked with delight upon her beauty and spirituality. I saw she was advancing as all God's children are.

I said,

"Mother, you'll be able to teach your little lame boy many things when I come Home."

She smiled merrily as she replied with a suppressed sigh, All mother's hearts are ever ill at ease until all their children are through with

the earth discipline.

"Would it were now, my boy."

Quite a number of detached friends had gathered in my spirit home to meet me for a few moments. Many eminent spirits on both planes. After the banquet, where about thirty or forty were present, I bade all, save my mother and Thyrza farewell, while I retired with Clara and her soul mate Hubert who had taken Elaine's place as I advanced, not that he was superior in wisdom and attainments to Elaine, but to be with his soul-mate, Elaine whom I loved equally as Clara, had been one of the first to greet me as I entered the banqueting hall.

After some time devoted to spiritual instruction, I returned to my mother and Thyrza, who were in a superb drawing room. My mother, as detached spirit was attired in pale pink, soft and sheeny, white flowers in corsage and hair which was piled high and gave her a most queenly bearing. They advanced, each took me by the hand and led me to a most sumptuous couch. With their heads resting on my shoulders, we remained for a while in a peaceful silence, broken only by a pressure of hand and glance of the eye, as we turned from one to the other.

We were so happy to be united, we disliked

to even allude to the earth troubles, but finally my mother withdrew from my encircling arm and raising my hand tenderly to her lips said,

"My son, I have been informed by one close unto the dear Lord, that your pilgrimage will soon cease."

Thyrza lifted her head, exclaiming,

"Oh, how glorious, how happy we shall be."

My mother continued in a tremulous voice,

"And darling, you will be liberated, while seeking to liberate others, more oppressed than yourself. My son, your pity for the down-trodden, your sympathy for the afflicted, your battles, since a child for the truths the Lord Jesus Christ taught, equality, liberty, brotherly love, will after your detachment on mortal plane, be appreciated and acknowledged by those in harmony with spiritual truths, ever in the minority on that plane. All your failings inherited from your material ancestors for Divine purpose, also understood, dear son, be comforted. Believe me thine are insignificant compared with many who are deemed to be your superior. Has not the human race ever denounced, maligned, and willfully misunderstood many? Why should you with your material limitations escape? Did even our dear Lord escape? Ah, my boy, we on the spirit side are ever in touch with mortal conditions. When we enter the

material consciousness, permitted by the dear Lord for those who have a great love or desire to be of use to the mortal, we read every thought, we know every motive, every act, no matter how secretly, how privately done. Not that we actually witness, for no spirit is ever allowed to obtrude upon the privacy of any on either plane, but all are under the supervision of Angels, who exercise their judgment under law and will of God, and regulate in all ways the different conditions of each plane as well as of each spirit. Therefore, my beloved son, all is in God's hands, and if, when you awaken on mortal plane you recall aught of to-night, remember that your mother says, 'Fear not',"

"Thy Father is with thee," added Thyrza in the soft tones, like an Aeolian harp, heard by me before.

"Come," mother cried, jumping up like a young girl, as in truth she was, as youthful, as beautiful, as charming as Thryza, though of an entirely different type.

"Let us go outside a few moments, ere you return."

We three, my arms entwined around each waist, stepped out of glass doors into a lovely porch. We went to front steps and stood mute before the entrancing beauty of the scene before us.

It was a night of veiled brilliancy. Here and there great stars shone through a haze of silvery sheen, patches of pale blue, flaked with gold, formed picture upon picture of skyscapes, more pleasure and wonder inspiring than the most bewildering of landscape effects. The most beautiful, most marvelous of all beauties in our supremely beautiful spirit world are the peerless color blending and harmonizing pictures, in truth formed, as Ruskin claimed on earth, by Angels.

When it is understood that every world is governed by exalted Angels, who are familiar with all chemical lore and action, who work in harmony with law, and put the forces of so-called nature, in reality the Energy of God into operation, it will be grasped that nothing is left to chance, that even though, as cognized on mortal plane, dust from the earth, and its numerous outlets forms the many atmospheric changes, dust is but one of the elements which make the surprising results.

Although on the first plane of spiritual advancement, we three knew many of the causes which make the beautiful effects on both the spirit and mortal plane, still, as on the earth the seemingly creative genius of man only increases the joy in his achievements, so it is with the awakened spirit, who, ever impelled by the

soul within, seeks but to add to his treasures of knowledge, and incidently increases his powers of appreciation and enjoyment.

From the sky which held us spellbound, with its kaleidoscopic changes, we turned to the wide, smooth beach of firm, glistening white sand, no esplanade here, no great concourse of spirits, for this, as o nearth, was a sequestered spot.

The sea, like polished sapphire, was tranquil and smooth as a mirror, save where it broke, as it neared the beach, into rippling wavelets of foam, even above there were few floating spirits, and fewer aircraft. I breathed a sigh of relief, still obsessed with my desire for isolation and seclusion, as I noted the peace and restfulness.

I had seen my friends, had been one of the merriest at the banquet table, but these last few minutes I wished to be alone with my dearest undisturbed even by the almost compelling attraction of sky and sea.

We neared the edge of the water and sat down, as before on the couch, an arm encircling each. I looked, the silvery light of the stars shining full on the two most exquisite faces in the universe to me, determined to, if I possibly could, with God's will, to so impress them upon my mind that I could take their pictures with me, to inspire

me to keep me true to the vows I had made. They read my thoughts. Thyrza whispered, "Oh, George, how I hope I will not be replaced on earth, so I can be with you here."

My mother smiled rather sadly,

"Thyrza, dear, you speak as thought it is as George wills. You know if his material mind cannot be impressed correctly, with his spiritual almost magnetized, he really is powerless to control material conditions."

"I know," Thyrza answered gently, "No wonder many on mortal plane find it so difficult to know where human will, if God is Omnipotent, comes in, and why the necessity for individual effort. I, so lotely detached, sometimes barely discern correctly myself. Ere I could interposc, my mother responded quickly,

"All God's children, all spirits are born right, think right, act right in a world of beauty, bliss and love on a plane of consciousness which cannot realize nor really comprehend death, sin and disease, as on earth, since in realitz there are no such things to the spirit, who ever lives, immune to these three things, which are deemed essential by God Omnipotent to develop certain characteristics, as well as to acquaint His children with pain and suffering, to enable them to ever be able to enjoy the perpetual peace, love and harmony of the spiritual spheres."

"But," Thyrza remarked, "why does it seem to us on earth we are masters of our own destinies, arbiters of our own fate, that with will we can do as we please, when, in fact, we are as irresponsible as are the degenerates, imbeciles and mentally unbalanced?"

My mother smiled,

"My children, the degenerates, imbeciles, mentally unbalanced are no more irresponsible than the physically diseased and disabled, and the physically diseased and disabled not more irresponsible than the sound and wholesome in body and mind. All are subject to the laws of the different planes. We advance on the spirit side whether on mortal or not. Each child whether a degenerate, incapable of advancing on mortal plane, whether insane, seemingly retrogressing there, or the righteous actually advancing, exercising will to all intents and purposes, is subjected to the very life and discipline adjudged by those in charge of him, hence, we who know cannot question God's wisdom nor His authority in providing different training and schooling as He provides many different places for His children to obtain the necessary discipline to fit them to enter the Celestial Kingdom."

I was amused at Thyrza's questions which I had long since solved on the spirit plane, but

which I knew would perplex and torment me when I would return to the mortal.

"Dears," I said, "Let us discuss these problems no more. I must soon leave you, and I want to take back with me, if I can only remember, the sweet assurance that you will strive your utmost to make me feel your presence."

Thyrza nestled closer and pressed my hand to her heart, while my mother fondled my other, both too full to speak. I continued cheerfully,

"You must not grieve about me, no matter what I do, no matter how unworthy I may seem, or how much misery I must endure. I shall bear it, not like a poor, handicapped mortal, but I hope as befits a child of God on mortal plane, one who even there, regardless how debased or depraved he may appear to others, instinctively cognizes his true heritage."

My eyes wandered to the pale, silver haze of th e sky, which slowly dissolved revealing the glory of the blue and gold, and the great stars, almost perceptibly quivering, so near they seemed. From the sky to the sea, from the sea to the dear faces which reflected the love and beauty of their Divine Father, and I bowed my head reverently, while my soul bowed in greater reverence before their infinite love.

TO THE COUNTESS.

When first I saw thy loveliness rare,
I deemed thee the fairest of the fair,
Methought not e'en my angel above,
Could excel thee in sweetness and love,
And often, often in thy lustrous eye,
Methought I saw her spirit gazing through,
And in thy gentle, familiar sigh,
Felt her sympathy loving and true.

Never a glance, and never a tone,
But breathed of my love, my love alone,
The subtle charm you e'er had for me,
Was she seemed to live again in thee,
False to her I ne'er was, ne'er could be,
The pangs of my heart I bared to thee,
Tho' all the world deemed me thy lover,
Thou knowest that to thee and thee alone,
Could I my oppressed soul uncover,

And expose its ev'ry sigh, and groan,
That which I had gave I unto Thee,
Dear, sweet and entrancing as of yore,
That which ye had gave ye unto me,
Could either of us ,I pray, do more?
'Tis true I kept not vows undefiled,
And, alas, let loose my passions wild,
But ever my love, the divine flame,
Burnt on, unextinguished by shame.

Known to thee there could be no pretense,
Thou to whom I need make no defense,
For that decreed by Great God to be,
But one soul mate, she alone for me.
While you, sweet one, tried and true, O,
so dear,
You who so oft, dropt the pitying tear,
You, too, are in spirit spheres sublime,
Mated to thine own true love for all time.

CHAPTER V.

Next morning when I awakened in my bare, primitive chamber, I was so bewildered I could scarcely collect my thoughts. A moment before I had been with my dear ones, in a home of beauty, midst precious friends. I recalled all that had transpired distinctly, every expression on my mother's and Thyrza's faces, every word, gesture and tone. I knew I had been with them, I gloried in it, I was in ecstacy, I breathed prayer upon prayer of fervent gratitude.

I lay for some time going over and over everything, thrilled with peace and content. Even when cold reason resumed its sway, I could not abandon faith in its reality, and felt, though it might be but a sweet vision, it was sent not only to keep me true to my vows, but to let me know my beloved ones were living and waiting for me.

As I recalled the conversation, my mother's views, her prediction concerning my early demise, my apparent knowledge and familiarity with all things pertaining to that life, I knew it was true. I

resolved to say nothing about it to anyone, not even to the Shelleys, whom I expected shortly to see.

That day to the party who had had the temerity, against my express commands, to follow me from England, (who had placed me in a false position with those who judged from appearances, and, truth compels me to state she had made the appearances so incriminating that I had been forced into acceptance of a state of affairs absolutely repellant to me), I made it so plain, in a very heated interview on the beach, that I would submit no longer to a liaison neither sought nor desired by me, that she, vowing vengeance, with demoniacal fury, left me to a solitude many days yearned for.

I congratulated myself upon my freedom, as I watched her go down the beach, every little while turning to make a grimace or menacing gesture, till I wearied and sat down, on the sand, to muse again over the delightful vision, for, by this time so it appeared, of the previous night.

But in spite of all cold reason urged, backed by all the erudite opinions of the wise and learned (?) of the earth, I still could not divest myself of its actuality. At last, after urging all their opinions and bringing all of my own, I, with the prophetic spirit ever

given to poets, felt, with Shakespeare, that there were indeed "more things in Heaven and earth" than dreamed of and what more appealing to even cold reason, what more convincing than the wise words of my mother relative to man's discipline and destiny.

If God was Omnipotent, all wisdom, all good, the only power, as Christendom claimed, why should there be a fallen Angel or fallen people waiting to be redeemed for having been created in the Divine image of God, with so much knowledge, although of a different, superious nature, superior to that of their Creator, which enabled them to create evil out of good. The natural inference was that either God was not Omnipotent or that He was not Good, or that He was Good, and evil was not created by Him, but by another great Power, as Zoroaster claimed, fighting for supremacy. To one familiar with the history of the race from primitive man to the present, who could trace the gradually developing good, the slowly evolving intelligence and conscience, ever advancing from low to high, little by little unfolding in individual and race the spiritual qualities, which designated man from the animal, it was easy to perceive a Supreme Intelligence supervising all, one who was not sharing power with any, but carrying out a specific plan, pre-arranged

with such marvelous wisdom and ingenuity as to be even cognized by man on a low plane.

No one, even with brain of an ape, could possibly cognize that Power, which was bringing order out of chaos, good out of evil, as either haphazard chance, or a malignant power creating poor, irresponsible humanity for the sole purpose of, not only torturing it upon the earth, but gleefully prodding it with plitchforks into fire, brimstone and eternal damnation. The latter insensate conception entertained by many learned scholars, even at that stage of my advancement appeared entirely inconceivable to me who had studied the life of the Lord Jesus Christ, been impressed by the Divine love and charity exhibited in His mission, life and works, which were filled with pity limitless, love boundless, and a charity unknown to earth.

I had formed my opinion from His Life, His acts, not the foolish interpolations, which, seemingly to those who never see beyond the surface, contradicted these God-like attributes. Knowing He had blessed and healed, regardless how fallen, the thief on the cross, Mary Magdalene, and a host of others, who were not even questioned whether they had faith, such as Lazarus, who was dead, Japeth's daughter and others far from Him who had been healed by Him, knowing He healed all, irrespective

of faith, of creed, of character, of nation or race, I was not influenced by the teachings of any church or religion, which, despite the glorious acts, formed so utterly false a conception of that highest of all characters, as to endo wit with the failings and weaknesses which it was His mission to overcome.

As I mused over Christ's life and mission, after having traced, step by step, the life of every great teacher preceding Him, as I noted, in orderly sequence, the lower succeeded by the higher, until He came, I could not doubt that God was not only Omnipotent, but Good and Loving, hence He never created evil and we were not fallen not accursed. No revisor, translater, expounder of His mission had, in its true significance, given it to the world. All, more or less had interpreted it to suit the prevailing spirit of the different planes of advancement as my mother called them, just as others, coming later, would interpret more clearly.

Bound as I was by materialism, I could not grasp my mother's meaning regarding discipline and man's destiny, although her ideas appealed much more strongly to my reason than anything I had yet thought, been taught or learned on the earth.

I had become o engrossed with my cogitations, hat pulled forward to prevent rays

of the sun, I had not noticed any unusual sound until I heard a welcome voice and a merry peal of laughter. Percy and Mary stood before me, brown and happy. Percy as true and lovable as ever, Mary as sweet, dear friends equally as true and loyal.

Both grasped my hands and helped me to arise. I was so glad to see them; how my heart, pained by one too well known to them, rejoiced! After shaking hands and clapping on the bacq time and again in British style, we sat down to discuss events and experiences since our last meetting.

I looked at Mary, I observed a rather hurt, humilated look in her clear, honest eyes, and the same look, after the laughter ceased, on Percy's mobile face.

Mary began nervously,

"You know, George, we met her, she told us all and was in a dreadful rage. She has such a passionate nature, I am so grieved, I wish it could have been arranged more pleasantly."

I had not been perfectly frank with these dear friends for obvious reasons. Their relation, bitterly censured by the world, had ever appeared to me one of the most holy unions, sanctioned by God, though not by man, I had ever had the pleasure to be thrown in contact with, bound as they were by the sole tie which

renders any union indissoluble, or eternal, the true conjugal love, so well explained by Emanuel Swedenborg. They hoped a being, who had forced upon me the most odious relation of my life, would keep me faithful as they were, not knowing the truth, which out of respect for them I had ever withheld, that I had never, at any period, had aught but an animal attraction and a pitfying contempt for one who had ever deliberately thrust herself in my way, and, at the time when all the world was bitterly assailing and stoning me with more venom than the Jews did our Lord, at a time when I desired solitude, when I, like a wounded animal, sought my lair to endeavor to recuperate my forces to prove them liars and defamers, this woman had thrust upon me an open liaison, rendering it impossible for me to vindicate myself, as I could otherwise have done. It did indeed seem, as my mother said in the vision, I had not willed nor desired this woman's presence, I had through sheer good nature, tender regard for these friends, closely connected with her, not thrust her forth. Even now I could not explain without wounding deeply. I resolved to remain silent. What cared I how many more condemned or judged falsely, so I merely said,

"Friends, I cannot discuss this with you.

Believe me, it wounds me as much as you."

Percy, even quick to divine the truth with a look of staunch friendship, cried,

"I know you, your reasons must be good. We'll say no more. Hush, Mary, we are the last to interfere with the soul's free choice."

That was enough for Mary, "What! interfere with the greatest gift of all, love? Force upon anyone an uncongenial relation?" Not Mary Godwin, who had forsaken all to cleave to the man she worshipped. Ah, I thought, no wonder she worshipped that rare genius, that closest of all friends, in many respects, to me. Never breathed a truer spirit, never walked upon the face of the earth, a purer soul, more loyal lover, devoted friend than Percy Shelley, I looked as fondly at him.

"Percy, you indeed know me, would to God, dear friends, others knew us as we *really are.*"

He smiled,

"That is your last remaining weakness. I care nothing for the empty plaudits of the world. Its condemnation tortures you to the quick. That is your inherent weakness. Look it in the face, tread it underfoot, though ever brave, independent of public opinion, you act to suit yourself, yet so bound are you by the conventions and pre-

cedents of an insular isle, so small as to be scarcely seen on the map of the world, that you allow the often thoughtless, not really felt, words of the superficial, to rend your very soul with anguish. Get on the heights where you belong, and look with the superiority born within you upon the little crawling ants, too insignificant to hurt the real man."

I smiled at the force and feeling of the closing words, thinking that he may possibly have misconstrued my motive in ridding myself of my whilom female incumberance, but I said nothing, as I led the way to the villa.

We were togther many days after this. My life became more bearable, I grew lighter in spirits, more bouyant, cheered by their tenderness and sympathy, and strengthened by Percy's clarity of vision and clear insight into human nature. We discussed all the questions, all the problems of the day, all our experiences, save my inner soul life.

Gradually I regained control of myself and resumed writing with increased power and vigor, impressed as I now know more truly, the false and true commingled, the true evinced in my correct impressions of the spiritual attributes, the false, alas in the majority, the erroneous ones controlled by material conceptions, formed by material en-

vironment and conditions. All the time not devoted to writing, was given to the Shelleys and the very few whom chance, or curiosity threw in our way, for, we were still, in a sense, lions, to be either reviled, feared, feted or propitiated.

What hearty laughs, what satire, what irony were evoked by many. Verily I could have surpassed, "English bards and Scottish Reviewers," had I cared by simply portraying the actual, ludicrous experiences which occurred to the Shelleys and me, and had not Percy's tragic death put an end to all of that nature, I would have, possibly, written something of that kind.

Again I was left alone. I will pass over the attack on my life, and the many unpleasant incidents connected with it, especially the scurrilous attacks of the press. I will not dwell upon poor Percy's tragic fate, nor Mary's more tragic sorrow, save to say I mourned him greatly until I too followed somewhat later. I shall pass over all except the woman who was to become to me that which I never expected to find upon earth. Not only one who loved me devotedly for myself, but one who helped me, beyond all others, in unfolding that part of my nature which had been, even to me, in my most blessed days of happiness with my

love, a closed book. All the world is familiar with our romance as portrayed by many who were but familiar with the externals of our lives, and, as, such, judged accordingly.

Now for the first and only time will the truth be given of that woman and her friendship. Driven to extremity by the most inhuman treatment, in her simplicity and guilelessness she turned to me, whom not Destiny nor Fate, but the guardian Angels influenced, knowing that I would appreciate and cherish the elevated character, entrusted to me, and that she would be able to help me unfold the latent gifts which not yet had been called forth.

help me unfold the latent gifts which not yet

One who judges impartially, familiar with the tremendous amount of work I accomplished while with her, can see how little time I must have devoted to the follies and excesses attributed to me by a censorious world. Neither then nor now do I make excuses for my connection with this pure soul. Ere I decided, during the long pure soul. Ere I decided, during the long weary days forced to accept the hospitality of her husband, upon the course, (I must confess, within my soul, which I reluctantly took,) I was impelled and actuated by the highest motives. Daily, nightly I besought God and the sweet spirits of my beloved ones to lead

me. As a child, I turned to them, beseeching, imploring light to guide me. But, alas, no response of any kind came.

Almost unnerved from the effects of wounds to my body, as well as my worried mental condition, kept me, as I learned later, from receiving the impressions, When the fatal moment came, the decision left to me, I could not let that sweet child, that noble soul take a step fraught with such terrible consequences, without knowing all the truth concerning me, I opened my soul to her, I laid bare the secrets of my heart, I told her of the deathless love I had for Thyrza, of my hopes of reunion with her in Heaven, in fact, to her and her alone, I told the truth, and left the decision with her. Every one is familiar with that decision and our later life, sanctioned by her father, and approved, not condoned, I disdain any such word, in connection with that pure soul, by all who knew and met us during the period we sojourned together.

Although I wrote almost incessantly, early in the morning, often late at night, and must have taxed her beyond measure, never a word of complaint did she utter, never an impatient expression marred the beautiful serenity of her face.

She love me with the hallowed love a

child give sto a loved father, never did I sound the depths of her soul any more than she did mine. No unfortunate chain of circumstances brought us together; as I said before, it was ordained, as are all things by the Angels in charge. Although she assisted me in unfoldment more than I did her, I was the instrument who removed her from an extremely unpleasant atmosphere and environment.

It is almost a century of earth life since these events transpired, and while every incident is as fresh in memory, as they all necessarily appear in their true light, I cannot linger over them with the enjoyment of one engaged in writing fiction. I pass on to my efforts in behalf of liberty for the unfortunate isles of Greece.

I knew it lacerated the sweet heart of the Countess to have me engage in that, seemingly, hopeless struggle for the rights of that brave people, whom I saw so valiantly struggling with such terrific odds against them. Their impassioned love of country and liberty touched me extremely. I knew there was but a fighting chance, a very frail one at that, but I determined to devote all my strength of body and powers of mind to help, if even in a fruitless effort, which, in all probability, would terminate in reuniting me with my loved ones, *Reuniting me with my loved ones.* Has anyone upon the mortal plane yet imagined that

Byron went into that desperate, hopeless struggle, *without counting the cost, without realizing to the full, the almost certain end of life upon that plane?* Methinks those who took me for a fool must have been, as they judged me, woefully deficient not to have realized that though the sweet Countess did all she could to still the clamorings of my soul, to appease the heart-hunger, and though I was seemingly content and peaceful, *I must have forseen my fate.* I was led by the spirit within. Truth compels me to state, I plainly forsaw the utter hopelessness and uselessness, but impelled by the spirit I could not resist, since it was but myself hungering for release, it was inevitable.

When, with fever, almost delirious, I was besought by all to attend to myself, also impelled by the spirit within, all the more clamoring for release, I defied pain and fever, until powerless, I succumbed, and laid down that life, as predicted by my mother, although not in actual combat, in the cause of liberty.

CHAPTER VI.

I awakened to the sound of longed for voices. I oponed my eyes, I saw my mother and Thyrza gazing on me with looks of rapture, I had been, I was informed later,

in an unconscious condition for some time on spirit side, ere I was prepared to be detached.

Clara, Hubert, my mother and Thyrza had been with me almost incessantly. Hubert and Clara, my guardian Angels, fulfilling their last duties with the wisdom known but to the Celestial Angels, of re-connecting me more directly with God as a detached spirit, thus, revitalizing me more completely than was necessary, when detached, during the short periods allotted to sleep of the material body.

As the material brain is completely changed every year or so, every convolution and entity replaced by new, it can be seen that all experiences would, unless registered upon the true spiritual, the sole brain immune to change, be completely obliterated and lost to the spirit, therefore, the spirit, even on mortal plane, would be unable to remember aught of the past. Ever and always the Celestial Angels select and discard all the experiences not judged essential to be retained, just as when the link is severed between the two planes of consciousness, they prepare the spirit for his final awakening.

The spirit, as I have stated heretofore, is ever fully conscious, when detached during sleep, of life on both the planes, or rather remembers distinctly the life in the two worlds.

But when detached by that which is called death on mortal plane, when the tie is completely sundered, the spirit memory, due to connecting the spirit more perfectly with God the Father, sometimes is more or less magnetized for certain periods, varying in different ones from a half hour to two or three days, according to mortal time, hence when all first awaken, very few recall life on the spirit plane, and only remember the mortal life.

For a few seconds, in a half dreamy condition, I gazed on them, too bewildered to speak, "effect of the fever," I thought, "a dream too good to be true," then, more hopefully as I saw Thyrza smile, "another true vision, oh, thank God."

The two beauteous beings, who had been hovering nearer than my mother and Thyrza, left. My eyes followed them, so lovely they appeared, half conscious as I was, oblivious of even my great love, when my mother raised my hand to her lips and arrested my wandering gaze. I looked conscious at last, into eyes filled with a mother's divine love.

"Mother, mother," I gasped.

I heard Thyrza's voice, sweet and soft,

"George, George, don't you know me?" Thyrza seized my other hand.

I turned my eyes upon her, and, filled

with the strength and power of a God, I arose, and folded my arms first about one, then about the other, I know not which came first, or cared, both were equally, though differently, dear. Ah, the ecstacy when first freed from the trammels of the flesh, one realizes, still in the material consciousness, in a degree, the immortality of life and love. The peace and the joy illimitable, in the knowledge that there is no such thing as death and the cold grave, that never again can pain and disease harass and torture one, is beyond the power of finite language to portray.

After looking on the love illumined faces, taking in every detail of their appearance in one all embracing glance, the sheeny, flowing garbs, barely exposing the equisite symmetry of form, their extreme beauty, I remarked gratefully, not at all recollecting my spirit life, excepting the vision.

"So it is all true, I was with you, and this is our real Home and life."

"Yes, the only true life," Thyrza replied.

After awhile, I glanced around. I had passed out, as all know, in camp, midst a heterogenous collection of all sorts of things, although I had been so overcome with fever, I had been conscious but little of surroundings, so I was naturally surprised when I noted the luxurious

appointments of the room, superior in beauty to any I had ever seen on earth.

"Where am I, did you bring me here?"

"No, dearest, I'll tell you later, come with us now home," my mother said.

We passed out into a beautiful conservatory, thence to a veranda. When the glorious view broke on my sight, I stopped involuntarily, absolutely overwhelmed. Even if I had been able to recall my spirit life, as I had never seen daylight during my attachment to the material, this, my first view of spirit daylight, would no less have held me transfixed.

It was apparently mid-day. The immense sun, apparenty much larger than on earth, scintillated above, emitting numbeless vizrations of great golden shafts, encircled with beautiful rings of countless pale tints of every color imaginable, so harmoniously blended, as to cast over all an especially clear and solft light. The sky surrounding the superb circles of color, or rather on the outside, was of a pale blue, through which gleamed, here and there, the silver luster of the great spiritual worlds, like ours, as plainly visible as at night. Aerial craft and glorious beings were everywhere to be seen on many aerial roads, (so regulated as to give no appearance of crowding or confusion,) which, instead of detracting, only added to the

beauty of all the great expanse. From the sky to the sea I gazed. But first I gave another long, enraptured gaze on the faces of my dear ones.

Shall I ever forget the glory of that sea, or the almost dazed awe with which I drank in its sublime peerlessness? Far as the eye could reach, save here and there, the spirit Isles of Greece, which I had so greatly admired on the earth plane, was a sea of the same azure as the sky, tremulously reflecting its varied tints and hues. The isles were covered with stately white edifices, in the midst of verdure and parks of most delicate shades of green, while everywhere to be seen, as in the sky, were water crafts of all kinds, filled with people, ships and steamers of great size and wondrous beauty, flying the colors of all nations on earth.

I murmured amazedly,

"Flags in the spirit world?"

"Why not?" my mother replied, "We are even more natural and substantial here than on earth."

I could not comprehend, not etherial, not cherubim nor seraphim playing on harps? thank God." I looked with delight on Thyrza. Solid, wholesome flesh, yea, flesh. I noted the clear transparency of the skin, tinged with the rich red blood of perfect health. I felt a greater wave of gratitude

sweep over me. I realized that life, real life was just beginning, not ending. They permitted me to gaze a while longer on the marvels of sea and sky, ere my mother said,

"Come, dear, we must go," and guided by them, I felt myself strangely leaving the ground. I thought of the vision, and, instinctively, like a bird, I ascended with them. I have referred to the exquisite sensation before, one of the most pleasurable of all.

We floated quite rapidly, and joined a great concourse going in one direction, on one side a road devoted to air craft going in the same direction, on the other, floating spirits returning. I was thus enabled to see the numberless different types, all beautiful and perfect. The men appeared veritable gods, faces expressive of the greatest wisdom and love, in fact, many were gods, Celestial Angels of high degree. The women, all beautiful, none appearing over twenty-five, were of every type known on earth, perfected and glorified, and, like the men, all equal in beauty with varying expressions of sweetness and radiance.

That which held my attention most was the radiance, the lustre, the spirit of the eye and marvelous velvety texture of the skin, varying from magnolia cream to pearly white,

in many a faint sea-shell pink, barely perceptible, giving the countenance a warm glow, indescribably beautiful, others with the cream and strawberry complexion of old England, much clearer and more delicate, and many like Thyrza, white as sea-foam, with rich red in the cheeks coming and going in waves of beauty. A veritable feast of beauty passed in endless review before my admiring gaze. I am no less a poet on spirit than the mortal plane, it is my nature to admire beauty.

I asked Thyrza,

"Where are we going?"

"To Paris," she replied.

"To Paris," I ejaculated.

"Yes, the spirit city of Paris," my mother chimed in merrily, "I am staying there at present, my son."

We had come some distance, and had passed over many cities, towns and villages, so far below us, that, absorbed as I was in the wondrous beauty of the spirits, I had failed to observe aught else. All still seemed more or less like a beautiful vision, engrossed with the joy of seeing my dear ones, and the many wonders I had entirely forgotten all on earth. With a pang, I recalled the Countess, she who had been so faithful, my sole comfort on that dark, mortal plane. Un-

abashed, with the love of my soul by my side and my own dear mother, knowing intuitively that they, even more than I myself, absolved me from all blame, I exclaimed,

"I must return to see, to comfort her."

My mother answered gently,

"Not yet, my son, later. Many dear relatives and friends await anxiously our arrival."

I resigned myself gladly, as I was myself more than eager to meet the dear friends who had gone before, and especially Percy, who had been with me more recently.

Although we had traversed many miles, I experienced a vigor, a bouyancy unknown upon earth, I seemed to thrill with the ecstacy of perfect strength, perfect health, limitless and incessantly renewed vitality. I thought of my mother's words in the vision. "No such thing as death, disease, and evil" I gloried in being able to demonstrate and prove her words as I was doing. Oh death, glorious liberator," I thought, "how sweet and hallowed thy sting, what a joyous awakening you bring." We descended with the crowd to a lower strata, where we obtained a better view of all below and above. We were, from the similarity of topography, in Southern France. I recognized the river, the valleys, the mountain ranges, but nothing else. Unlike earth, the water reflect-

ed the glory and wondrous coloring of the sky, while the verdure and vegetation were inconceivably more beautiful and luxuriant in unpopulated and thinly populated places. The towns, villages and cities all appeared greater and grander, I noted castles and palaces surrounded by parks. I said,

"Eminent people doubtless live in them."

Thyrza replied,

"All eminent people here, all are God's children, no distinction of caste."

"Thank God," I exclaimed, "in a really free country at last. This is worth struggling, dying for."

They both smiled in reply. Joyously we floated on, inhaling air, more soft and balmy than Italy's choicest. It seemed to me I could have continued thus indefinitely without tiring. Finally a great, a wonderful city of white and gold appeared in the distance, with domes, turrets and spires mounting to the sky, not at all like the cities portrayed in the Bible, as it was filled and surrounded with parks, which softened the glitter and added greatly to its beauty. As we neared, I observed numberless vines and shrubs softening the gold. Gold, white and pale cerise were the sole colors I noticed, save in the parks where flowers of all shades were to be seen.

I saw great boulevards, tree lined with rippling streams, crowded with animated throngs of exquisitely attired people. On all sides I noted evidences of a civilization far superior to the earth. The buildings were inexpressively grand and sublime, but as my mother and Thyrza accelerated their speed, I could only obtain fleeting impressions and views as we hastened to the northern suburbs, where we stopped before a stately mansion.

We alighted on the front steps. I had not time to take more than a cursory glance as we ascended the steps, white and smooth as velvet like choice onyx. The immense front doors were open. I was hastened to the rear of a magnificent hall, into a lift, which arose to the second story, we saw no one although I heard music and merry voices. My mother opened the door and we entered a magnificent apartment, she placed her arms around me and kissed me tenderly. Thyrza stood by with great eyes brilliant with joy and excitement.

"You will find all prepared for you. Thyrza and I will change and return for you."

Merry peals of laughter and gay, jubilant voices resounded through the hall. They gave me another warm embrace and I was left alone.

I hurried to an inner door, thence into dressing room. I saw a complete suit of immac-

ulate white, everything laid out on a couch carefully, no sign of a valet. Saw a most inviting bathroom, and within a short while attired myself carefully. When I glanced in the mirror surmounting my dressing table, I was delighted with my appearance, as I had been in the bath, to note that I was perfect in form and feature, all my defects vanished. I looked as glorious as many of the grand spirits I had admired. I was all in white, even to a tiny boutonniere. My suit was much like the earth dress-suit, of a singularly fine material, my shirt sheer, with filmy lace, like unto cobwebs, a soft tie of lustrous white, with one large pearl. The shirt had cuffs, fastened also with pearls. The suit was very comfortable, and fitted me perfectly. I thought I had never seen a costume which suited me so well, so simple, but elegant in the extreme. Just as I finished, I heard a rap and the door opened. A very distinguished man, young and handsome, advanced with outstretched arms, I recognized him immediately though my spirit memory had not returned.

"Father, my father," I cried, as he pressed me to him repeatedly, "This is too good to be true. You here and—" I hesitated, I had but the earth recollections instilled into me by my mother on earth plane and many prejudiced

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relatives.

"Yes, my son, we are all God's children, no black sheep here, all white."

"Thank God, thank God," I reiterated. This was joy indeed. The ties of blood are very strong, I had endured much on his account, but had never forgotten he was by father, and had, ever in my soul loved him. My mother and Thyrza entered. When I looked on them, I forgot him for a moment, so overwhelmed was I. They were both in white of most etherial lace, the neck and arms were bare, no jewels, save pearls of exquisite beauty and buds like mine in their corsage and hair. Thyrza, tall, superb, snowy neck and arms, hair like an aureole of sunshine, looked like a glorious young goddess, too divine to be approached were it not for the tender archness of the rich, ripe mouth, and the moist tenderness of the great sapphire eyes.

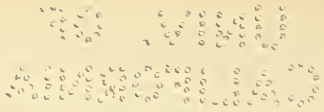
Waves of delicate carmine mounted the sensitive face?

"How do I look?"

Ah, not too angelic I thought, not yet an angel, but just an unusually beautiful and lovely girl.

"Heavenly," I said.

Then I looked at the other dear one, waiting with a mother's tender sweetness and love.



Truth forces me to say while looking at Thyrza, I could not refraim from looking at her, so exquisitely beautiful she was. Both were equally lovely, though entirely different. My mother, very much unlike her mortal self, so unlike as never to have been recognized by me, had not I intuitively known with the spirit love which ever knows its own, was, although tall, of a marvelously formed figure, hands and arms incomparably beautiful. Her face, a perfect oval, not as round as Thyrza's, was that termed, "strawberry blond," her eyes, soft as a gazelle's, were neither gray nor hazel, but a blending of the two, magnetic and beautiful. Her shapely head was crowned by masses of soft, dark hair, several long ringlets fell below her waist on one side, a white rosebud nestled near her tiny ear. Both were so entrancing, I could not remove my gaze, and did not dare to caress for fear of disarranging the perfection of their appearance. My mother broke the silence, with the familiar gesture of the vision, she raised my hand to her lips, and her voice tremulous with feeling said,

"At last our time of weary waiting is over, at last Thyrza and I are free from the pain of your sorrows."

Thyrza took my other hand and said as tremulously and tenderly,

"George, we are in our own home, everything is very different here than on earth. All parents prepare for and give a reception upon the liberation of their children from the earth discipline. We are soul mates, but, under God's laws, soul-mates are also united with a simple ceremony when not united on earth by ties of marriage. This ceremony will be performed presently before all our dearest and nearest and—" the quivering voice stopped. I pressed her to me, with emotion so strong I was powerless to speak.

After recovering our composure, another rap sounded. My father had left long before, I saw my mother's eyes light, and, ere he approached, I greeted him, to all their amazement.

"So glad to see you, Albert, I remember all." My spirit memory returned, as I recognized my mother's soul-mate, whom I had met frequently before detached. All were pleased that it returned before the ceremony. I said happily,

"Well, I am done, finished, now I am free at last."

I remembered, with the wonderful memory of the spirit, every incident of my life on both planes, I recalled all, even Thyrza's distress, and my mother's approval of my connection

with the Countess. All was made clear. But I shall continue with that later. My mother and Albert, Thyrza and I, arm in arm. descended into the lower hall, which was softly yet brilliantly illuminated, white flowers and ferns and smylax everywhere in evidence. Strains of music softly rose and fell, sounding like a wedding march.

I shall never forget the dazzling scene which met my gaze as we entered the immense reception rooms. I could but see the general effect. It was furnished and decorated in white, not a touch of color anywhere, save the walls which were paneled with matchless paintings, and the ceiling representing a scene with the Lord Jesus Christ in the center.

Although I had my love on my arm, and although I could glimpses of faces of many very dear to me, eager to welcome me, I was compelled to look on the beauty of that countenance. My spirit bowed in homage before its Celestial glory and Divinity. The compelling power of the eyes, the infinite love, the irresistible sweetness chained me for a spell, then slowly I removed my eyes, and no longer was permitted to see anything outside of my numberless friends and relatives who had assembled to joy with me upon my emancipation.

With memory returned I greeted all, whom

I had known and met on both planes, as well as many I had only known on spirit plane, with the love and confidence all spirits entertain for each other, bound as we all are, by indissoluble tie, the same parentage, all children of God Omnipotent. All my friends, with whom I had been thrown in contact on both planes, and many whom, on earth plane, I had considered enemies, in the true life, I knew them as they really were and accordingly so esteemed them. So there was no surprise, only pleasure deep and true evinced on all sides that one more was free to enter into the glories and bliss of the detached spirit.

A handshake here, a tap on the shoulder from one dear, a warm tone, a loving eye greeted me here and there. After all had welcomed me, a stately spirit, one whom I recognized as my guardian Angel Hubert, accompanied by Clara, and Marie, Thyrza's guardian Angel, accompanied by her soul-mate, all resplendent and love inspiring beyond words to convey, entered slowly and softly, while Celestial music accompanied them. I, with Thyrza on my arm, joined and followed them, my father and his soul-mate, my mother and hers, friends and relatives, into an immense apartment open to the sky. Its great columns, wreathed with white flowers and delicate ferns,

were the sole obstruction to the view outside of unsurpassing beauty. The sky, softest white and azure, was iridescent with the light of numberless spiritual worlds, which cast a soft glow over the grounds, enabling one, without artificial light, to see them distinctly.

When we took our places in the center, our guardian Angels on either side, friends and relatives in various circles surrounding us, music,incomparably sweet and melodious, arose in triumphant swells of harmony, then slowly subsided with trills and softened cadences. Then all became quiescent, while the majesty of perfect peace and silence reigned for a few moments. Marie took Thyrza's hand and placed it within mine. My eyes sought and met the sweetest eyes in the universe to me, Hubert took both our hands, joined them again gently and lovingly, then, as breathless silence still reigned, said very softly, yet so distinctly that all, even on the outmost circle of the vast room heard distinctly.

"Sisters and brethren, children of our loving Father, again we gather to joy upon another dear one's freedom from the dark and tempestuous atmosphere of our mortal plane. Every liberation brings feeling of relief, of peace and joy. We are so intercorelated, so closely knit, the material within the spiritual

that, despite the hallowed blessings and privileges of the real life, our souls are ever, more or less, in close communion with the mortal, each and every one of us having trod the same thorny path, on our God-imposed pilgrimage from low to high, we cannot but rejoice, as we do now, when freedom comes to those with whom we have been so closely united. It is my especial pleasure, as guardian of my beloved brother of not uniting two, whom their Father has already united by the eternal bond of twin soul for its mate, but by and in behalf of our loving Father as His representative, who, owing to the millions of children being constantly emancipated, cannot be in person, only very occasionally at such functions, I, in His holy Name, pronounce this union blessed and eternal throughout everlasting life."

He placed his hand upon both our bowed heads; all knelt, while he impressively continued:

"Thy Father's blessing, thy Father's love, infinite and illimitible, is thine forever."

Music arose in anthems of entrancing melody, voices so celestial they sounded, seemingly of seraphim and cherubim, vibrated and revibrated, within and without. Within a few seconds we arose, not to receive congratulations as on earth, but to involuntarily gaze

above, attracted by the wonderful waves of harmony and sublime voices. Angels, not as imagined in the retrogressive forms of seraphim and cherubim, but splendid, magnificent beings, with faces of transcendent beauty and glory, floated above, and sang while they fastened their joyous and sympathetic eyes upon us.

"Welcome, welcome to thy home on high,
To thine and mine to which all must fly,
Welcome, welcome to the bliss Divine,
Free to me and mine, to thine and mine."

The beaming, ecstatic faces swam before my tear-moistened eyes, I felt Thyrza quiver in union. We watched them, one last look of benediction, and away they floated to the Celestial Kingdom, for these were of God's highest, like unto our guardian Angels.

A band, instruments of all kinds, started as they disappeared, a wedding march sounded from without. The grounds, as if by a magic wand, suddenly transformed from the softened glow cast by the great stars, to a light brilliant and dazzling, were revealed in all their beauty. Not upon earth had I, in the most highly cultivated of landscape gardening, or the most charming of natural, uncultivated, ever beheld such trees, shrubs and flora. All our choicest, as well as many more, much more

beautiful, were so artistically arranged in various styles and effects, as to create a scene of incomparable loveliness. We passed out arm in arm, as we had entered, upon a path as soft and smooth as velvet, here and there, peerless statuary, until we reached a large, circular space, a lawn of pale pink and green, surrounded by trees, entwined with flowers. In the center was a table, large enough to seat the at least one thousand who were present. For the first time, I noticed attendants, and I recognized from the stolid, impassive faces, automatons, inferior beings, created for the especial purpose of performing menial work. They have no souls, and their intelligence is limited to the duties for which they are made. Material science, or rather spirits on mortal plane, will some day create similar, soulless beings out of mortal substance, which is impregnated with the life forces.

The table was most simply and artistically appointed with many articles unknown upon earth. The automatons, in spotless white of lustrous material, performed their duties with perfect precision and system. I looked at each face of all surrounding me, every one beautiful, every one expressing the soul's highest qualities. My mind reverted to a similar one on earth. I recalled the sordid, sycophan-

tic animal faces, and with voiceless gratitude, I joined in the Te Deum which the band was playing, and which was accompanied by the exquisite melody of bird, waving tree, flower, and rippling brook.

CHAPTER VII.

It took me some time to adjust myself to the novel conditions. I had spent three-fourths of my life on the mortal plane. I found, despite my nightly detachments, I was more or less imbued with many of the earth impressions and experiences, and, although the life of the spirit was filled with joy, I often felt myself inadvertently recalling material conditions.

My parents, acting under my instructions, had prepared a home for me in old England, near where my old ancestral home, Newstead Abbey, on mortal plane, was located. Thyrza and I repaired thither almost immediately after our nuptials. The spiritual Newstead Abbey was very different from the material. In the spirit world no one is allowed more than a certain allotment of land regulated by law. The government is under Celestial Angels, subject of course to God Omnipotent, and is infinitely superior to the highest conceptions of the greatest Socialistic teachers. ALL are equal, all have the same privileges. All desire congenial employment, and all have the privilege of trying various kinds until they

find the most congenial, and of changing whensoever they desire.

As we are all children of a God of Wisdom and Love, as we inherit these Divine attributes, it is natural for us to strive to emulate, as much as possible, our Father, and ever to seek, impelled by the soul within, to advance. It is our pleasure to conform to law, and to strive ever and always to serve others. This serving others, not by performing menial labor of any kind, but by assisting those in need of cheer and sympathy, such as the earth bound and their friends of this and other spiritual worlds, is the chief aim and object of every advanced spirit, even greater than that of advancing intellectually.

None of my spiritual ancestors had ever felt attracted in any way to the spot where my father and mother selected my home. According to law, in this section, I was only permitted ten acres, but this small area is, in point of beauty and cultivation, so far superior to the material that there is no comparison. It is still one of my homes and very dear to me. I selected with the exception of more and larger windows, a building similar to the Abbey in design externally, but very different within, for all spirit homes are the quintenscence of not only beauty but comfort.

The substance used is one of the most beautiful, manufactured in great quantities, a golden topaz, hard as rock, and like liquid sunlight. This golden topaz, decorated with a pearl substance, makes a very pretty effect, especially when covered with vines, ferns and flowers. Paler than gold, it glitters and glows with all hues imaginable.

We were surrounded by friends and relatives, who had selected homes within the neighborhood, and far as we can see are visible stately edifices of various colors and designs, all equally if not more beautiful than ours. When it is realized that there are vast tracts of lands reserved for nothing but immense manufactories, which turn out ceaselessly, under scientific management, all varieties of food products, furniture, clothing, art-ware and everything known and many things unknown on earth, free to all God's children who can select and order all that they desire, irrespective of cost, quantity and quality, one can see there is nothing denied any. Everything is open and free to all. Great institutions of learning, hotels, restaurants, places of amusement, stores of all kinds, air, water craft, all ways and means of locomotion, of travel, free to all. Therefore all are provided for far more bountifully, more luxuriously, save in point of land,

which is restricted, than any earthly potentate, and, as all parks and private grounds are free and open to all, no one desires more than the portion allowed him.

Thyrza and I took up our life with delight. Our home was always filled with guests, I found a dozen automatons excelled in skill, efficiency, and labor treble that number of help on earth. There is no dust, dirt nor refuse, due to certain atmospheric conditions, hence work is easily performed. Thyrza had already selected an occupation, that of sculpture. I decided to continue writing, also to help the earth-bound, who were born like me with this taste. As detached spirits require but a couple of hours or so sleep, we have ample time to devote to work, study and recreation. We selected the early morning hours, just before dawn, for our work.

I visited the dear ones on earth, accompanied by Thyrza, endeavored to make myself felt, without result, and returned from the material consciousness somewhat saddened, although I saw them while detached quite often.

Several weeks elapsed, I was beginning to be obsessed with the one great desire, the greatest desire and soul hunger possessed by all the newly detached equally, that of seeing our lov-

ing Father. Thyrza and my mother had seen Him several times. I never tired of hearing about Him, and ever thrilled with joy when I saw their eyes brighten and voices soften when they spoke of Him.

We were in London, one day where we had gone to attend a great university. Thyrza and I decided, after having a light luncheon, in one of the small parks, to go for a sail on the Thames, thence to a park to meet some friends. We took a tiny boat, and after a very enjoyable trip, found ourselves on a landing. I had observed, with an appreciative eye and various exclamations of pleasure, the pellucid clarity of the water, enabling one to see the many forms of water life, happily swimming to and fro, also the varying beauty, no uniformity on the banks, as within the city, of the great esplanades which were lined with trees, and beautified with small parks, each with a pavilion in the center, and with fountains and statuary of marvelous design and beauty. Mortal London is considered a great and densely populated city, but it is, in all ways, to the smallest detail, excelled by its, in a degree, spiritual counterpart, which covers a much greater area, has no building less than fifty stories high in all the sections devoted to business and commerce and has a population

of many millions more. Order is one of Heaven's first laws, hence all traffic is regulated so as to cause no over-crowding nor confusion. Certain portions are reserved for open and closed trains coming and going, others for autos and other vehicles, esplanades for pedestrians. Aerial and ocean craft are regulated similarly. Floating is not only done for pleasure but is ever used when spirits are in a hurry, or desire to go any long distance with the greatest speed; no kind of locomotion can equal the speed of the spirit when he desires to exercise it.

We entered one of the parks of the esplanade, and seated ourselves, slightly removed from a few who were in the pavilion listening to the music. Thyrza was in white, a simple walking costume, and looked, save of course, much more perfect, in every way, very much as she had no earth in general appearance and style. The mortal life as it unfolds, and according to how it unfolds, manifests and expresses, as much as possible, all that it receives from the spirit, and is, hence, very similar to the spiritual in many ways. The spirit life is the life of the spirit on mortal plane, with disease, death, and sin eliminated, on a much grander, more splendid scale. It should not be a matter of surprise to know that, like on the earth,

there are many different styles, suited to a more highly civilized world, as all are enlightened; never having really lived any other life than that in which born on the spirit plane, all necessarily are of high development. There can be no greater heritage than child of God.

Thyrza's head was uncovered; she rarely wore head-gear of any kind. Her magnificent auburn hair, gleaming like gold in the sunlight, was, as usual with her, in a Psyche knot, with little curls about face, her hands ungloved, (spirits rarely hide the beauty of their hands), looked like snow-flakes, with dainty finger-nails which never require attention, as they are always kept perfect simply by bathing in the marvelous water of the spirit world, which, possessed of certain properties, keeps the body constantly rejuvenated and in perfect condition. Naturally little thought is given to one's appearance, conscious ever of absolute perfection of beauty and cleanliness.

While of course the soil appears like unto that of earth, it is entirely unlike, as it does not soil nor cling to one, no matter how damp, and as all dust, dirt and refuse is absorbed by the atmosphere's little cleansers, there is no visible dirt in any of the spirit cities. Immaculate cleanliness, spotless purity is everywhere in evidence.

Thyrza sat looking before her, so strangely silent, that I, who had been examining the fountain near us, a gem of art, felt impelled to look at her, and was struck by the expression of rapture and worship illuminating her face. I knew what it portended. I almost ceased to breathe, so overwhelmed was I when I saw the most majestic, most kingly form in all creation approach. My soul at once recognized its Father, God Omnipotent. O, deride if you will, you undeveloped on mortal plane, smile with derision, you little illumined, accept your proposterous theories, much more untenable and ridiculous of hydra-headed monsters, of nature, whom but the most benighted and illiterate know to be but force in operation, of The Spirit, whom they know not where to locate nor how to describe, an elusive, intangible principle which only the superficial imagine they comprehend, while those who really think know it to be but a manifestation of a reasoning, supreme Intelligence, and as the highest type of intelligence, on mortal plane; is embodied, naturally deem it not improbable, but very probable, and possible, that this great Intelligence is embodied in a Superior Personality, especially as the only reliable evidence ever given on mortal plane was given by the inspired who taught that man was made

in the image of his Maker, like unto his holy Father.

An attached spirit rarely sees his Father until liberated. It is known among all His children that He cannot endure to look on their sorrow while undergoing that part of discipline which *is absolutely essential to some.* There are indeed more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamed of on the very limited mortal plane of consciousness. Many things which cannot be told, many which would add to the problems and perplexities which so harass spirit on that plane. All that benefits, all that alleviates, mitigates unnecessary suffering, He empowers His Angels to do, as I am now doing, writing this in the not futile hope, that many thousands will feel these truths, and be greatly strengthened and consoled. Would that I, on the earth could have found such a work. I feel although my life would not have been changed, I would have been encouraged and rendered much less hopeless and despairing.

My eyes were riveted upon that Sublime Figure. My Father, God Omnipotent, not George Gordon Byron, erstwhile wronged and impoverished peer of a petty isle, but son of God, Heir to His Kingdom, ordained to be a Celestial Angel; I saw a Being grand and splendid, with magnificent physique, very

tall, perfectly proportioned, a countenance unparalleled throughout all creation, peerless in beauty, sublime with love. Ah, the glory of that Great God, the love of the soul-embracing eyes, the tenderness, the compassion, the infinite peace, wisdom, strength, power personsified in the form of God Omnipotent. His face resembled somewhat the highest earth conceptions of the Lord Jesus Christ, infinitely superior in feature and expression. The contour of the face somewhat similar, the dark hair waved back from the full forehead, slightly arched eyebrows over the most splendid eyes, ever varying in color and expression, from grey to olive, brown, and it is claimed by some blue, all shades constantly changing. But it is the soul looking through, and from these great orbs of beauty which capture and hold one enchained. No halo as is claimed and portrayed on earth, surrounded that most majestic of heads. He looked like unto His children, only incomparably superior. He was attired in a plain costume of white like my own.

Smile again, oh, my friend; He should, according to your conceptions, wear gowns of ermine, flowing sleeves, and a diadem on His brow. He should emit rays of light, and shoot forth lightning from His eyes, but instead, almost simple as Christ, He approach-

ed and raised me from my seat, I was too dazed to rise myself, and folded me in a most loving embrace, just as my spirit father had, but in that embrace, close to that mighty Heart, from whence emanates all the ceaseless energy pouring forth in countless vibrations of life, love, wisdom, strength, I felt a very perceptible quiver, a tremor, like a great dynamo, only, of course, modified considerably. This fact is hard to grasp, friends, that a being no matter how great, should have potentially within himself, the never ceasing, limitless outpouring of the great force, from which the minor forces are put into operation. But as you yet cannot tell from whence comes the ceaseless energy of a petty piece of radium, desist from ridicule and derision, until at least you can answer that, or until you can explain satisfactorily anything at all about the giant, imponderable forces of which you know nothing.

I could say nothing. I could but feel myself seemingly vibrate in unison, absorbing such feelings of love and power as I had never experienced before. It was, as though, I was bathed in an ocean of vibrations, every nerve, every pulse quivering with delight, like little living things drinking of the waters of life. Gently He released me, and placed me on the seat, ere He looked at Thyrza, and said, in a

voice once heard, never forgotten, vibrant with love, pregnant with the feeling and wisdom of God Almighty:

"My son, I wish for thy peace, I could have called you Home sooner, like this sweet child." He turned to Thyrza, and clasped her two hands tenderly, "but your days were short, you suffered only that which had to be. When you advance you will know why these things are necessary. As yet you are but infants in knowledge, but it never takes my children very long after they become free to solve," smiling whimsically, "the seemingly abstruse and inexplainable problems of the mortal life."

I recovered my composure and replied,

"My Father, I have already gleaned enough to know that you would not wish your children to evolve from the lowest forms up to the highest, were it not for best of reasons, necessary for development, unobtainable in any other manner, and, though, it is true, I suffered in the conscious mortal form, and must have also in the unconscious forms, not as child of Thine, but not unconscious, as I was a spirit which evolved on both planes, till I was connected with Thee, and made Thy child, and—," He interposed tenderly:

"Never, as child of Mine, were ye conscious in animal forms, although more or less conscious

on mortal plane, animating man. These things will all be clarified in time, and ye will not mistakenly deem me, as do so many of my children, while undergoing the mortal experience, cruel and unfeeling."

Ere I could answer, Thyrza exclaimed, "Oh, Father, I now know, he will soon know, but the earth children cannot know, until they advance and cleanse themselves of all impurities and animal limitations; I mean those born free from disease and strong propensities."

"Much more yet to learn, little daughter, but ye will soon learn," then with a parting benediction, He left.

We watched Him stop here and there, until out of sight, with yearning hearts, and souls filled with such love, as I had never deemed it possible to feel before. Thyrza nestled closer to me, but I was so completely filled with the influx of the highest, holiest emotions, that I could not even be withdrawn by the powerful magnetism she ever had for me.

No detached spirit ever feels perfectly in unison with the Father, until he has been in personal contact, and been charged from that Divine Being personally. All thereafter advance much more rapidly. After I collected my thoughts, I pressed Thyrza to me, while her lovely eyes sought mine with perfect under-

standing and sympathy. "George," she murmured softly, "let us go to St. Paul's."

Nothing could have suited me better. St. Paul's, located in the spiritual world, in the very place where is located its material counterpart, impressively beautiful and imposing, of the Celestial style of architecture the most perfect of all, was in the center of a small park, of a peculiar charm, inasmuch as its color scheme was solely white and green, restful in the extreme. Before the immense front entrance there is a small circular plot of a velvety white lawn, in the center, a sublime statue of God Omnipotent, so life-like, so wondrously wrought, of such artistic pre-eminence, that one involuntarily halts, arrested by the Divinity of the magnificent eyes. I sank on my knees, and prostrated myself before that sublime representation of Him. Thyrza sank by my side, both regardless of our brethren and sisters, who, familiar with such sights, in complete harmony and sympathy, passed noiselessly by. We arose restored and tranquilized.

I looked up at the mighty edifice, called after St. Paul.

It was formed of a pale silver, lustrous substance, not in great blocks, but all so welded together as to seem to be made of one piece, trimmed with delicate traceries of gold on the

mighty domes, turrets and spires. The immense pillars, in the front somewhat similar to the Church of Madeline, Paris, only much larger and grander, were wreathed with delicate forms and orange blossoms, which covered various parts. In the spirit world, wherever it is possible to add to beauty and artistic effects, flowers and vines of indescribable beauty are seen everywhere to the exclusion of all other ornamentation. No statue, no figures of any kind, desecrate the flawless symmetry, the classic lines, the wondrous color schemes.

To my surprise, I noticed quite a number when we entered. It was my first visit to a great cathedral. I had seen many on earth, and, although I had become familiar with the peerless beauty everywhere visible in the spirit world, I was amazed at the magnificence of the immense sanctuary. The walls represented scenes of the Celestial Kingdom, and seemed so natural, as to appear real. They gave the effect of enchanted visions, far more beautiful than anything in the spiritual world which to me who had not, as yet, seen any representation of the Celestial Kingdom, had I still been attached, would have seemed incredible. In the center was an elevated platform, around the platform, pillars wreathed with blossoms and ferns, the color scheme, like that of the

exterior, was of green and white, with the exception of the circular walls and the ceilings of the covered portions. The platform, open to the sky, was surrounded by seats in circles. Upon the platform was a magnificent table and fountain combined. A man of stately presence stood apparently bowed in prayer.

As we took our seats, music flooded the vast apartment, a profound silence ensued. All sank on their knees. We felt an ineffable peace and quiescence restore us to our normal condition. A soft, distinct penetrating voice aroused us. I recognized in the speaker one of my friends who had been to celebrate my liberation, one of the greatest divines on earth while I was a boy. We listened to one of the most instructive, soul-edifying discourses, replete with wisdom that I had yet heard. It banished some of my still lingering material conceptions, and helped me to comprehend many things which I had found very mystifying. After its close, I hastened to him. I told him of my meeting with our Father, of my feelings, and of the help he had just given me. He smiled encouragingly.

"It will not be very long before all the earth problems will be solved." I answered happily, "How can it be otherwise with so many able instructors and institutions of all

kinds to help us on the upward march." Again he smiled, somewhat whimsically, like our great Father.

"George, all do not advance equally. There are different planes, as on earth. One has to depend upon individual effort to progress, although all are impelled on spirit side to advance by the soul within, many content with present conditions do not exercise especial effort, but are satisfied with a slow, gradual progression, but I feel you are not inclined never have been to go slow."

Thyrza joined in merrily, "I am afraid he will soon outgrow me."

"That can never be," he answered, "soul-mates are one in all things. In soul gifts, spiritual attributes, and hand in hand, soul to soul, advance ever and always together."

I asked, "How is it with one who has become detached, and advances here, while the earth bound mate retrogrades?"

"The spirit never retrogrades. All is so arranged that that which the detached spirit acquires, his soul-mate, very shortly after detachment, acquires rapidly. Ah, no, the greatest blessing, of true conjugal love, is that two are one in all things. Not to the male alone wisdom, nor to the female love, *but both equally possess all gifts.*"

Thyrza beamed. Apparently this was a problem she had not yet solved, and was overjoyed to find that, even in knowledge, we would be equal. Lovingly I clasped her dear hand, and with another warm clasp of that of our brother, just like on old earth, we parted from him. As we emerged from the door, we were met by Percy Shelley,

"George," he said, "I wish you and Thyrza would go with me. There's a case at one of the sanitariums I would like you to see." All who have seen Shelley's picture on earth, the splendor and size of the eyes, the fascination of the whole countenance, can understand how love-compelling must be the real man on spirit side. Suffice to say, dearer than ever was my friend to me, brother always of my soul as he had ever been. He led us to an auto, a gem of artistic beauty, and we whirled away with a speed appalling to mortals. Floating vistas of boulevards, magnificent buildings, thronged streets, out into the suburbs we whirled, way beyond earth London, until we came to a great sanitarium.

Methinks I hear, "sanitarium in a world free from disease, sin and death, how strange, how inconcievable." There are thousands of spirits who pass away in jails, asylums, and in the slums in various countries on earth, away

from dear ones, who awaken on the spirit side in institutions, similar to those in which they pass away, save of course, in beauty and comfort.

On the spirit side these places are even more luxurious than the most palatial and exclusive hotels on earth, all surrounded by grounds highly cultivated. The spirits of this class, who have no near ones detached, are sometimes kept in these luxurious places until spirit memory returns, and they decide what they want to do. Although on earth the majority of them are from that which is called the criminal or pauper class, are insane, degenerates and mentally unbalanced, and, therefore, are unable to advance, on the spirit, when detached at night, all advance, and some much more rapidly than those who have not been restricted by heredity, bad associations, training, poor environment and various adverse material conditions; hence when liberated, find themselves as far advanced in spiritual attributes and knowledge far superior to that acquired through the limited media of the five senses, as any of their seemingly, more favored brethren and sisters.

The majority realize, as soon as spirit memory returns, their divine heritage as children of God. With perfect faith, though, as

yet, unable to comprehend, they rely implicitly upon Him, recognizing His Omnipotence, and realizing that their limitations and sufferings on earth must have been permitted for some good purpose, all absolve themselves, if criminal, and joyously go forth to mingle with their own, and march upward and onward, as rapidly, if not more so, than many, as I said before less materially restricted. But there are quite a number to whom spirit memory does not return for several days, upon whose spiritual brains have been impressed the terrible acts for which they have been incarcerated, such as murder, and the horrible crimes peculiar to mortal plane. This element, after memory returns, even though they realize their divine heritage with gratitude and joy, thankful in the extreme for the bliss of immortal life, and know that their real life is the life of the spirit, still so acutely recall the horrible acts committed while on mortal plane, that they cannot for a while, realize their irresponsibility. Hence, Celestial Angels, many spirits and often our Father Himself visit these unfortunate ones, to inspire and strengthen, until they are convinced that they in spirit have ever lived a pure, holy life, and are absolutely irresponsible for the evil acts and experiences of mortal plane. Fortunately these periods of depress-

ion linger not long with the joyous influences surrounding them, excepting in very rare cases, such as the one I now relate.

Within a few moments, we arrived at a broad avenue lined with trees, and drew up before a stately building under a great porte cochere. I noticed a very pretty lake, edged with lilies on one side, a white esplanade encircling it, with seats, filled with happy spirits. We entered a hall, magnificent in size and decoration, a floor of variegated satin woods, walls and ceiling frescoed, and flowers everywhere. I glanced into charming reception rooms, a great library, and several apartments devoted to amusements. Thyrza said, "Come, dear," as I lingered looking around.

Percy rapped on a door, we entered a large sitting room, furnished exquisitely, and were greeted by a tall, distinguished spirit, who took Percy by both hands, then, without introductions, none are needed, all are brothers and sisters, he seized one of mine and Thyrza's. There were several others present who greeted us very affectionately. As every thought, every deed is known to all on spirit plane, there is nothing of a private nature, but as spirits are even more refined in their sensibilities and have much more delicacy than they can express on earth, never, unless to render others happy, or

to be of use, do they use the gift of mind reading, hence all are even freer from undue supervision and intrusion than on earth. No one alludes to earth discipline, of a private nature, to any newly detached spirit unless he or she introduces the subject.

This spirit, who shall be nameless, had been a great criminal, and but little impressed by the spirit spheres, and had, like his animal progenitors, followed but the animal instincts while on mortal plane. Even had he had proper environment, training, association and education, had not the malignant blood disease been cured, and the propensities kept under leash by the spirit, he would still have been a victim of disease and propensity, powerless to act differently. This poor spirit, even according to the undeveloped science of to-day was entirely irresponsible, hence to spirit, in the true light of the spirit, one can see how lightly these terrible crimes, which are the effect and result of undeveloped conditions, appear.

Within a short while he began voluntarily, speaking with great feeling, glancing from one to the other,

"You all know my terrible earth experiences; I know I am really innocent, I know I killed no one, I have seen all whom I killed, all forgive and love me. I know I did many fear-

ful deeds on earth, for which I really am not to blame. I know I suffered a thousand deaths, years of torture in a short period. I do not know nor understand what death is on this plane; all is life here; I do not know what stealing is, all is open, free to all; I do not know what adultery is, all love the soul-mate; I do not know what evil and crime are, all are good and pure. I am good and pure, have always, on this plane, been so, always and ever deplored at night, my awful deeds on earth. But, even though I really am guiltless and know that there are in actuality no such things as evil and death, surrounded as I am by visible proof, besides my own consciousness, connected with our loving Father, which alone gives me not only faith, but absolute knowledge, still, the suffering of that last year, in prison, alone in my agony, nailed to wall in straitjacket, in dark cell, and besides the scourge and whip, will remain with me, I fear, despite all the peace, love and beauty of my real home," he faltered,

"Alas," I thought, vividly recalling the woes and sorrows of my life there. Despite all our efforts to console him, his face retained such a look of sorrow, that we, Percy, Thyrza and I, so recently from the earth, felt once more the cruel dominion of that plane.

The door opened noiselessly, we raised our

heads. Our souls told us. Again the waves of rapture, the peace ineffable swept over us at sight of that most majestic of all beings. He gave all a look of love, then raised that humbled figure which fain would have fallen at His feet, with such infinite compassion and tenderness, that we, in perfect union with the poor supplicant, felt tears rise to our eyes.

Many awe-inspiring, wonderful scenes, which had touched me to core, had I witnessed before, but none to equal this. Not even impressing the Lord Jesus Christ, had God been able to express His great love and power. As spirit can only discern spirit, spirit can only commune with spirit, our God Omnipotent could not embody His Supreme Personality in a mortal body any more than a child of His could on mortal plane. All He did was to connect Himself, by countless vibrations, with the Lord Jesus Christ and impress him, as we impress our mortal bodies, only much more perfectly, because the Lord Jesus Christ was brought forth from as pure an instrument as could be found, the purest, most devout of all God's children on earth, and one of the most exalted in the spirit world. Methinks it were well for all who seek to belittle the Hebrew people, to remember that great God Omnipotent impressed, lived and suffered ignominy

intolerable, anguish insufferable in a Hebrew body, brought forth by the purest Hebrew body on mortal plane.

The love our loving Father was powerless, yes, powerless (our own great God acts not contrary to His own immutable law, though He can and often does change minor laws) to express to the repentant thief on the cross, now was expressed and manifested, as but Lord Embodied can express and manifest, and one who witnesses that expression and manifestation, can but feel oneself blessed indeed. Such were our feelings when we beheld the Glory and Radiance of God, in a faint degree, reflected on the countenance of the would-be prostrate spirit, who was enfolded in the same embrace, *with the same love and tenderness accorded all from the lowest to the highest.* It seemed to me, I saw the spirit quiver in harmony with God, and I thought that possibly our dear Father, since He quivered more perceptively than I, thought he required more potent vibrations than had been given me.

When our Father released him, instead of the shrinking, despairing being who had so lately deplored his unhappy fate, we saw a face radiant with glory, a child of God indeed, self-confident, and self-poised. At once he took his rightful place as child of God, freed

forever from the illusions and delusions of mortal plane.

Our Father lifted His hands, gave all a benediction, and passed out. We all fell upon our knees, and after a few moments arose. Our transformed spirit, overjoyed, said he was going home to some grand parents, whom he soon expected to call, that he felt entirely relieved, at last realizing with the most perfect faith and conviction that God decrees all for the best.

We devoted some time to a merry talk concerning the awed expressions and amazement of many of the newly detached, and of some ludicrous experiences. One who had been a reporter, on being taken in an elevator, never having seen one on earth ejaculated as he arrived at the fourth floor,

"Oh, let me get out quick, I must tell Smith." (the editor of his paper.)

His guardian Angel asked, "Where do you think you are?"

"Why, of course in hell, or I'd not be going to Heaven, mounting to the sky, but I say if this is hell, I bet Heaven can't beat it."

Another who had been a stockman in the wilds of America was so dazed and thunderstruck at the beauties surrounding, and re-

mained motionless for so long a time, that his guardian said,

"Well, what do you think of it?"

He wishpered imploringly,

"Hush, hush, I do not want to wake up."

We refrained from the sorrowful and heart-breaking ones, such as many who leave dear ones in trouble, who, not until spirit memory returns can be comforted, who persist in imploring so pitifully to be taken back that often, ere they have seen anything, they are permitted to enter the material consciousness, and will not leave until memory returns and they know the truth.

After we left our friend we went with Percy to his place, on the coast within sight of the sea. Percy had on earth, like myself a great love of the ocean. High up, on the top of a jagged pile of rocks, picturesque and beautiful, he had put his eyrie.

He, like myself, had selected two country homes, one on this coast, the other one adjoining mine which I had not yet seen in Scotland. As all hotels and great apartment houses, with apartments of all sizes, are free and open to all in the cities, many prefer country homes. Spirits are extremely sociable, all homes are open to any and all, with the exception of one's private apartments. Every home is more or

less filled with guests, unless when one, in quest of seclusion for some especial object, seeks retirement in some sequestered spot in the wilds or the mountains.

As detached spirits are but more advanced attached ones, they by no means change their tastes, likings and aspirations after the change. Mortals never express the real spiritual being, it is not the love of the mortal, but the love of the spirit that endures; all soul-gifts, spiritual attributes endure forever. Therefore, all spirits, who, on earth plane, have loved that which is called nature, which we know as but manifestations of angelic wisdom, have the same love on the spirit plane, and seek the country, fresh from the hand of the Celestial Angels, untouched by spirit, to gratify that most absorbing, and enthralling of all longings, the longing to be outdoors with animal creation. Not to be more in harmony, as is supposed on mortal plane, for one is in closer touch with Him, when more closely in touch with His children, but solely to enjoy the ever appealing charm of solitude and to gratify the desire for change, inherent in all spirits, whether on mortal or spirit plane.

Percy had selected this home, chaste and almost primitive in its simplicity, to devote himself more assiduously to his work, that of

revising his earth poems to conform to the spiritual plane, as well as composing many more, for spirits are great readers. Every home has a large library. Great publishing houses are constantly bringing forth works upon every conceivable subject, as well as opera houses and theatres producing operas and dramas innumerable. There were no near neighbors, with the exception of one or two, on either side, some distance away; no guests, no living beings save his sister, a couple of automata and several pets. We had come in the auto, which, as I said, fairly flew over the road. Percy not only kept this auto, but also a small airship, and several magnificent horses.

Thyrza and I were welcomed very lovingly by his sister, whom we had not seen since our nuptials.

"Thyrza, George," she exclaimed, as we alighted, "this is delightful, you are among the very few whom Percy would bring to this retreat; I am more than delighted to see you." Ere she could say more, we were attracted by the wonderful beauty of the sky. We sat down upon the piazza and gazed, astounded at the first real, living, moving pictures I had ever witnessed in the heavens, which were aflame with golden glory, commingled with blue. Feathery clouds would part and surround

every few minutes, with masses of gold and azure, views of the Celestial Kingdom, perfect reproductions of actual scenes. Amazed as we had been by the life-like paintings in St. Paul's, we were trebly so, witnessing these marvels, free to all beholders. Every sunrise and sunset, in certain sections of the spiritual world, are accompanied by these peerless representations, works of the greatest artists, in all God's realms, as well as reproductions of actual cities, similar to mirages seen upon the earth. As it is vain to portray any of the glory and beauty of the spirit world, it is much more so to give the faintest conception of the grandeur and majesty of some of the views, as well as the infinite loveliness and perfect harmony of others. Thyrza remarked softly,

"Of all the wonders and pleasure of our spirit world, nothing can compare with these divinely beautiful, Celestial moving pictures." Percy, poet soul in rapture, remained silent. I thought in reply, too charmed to move, "Just a glimpse of the life to come."

A scene of marvelous splendor formed, a city of stupendous size, of spotless white, in the rear, undulating foot-hills and mighty mountains, covered with satiny green turf, a river, scintillating with colors innumerable, was visible on the highest eminence, winding

here and there, on its downward course over mountains, forming gigantic falls, cascades, lakes, mirrors of purity and lovliness, thence through the center of the city, spanned by bridges of great size and etherial beauty, through a magnificent park, on to a sea of inconceivable beauty, irridescent with gold and rose, upon which walked Celestial Angels, a gift enjoyed by all spirits when they so desire. The Celestial Angels, in their own home, appear to radiate with glory akin to our Father. The scenery and architecture cannot be portrayed in earth language or conceived by one on mortal plane. No wonder we gazed with bated breath and suspended animation upon one of the homes yet to be ours.

Irrepressible Thyrza again interposed,

"We are not fit for that yet, so we are given all we loved on earth until we mount higher."

"Greater, nobler things to aspire," Percy answered, "I came here mainly for these pictures, no other place in England are they seen or perfectly. They inspire me, add to my conceptions of life to come."

"I never dreamed of this," I said, "no one told me."

"You'll find," Mary said, "many things we are left to enjoy with the surprise and joy of the entirely unexpected and undreamed of."

The picture slowly dissolved, the azure and gold faded as the sun sank behind the horizon, and the after glow followed. Then the twilight, a soft, beautiful light, (no black night in this section of the spirit world) increased by the lustre of the great spiritual worlds.

CHAPTER VIII.

We stayed several days at Percy's. My first attempt at walking on water was made with him. I watched him, his sister and Thyrza walk without effort, without fear, as we had seen the Celestial Angels in the moving pictures. Percy called out, a few yards from shore, at ease, on top of a great wave,

"Come on, you cannot drown, you are spirit. All entities are subservient to and love spirit."

We were all in floating garbs, the costume used for bathing also. Without hesitation, realizing that nothing can destroy nor harm a spirit, I walked on, not into, but on the surface of the water, which seemed to form every step into a solid phalanx of immovable entities grouped together to give the necessary support, which is the truth. Every life organism on spirit side manifest and express love. All love and are subservient to the spirit children of God, therefore, whenever one desires to walk, they know and group themselves together to buoy him up; when he desires to bathe, part and let him submerge.

Could mortals see with the sight of the spirit, they would see the countless minor or-

ganisms which fill the water and air. Spirits, when they desire, see the tiny creatures form en masse both in the water and the air. All spirit life is immune to destruction, some forms transformed, regenerated by the very same process, now lost to mortals, possessed by primitive man of regenerating, like several species of the vertebrates, certain members of the body. As I have said before, all organisms cherish, protect and obey, through Divine love of the spirit, the most potent law, all God's children. Fearlessly, willing myself to see the tiny entities, I walked, soul akin to the little creatures so happily engaged in upholding me.

"Ah, I see," said Percy, noting me glancing downward, "you have solved one of the mysteries yourself, we never, or rather rarely tell before hand. We like to see God's child realize, himself, his loyal dominion."

Thyrza, quite a way out, said softly in her usual dulcet tones, yet I could hear her distinctly,

"Join us, and we will all go to the bottom."

This was what I had been contemplating, so, within a trice, we were all together. We felt ourselves gently being let down, as well as saw the little mites part on the surface, all fully conscious of that which was desired of them, then as we slowly, little by little, sank and the

little things crowded around and about us, it seemed as though we were caressed and fondled by billions of the tiniest gleams of beauty imaginable; in some I could see tiny eyes softly shining; I sent a thought to Thyrza,

"Beyond the joy of floating."

She returned,

"Infinitely so, but nothing to equal being embraced by our dear Father."

"Yes," Percy wired, "nothing can equal that."

While we were sinking, we were approached by various species of fish and reptiles, all with love-filled eyes, all possessed of intelligence and reason. One, a whale of immense size, remained at a distance. We could see him distinctly, satin-smooth white skin, eyes soft as a gazelle's. I sent him a love thought. He recognized it by approaching nearer. A shark, being caressed by Percy and his sister, was similar to the earth, excepting repulsive features modified, with small mouth and dove-like eyes.

Our submersion was welcomed with speechless, it is true, but not thoughtless, love and joy, for every form, from the lowest to the highest, that we saw, expressed love and devotion. We were inexpressively touched by the mute and eloquent homage accorded by our

lesser brethren. "Oh," I thought, recalling the earth ocean, filled with the horrible, grotesque counterparts of these loving things, "This is the real, that the false; Oh, it is blessed to be with the true and see things as they really are." If poor mortals could obtain just a glimpse of the real enveloping and surrounding them, how comforted they would be, but although given all the glorious truths of spirit, even by God Himself, *if not sufficiently advanced to grasp on that plane,* they would scorn and ridicule. *Not until they reach a certain height can they even imagine that which is incomprehensible to the animal nature of earth.*

Accompanied by our lesser brethren, vieing with each other in mutely expressing love, we reached the bottom. Fairyland indeed broke on our sight. A land not only filled with beauty, but sweetest melody. There was a continuous soft ripple of harmonious soft vibrations, exquisitely soothing, varied occasionally by peals upon peals of peans of rejoicing, made by the surf overhead, as it embraced the land, so similar to bands of Celestial music, that until told by Percy, I supposed the water echoed the music from the many parks of a little city not far distant.

The topography was like the bottom of the earth ocean, varied by mountains, abrupt

eminences and declivities, all of substance etherial, and marvelously chiselel and tinted. Mountains of lace-like coral, topaz, pearl, crystal—like unto cut diamonds, emerald, ruby, sapphire, jade, amethyst, and of many gems rare and unknown to earth. In many valleys and declivities, the bottoms were soft and downy like velvet moss. The flora and vegetation were even more beautiful, if possible, than above, for the beauteous entities, of the water, added to instead of decreasing their beauty, and as spirit can when necessary regulate sight and hearing, we regulated ours so as not to let the entities interfere with the view.

Animals do not prey upon each other like on earth; all eat, not to sustain life or strength, but to help keep the body in perfect condition, as well as to afford enjoyment. There are certain vegetation which are free from organic life; solely that which is free from life is used for food by spirits as well as animals; also water entirely free from life organisms for spirits and their lesser brethren. No spirit ever drinks water composed of living germs. In all sections are vast reservoirs devoted entirely to drinking water, while in the ocean are numberless chasms filled with water for its denizens, untirely free from animalculae. I have mentioned before that bathing water possesses

wonderful properties of rejuvenating and beautifying. I must not fail to state that drinking water is as marvelous and revitalizes wonderfully.

Somewhat later Thyrza and I decided to take up, for a while, some regular, systematic sanitarium work, hence we took an apartment in the suburbs, in a large apartment building where we made ourselves more than comfortable. The establisment was supervised and managed by automata, who attended to the very smallest matter, even to ordering meals. In the spirit world there are, in all cities, immense establishments called cookeries, where foods of all kinds are prepared by especially skilled chefs. Everything known upon earth, and many more never imagined, is provided, free to all. As life cannot be taken, imitations, superior to the real, of game of all kinds, as well as of substances similar to beef, pork, mutton and many more, with more delicious flavor, are made. These establishments prepare complete meals, which are served whenever ordered within a few minutes of receiving the order. Housekeeping is unknown, homemaking essentially different. Spirits have absolutely no trouble regarding these matters. Give order at table, and have, within the city limits, orders delivered and served im-

maculately, more promptly than in a first-class earth hotel.

Thyrza and I enjoyed the change very much. We found ourselves in the center of greatest activity, with never an idle or spare minute. Every home from the smallest bungalow to the most palatial, ever open to us, a guest chamber in all always ready. One, living in apartments therefore, in a sense, is equally as well provided for. It must be borne in mind there are no distinctions among your own family, and all are your own, children of the one Father, hence all homes, all grounds, all places, are ever yours, as much as anyone else's, even your homes, excepting your private chambers, oratory and study, are open to all. It is the greatest delight to enjoy this love, this perfect confidence, this equality with all, to know and feel that all are your own.

The first pleasure of the morning is to enter one's oratory, and offer up a silent morning greeting to our Father. Soul-mates ever do this together before proceeding to aught else.

One morning, in the breakfast room as Thyrza was playfully feeding several birds of wondrous beauty, with my mind reverting to the old earth, I thought how natural she looked, how very unlike the earth conception of spirit. She was attired in a simple costume, made in

one piece, which fitted her figure perfectly, displaying its exquisite contour, of a pale lustrous pink, low in the neck, with wide white collar, cuffs and belt embroided with pale pink, low cut white shoes, embroided with pale pink rose-buds similar to costume. No jewels, no turbelows. Spirits do not need and seldom use head-gear, gloves or parasols. Hair, as on earth, is the crowning glory and more beautiful than the most effective millinery confections, which ever detract from the really beautiful. One rarely takes luggage or impedimenta of any kind when visiting or traveling. If one does not care to visit the great establishments, one finds in every guest chamber costumes of all sizes and styles, with every essential to the most minute detail. All costumes include everything to correspond.

Thyrza pressed a button for auto. Many carriages, autos, and equipages of all kinds are kept in certain parts of the suburbs devoted to these establishments. Within a few minutes, we were seated in a bijou one of white, decorated with roses formed of various jewels.

It was an extremely beauful morning. We whirled past a park aflame with color and crowded with happy spirits, from little ones of all ages to adults, no decrepit or old age, all young, all joyous, all radiantly beautiful. The

banks of the Thames were even more filled with gay and animated throngs; the Thames, pellucid and placid, reflecting the golden glory of the sky, ever to me a source of delight, was also filled with steamers and boats brimming with people.

Merry laughter, gay voices, peals of music, commingling with the songs of birds, and purring rhythm of the water, reached us on all sides. All were filled with joy, no cares, no frowns, no sorrow in evidence anywhere here, all wore joyous countenances, expressive of the noblest aspirations, the highest emotions, the greatest love and purity.

"What a pleasure," I remarked to Thyrza, "to note the joy and happiness; blessed, blessed indeed are we to be free, think how wretched ws used to be on earth, ever fretting about something or other, never in peace."

"Yes," she answered, "you, I think hardly realized how I suffered there, dear; even now I cannot bear to recall it. But I feel I must, because our Father must will it so, or we should forget entirely."

"Yes, we are beginning to grasp the very good reason why we should. How could anyone with a desire for change, inherent in all living beings, know how to appreciate the perpetual peace, glory and beauty, were it not for

that dark and drear experience, and the ever varying change of employment and scene, as well as the countless spiritual worlds to explore, and the limitless knowledge to be acquired."

Not yet had we heard very much about the Celestial Kingdom. The farther we advanced, the more we began to understand that enlightenment, on this line could only be obtained after all the claims of self had been conquered and eliminated. *This could only be developed and acquired in the service of others,* hence our desire to devote more time to the less happy than we.

The sanitarium we were to visit, one in the place of a great insane earth institution, was located a block or two from the Thames, in the midst of artistic grounds. After visiting this sanitarium, we were to visit some friends in Wales.

The building was of the Celestial style, of pale grey marble, with columns of gold and grey. The grounds were filled with spirits with contented faces, some inconceivably radiant, who had just become detached, and were obtaining their first impressions ere spirit memory returned. We gave several, as we passed, loving smiles of greeting.

Thyrza went to the rooms assigned to her, I to mine. We were regular visitors to this

place, with regular duties. I had been chosen this morning to visit two who had passed away by their own hands. One, an elderly man who had been a violent maniac for almost a decade, another a young man, who had been a victim of a blood disease which had caused imbecility. I went first to see the old man. He was just awakening on thi sside. He had no near relatives save his mother and father, who were seated by his side, with his guardian Angels. They greeted me gently, I sat down some place from them.

His guardian Angel was occupied attending to his duty with both hands on his head; the spirit had a very fine, noble countenance. A tremor passed through him. He made a convulsive movement to arise and opend His eyes. The Guardian Angel stepped aside. The mother, a radiant young spirit, eyes glowing with love and tenderness stood over him. His eyes fastened on her with wonder, then joy unspeakable illumined his whole face,

"Mother, mother am I dreaming? Am I crazy?" he whispered faintly.

"You are yourself, darling, your real true self. You have been dreaming, you are at last awake." His father grasped his hand.

"Will, my boy, don't you know me?"

"Father, father, where am I?"

"At home, with your own, my son. Come, get us." He arose in a flowing garb. His guardian Angel welcomed him with a few simple words. I was surprised and pleased to hear him say, as he held out his hands, warmly, "Why, Lord Byron, you are as great a joy as were your poems to me—" he stopped abruptly, and added ruefully,

"I can only remember up to the time I lost my fortune. Oh my poor wife, I wonder where she is?"

A look of great distress overspread his face. The earth memory up to the time he lost his mind returned, the rest, of course, a blank. His mother seated him by her, holding him close to her, as she told him all, finishing with,

"Dear, we will take you to see her very soon, she'll soon be free, she also is very near the change."

"Oh, that gives me joy indeed. Only to have her, and I'll be happy. But Oh, I am so overjoyed to find you dear ones, to know that I have never lost you, and to know we live and love forever. Oh, what joy, what peace, what happiness." Then he turned to me, "Lord Byron,"

"No lords here," I said, "Your brother, you are a lord as much as I ame." His eyes shone.

"What, no petty distinctions, all equal in

God's sight?" but he added, "there must be, of course, distinction in advancement, as on earth, but I want to tell you, my brother," emphasizing brother tenderly, "what your poems meant to me. Your sorrows purified, and cleansed all that really was not of you, a child could discern the true and feel the true spirit despite material conditions."

After a fe wminutes, promising to see him again soon, I sought the room of the young man, who in a fit of melancholia had cut short his material discipline. I saw at his bedside his guardian Angel and his sister, who had passed to spirit side in infancy, unknown to the brother.

This poor boy, from his earliest childhood had been inpregnated with a loathsome disease. All that the best medical skill could do had been done. He had been of noble blood and great wealth, but had become such a source of anxiety and humiliaaion, his family were forced to put him in a private institution, where he had been neglected, with the result that in an especially despondent mood, he had strangled himself to death. His sister, a dainty, winsome blonde, with sunny hair and pansy eyes, looking like the earth conception of Angels, sat by his side, patting his hand, while his guardian Angel, of magnificent beauty and

regal presence, stroked his head. Suddenly the youth gave a long, slow sigh, the eyelids began to quiver, the blood transfused his countenance, and he awakened, after having been in this state, according to earth time, for twenty-four hours, oblivious of both planes, completely magnetized by his guardian Angels.

He had been an imbecile since his birth, never having had the mental capacity to acquire knowledge. As his spirit memory had not returned, he awakened with but the little light gleaned on mortal plane during his lucid intervals, hence a child's guilessness and innocence looked forth from eyes very similar to his sisters, which became riveted upon her charming face, with a child'es worship of the beautiful.

"Where I am? Who are you?" he asked.

"You are at home. I am your sister," she replied gently.

"Who are you?" glancing at his Guardian Angel.

"I am your guardian Angel." He looked at him long and searchingly, the wonder in his eyes replaced by love, called forth by the love of the Angel. Then reluctantly he turned his gaze on me. I must have pleased him. He said, "You look like my papa," and smiled a child's wistful smile of recognition.

His sister helped him arise, while she, his Guardian Angel and I escorted him outside to a large auto. He clung to me and did not like to let me go until he saw his grandmother, to whom he took a great fancy. Within two days his spirit memory returned, and he proved to be a rather advanced spirit, eager to progress. I made an engagement to visit him also in the near future and returned to meet Thyrza.

I found her awaiting me on the portica, accompanied by an exquisite little girl of about four years, a veritable little sunbeam, but a rather drenched and woe-begone one, who clutched desperately at Thyrza's hands, and looked around on all sides with looks of pain and pleasure. Her flowing ringlets, lustrous blue eyes and pearly skin were very beautiful, the little mouth a Cupid's bow, the dainty little figure still in the flowing garb. I put my arms arms around her, and gave her such a loving embrace, that a smile, like the sun in an April shower, broke over her face, and for a moment she forgot her sorrow.

"I want to see my marmie and papa and my brother Charlie," she said piteously, "won't you take me to dem? She says she will."

"I have promised Amanda that we would take her to her mother, still on the earth," Thyrza said.

"Of course," I readily responded, "where shall we find her?"

"She lives in the suburbs, not far from here." We entered our auto, and soon arrived at the house, intuitively known as soon as we saw it. We were met at the door by a charming girl, with an eager, expectant air. Soon as she saw the child, she tenderly clasped and caressed her, ere welcoming us.

"Amanda, little Amanda," she fondly said. Then after greeting us, said, "I shall take you to the father and mother."

These spirits were still attached and in the charge of their guardian Angels. One of Amanda's had entrusted her to Thyrza immediately after she became detached, the other had returned to perform some duty for the attached ones. Amanda had been sent to the institution a few weeks before, after a severe fever which had resulted in dementia. The parents had been compelled to part with her, owing to their illness, as well as the incessant care and attention demanded by their little crippled boy, Charlie. They were cousins, one child a cripple the other Amanda, from birth not exactly an idiot but feeble minded.

We found them seated at a table, eyes closed, in a seemingly comatose condition, oblivious of all on spirit plane, whilst conscious on the

mortal. As the spirit, while attached to the mortal, is under control on earth, of the mortal, in the spirit world, it seemingly performs all the acts of the mortal and accompanies it wherever it goes, therefore, on the spirit side, there are always everything essential that the mortal uses, in the very same place as on mortal plane, such as chairs, couches, tables as well as everything necessary for them when detached at night. The room, in which they were with guardian Angels, was dainty and attractive, filled with flowers. They were apparently engaged in eating, judging from their motions, on mortal plane, and by the motions of two other attached spirits who seemed to be waiting on them, and who also were assisted, on spirit plane, by their guardian Angels. In the room, therefore, were four attached spirits and four guardian Angels. Although an attached spirit has two guardian Angels, it is only necessary to have one in attendance.

Thyrza had promised to take the child to her people on earth. We decided to enter with her the material consciousness. The child's guardian Angel magnetized her into unconsciousness of the spirit plane, so just about the time Thyrza and I became conscious on the mortal plane, she also became conscious with us in the material room within the spiritual

room, which was a large, airy apartment, we saw seated at the table, the father and mother, both weak and ill, faces haggard with physical and mental suffering. They were evidently refined and well educated. The attendants were nurses, the mother was endeavoring, between sighs and moans, to eat, the father, more engrossed with her, paid little attention to himself. Amanda sprang to her mother's side, clasping her around her neck, kissing and hugging her.

"Mama, mama," she cried, "don't you know me?" But the mother oblivious of all, replied not, but continued looking into space.

"Mama, mama," tears, falling rapidly, "don't you know me?" repeated the little child. No response.

"Don't you see me, mama?" Again, no response. Then she ran to her father, climbed into his lap, put her little arms around his neck, her head upon his chest.

"Papa, my papa, ain't you glad to see me?" Again no sign, no response of any kind. Thyrza took her in her arms and said,

"Darling, you papa and mama are dreaming, you shall see them tonight." The father then spoke to the mother.

"Amanda, why grieve so? Our child is better off, we shall soon go to her, we cannot

last very much longer. Be comforted, my poor wife." The child eagerly listened.

"Oh," sighed the mother, "if I had only been able to see her die, even to go to her funeral. Oh, my little girl, my baby, my baby."

"Mama, mama, I am here," cried the little one, running to her, and again clasping her. The mother's guardian Angels may have impressed her, for she brightened visibly, and she said happily,

"Oh, Albert, I know, I feel my little one is near me."

"Of course she is," he answered, "I feel her all the time." That pleased the child so much, she really thought they saw her. The door opened, a little lame boy, with a sweet face, accompanied by a tutor entered. He was like his parents, suffering from the same disease in another form, a victim, like them, to that most malignant of all diseases which numbers its victims by millions, and causes death innumerable under its various branches, consumption, leprosy, insanity, imbecility, the most common of blood diseases, rampant, where it permeates all classes from the lowest to the highest on earth. These innocents, victims to heredity, pure and stainless in character and life, were soon to be set free. Naturally one queries, "Why should the innocent suffer for the guilty?"

I was beginning to see quite clearly that the dream of mortal life, in comparison with the eternal life of the spirit, appears (to the awakened spirit, conscious of the dual life on both planes,) transitory and fleeting, a moment in comparison with eternity. Its sorrows and actual sufferings ephemeral, excepting the memory which alone survives, to remind one of the discipline which can never be forgotten.

All God's children are brought forth upon the two planes simultaneously. The material plane not solely absolutely essential as a birthplace, but also a school for many, not for all, to obtain the peculiar kind of discipline adjudged essential for those ordained to undergo it. Millions of children in millions of worlds, are being constantly born, their life force and intelligence having evolved from the very lowest forms of life, until endowed with soul as child of God, born in both worlds simultaneously.

It is essential for every child to have an epitome of all knowledge acquired through all species up to spirit child of God. Spirit composed of spirit body and spiritual brain, and soul connected with God, thence onward, through countless spheres and worlds, not freed from animal limitations as often stated, for the spirit knows naught of animal, conscious ever and

always as child of God, but educated in all branches of knowledge, to fit one for the Celestial Kingdom. In reality, after detachment, never before, a spirit realizes the earth experiences with its manifold horrors and tribulations, is no more painful to the spirit than the discipline given the earth child in college, academy, university, to the mortal. Although to the spirit on that plane of consciousness, it is made to appear as it does to impress it upon the spiritual brain, as all experiences are impressed for the purpose of discipline and training.

Although it may appear that criminals, degenerates the insane receive but little discipline, since their material brains are deficient or diseased; every spirit feels the necessary pain and suffering, and many experiences are registered upon the material brain, which in turn are registered upon the spiritual, even though the spirit can but imperfectly express itself.

Every unfortunate in penal institution or insane asylum, regardless how irresponsible, receives the discipline, hard as it may seem, deemed necessary. How otherwise call God Omnipotent? *If not for Divine purpose, unapprehended by mortal, with good reason the superficial would deem Him a monster of cruelity and turpitude.* But although God is

Omnipotent, his instruments under law follow His behests and instructions, all children are endowed, save those through disease and accident, with reason and free will. That is, each spirit *not handicapped by a diseased material brain,* can impress the material instrument more or less with the spiritual attributes of liberty, love and wisdom. All spirits are perfectly free and individually independent. None are restricted in any way, excepting as, on mortal plane, all are under mortal law, so all are under law in the spiritual. With the sole exception of property regulations in certain sections of the spiritual world, and the little while required for employment, all spirits are entirely free, and can exercise their will and desires in all things pertaining to themselves and their soul-mates, who are in reality, the other half necessary to make one. That spirit cannot exercise their will on mortal plane, especially in the conjugal relation, is due to the imperfect control of their material instruments. Could a spirit correctly impress, there would be more true unions and less divorce. The spirit must yield to the animal mind swayed by physicial attractions, but ever and always the spirit seeks to impress with the result that many co-called libertines are but following the dominant instinct, and longing of the spirit for

his own soul-mate. *Free will, individual effort resolves itself into the truth that only so much will and effort are manifested as the spirit can impress his material brain with.*

The spirit advances on spirit plane, and strives to impress upon his material brain the spiritual attributes and knowledge acquired here. *When this truth is rightly comprehended, one can see that material brains must advance to enable spirit to manifest will and effort, and that when material brains are developed sufficiently, will and effort are the will and effort of the spirit,* who ever and always expresses his own especial attributes, hence there can be no remaining at a standstill nor retrogression to the spirit who, on mortal plane has a *wholesome and good instrument.* The material brain can often be developed by developing a sound, wholesome body. Therefore the trite, and in a degree, true saying, "a sound body makes a sound mind," both brain and body recognized by the advanced as but instruments for the spirit child of God. But there are many in diseased bodies with developed brains, who express much more perfectly than many with seemingly sound and perfect ones, for all who appear sound are not so.

Amanda, when she saw her dearly loved brother enter, ran to him and threw her arms

about him, as she had her parents,

"Brudder, brudder," she cried, "I is here, don't oo know me?"

Charlie, assisted by his tutor, unseeing, passed by her.

"Brudder," she reiterated, "I is here, Mandy is here." The little lame boy, (how my heart went out to him, thinking of one other, who had been similarly afflicted,) was caressed by Charlie." Her guardian Angel then took her his parents, and then deposited on a couch.

After letting Amanda caress and bid them good-bye, we were soon on the spirit plane. Amanda exclaimed upon awakening,

"I saw them, my marmie, my pap and Charlie, for she remembered all her life on over to her parents in the spirit form and said,

"Look at them, there is your real father and mother. They will awaken tonight and you will see them." The little one's spirit memory returned as she was speaking, and she cried with delighted eyes,

"Oh, I know my papa and mamma," and she ran over after kissing them and kissed spirit side, ere taken to the asylum. Then the weeping little Niobe was transformed into a happy little girl. Some grandparents shortly arrived and it was decided that she should

remain with her parents, in charge of her guardian Angels, until she would become reconciled to be taken elsewhere. With returned memory came the great love for her guardians, so we, after our short period of depression, departed joyfully.

CHAPTER IX.

After a certain period devoted to attending lectures, imbibing all the wisdom and knowledge possible, sanitarium work, helping others on mortal plane who have the gift of inspiration and writing, social affairs and various places of amusement, we decided to accompany Percy and some friends to our places in Scotfor me.

I had told her to use her own judgment and land, where my mother had prepared a home taste. I was not surprised when I saw she had selected a small vale, between rugged mountains, whose lofty peaks were almost identical with those of earth Scotland, save that on the very highest, inaccessable on mortal plane, were many castle and palaces of magnificent beauty. The little valley is somewhat circular, and so small that there were but three other places, besides my own. It was divided in the center by a small stream, all under the highest state of cultivation, no fence or lines of demarkation between. My house was at the base, close to the mountains, which were left in their natural state, some with bare slopes, others with magnificent trees, flora and shrubbery. With

the exception of the stately castles on the peaks, no other homes or signs of habitation were visible.

My mother had chosen this retired stop especially for its silence and tranquility, feeling that we, as on earth, needed a change and a chance to relax after our busy life in the great city. Not that a spirit ever wearies, or that the life of a spirit is not always delightful, full of interest and incident, but even the most aspiring feel that there are times when one desires more particularly the charms of solitude, as well as the society of those most congenial and most beloved.

We had a very small house party. My mother, her soul-mate, her parents, Thyrza's sister and grandparents; her parents were still attached. Percy's home was adjoining mine and close also to the mountains.

These mountains were reserved for animals under the care of superintendents. We had a small establishment, cottage of a dozen rooms. We were charmed with it, Thyrza especially.

The exterior was of choice satin wood, smooth and lustrous, dark cherry, decorated with cream, wide veranda below, great bay-windows above. The inside was finished with choice woods, and furnished to correspond, several fountains, plants, flowers, etc.

In every spirit home harmony is the keynote. The gorgecus splendor, dazzling display of gold and silver, divers colors and violent contrasts; the utter lack of harmony in many things on earth, is not in evidence on spirit plane. Although gold and white are used very much, the gold is very sparingly used, simply for a delicate trimming, whilst public institutions, cathedrals, opera houses, hotels, and large apartment houses are all more splendid and grander in every way than on earth, none are flamboyant nor over embellished, all are in the best of taste, and characterized by a degree of simplicity much more pleasing.

Many have homes much larger and more luxurious than the most regal upon earth, many more have bungalows and cottages, one can always change, after tiring of a small place to a larger whenever one desires. No one is restricted. But, although, spirit feels that all are his, open, free to him, (as on earth there is a particular love for home which here is much stronger,) almost all cling to and change their own particular homes, when desirious of change, in style, architecture, and appointments, and even the grounds, which some change almost daily.

We had a few horses, allowed to roam in the mountains, an air-ship, several autos, and quite

a number of pet animals, dogs, cats, birds, all at liberty, none caged. Even in cities aviaries are open. Birds of the most dazzling plumage, more beautiful than the peacock, of snowy white, and all colors, flitted to and fro and all about our place, even on the veranda, and, oft, through the open window, some with sweetest notes, far excelling the nightingale.

From the rear of our veranda, we could see those called wild animals on the earth, lions, tigers, elephants, etc., even great anacondas and cobra de capellas. But, ah, how different, all our loving brethren yet to be, all displaying the same tenderness as the water ones, and yet so delicate as not to intrude in to the valley, but keeping strictly within their domain.

Percy and his sister are still alone excepting their grandparents. A Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, of the United States occupied the place opposite to us, and one who had been, on mortal plane, a Scottish knight, the one adjoining. As we were all literary, we were very congenial. While there can be no distinction, as all are God's children, and all are more highly developed and cultivated than the highest on earth, still, as all exercise individual taste, one inclines slightly to those who have similar, though one is attracted much more potently to those who excel in the highest emotive and

spiritual attributes of self-abnegation here as on the lower plane.

We took our meals "al fresco" in the grounds, for the especial purpose of seeing the beautiful moving pictures at sunrise and sunset. After they cease the sky returns to tints of exquisite delicacy and beauty, forming skyscapes entirely distinct from the moving pictures, for the moving pictures are actual representations of life both in the spirit and Celestial Kingdom, whilst the skyscapes are pictures portrayed by the Celestial Angels.

Thyrza's grandparents were, in every way, as youthful as we, so we were a party of young people filled with the strength and buoyancy of immortal youth. One morning, seated on the veranda, after we had watched the sun rise in his majesty, Thyrza said abruptly, breaking the enraptured silence, "This is indeed glorious, I never tire of these pictures," her sister, as lovely as she, a petite brunette of classic features, and slumbrous dark eyes, said with trembling lips, (she had been but recently detached)

"Everything is marvelous, I thank God for every breath I draw, and yet," she sighed, "I do so want mamma and papa free to enjoy it too."

"Yes," Thyrza answered feelingly, "that is

my great worry, if I may call it worry," glancing at me sadly, "were it not that we see them frequently, it would be very, very hard to bear."

Thyrza's grandmother, May, we called her, very much like Thyrza in appearance said seriously,

"According to earth time, it is over twenty years since I left my dear children, although I have all that the most favored mortal ever dreams of, and far beyond my greatest hopes and expectations, I cannot be really happy until I have my dear children free all the time to enjoy with me." To all their surprise, not even to Thyrza had I intimated aught of the kind, seeing again a picture I had often seen in my mind, a young man bowed in grief over a little babe's bed, and once more feeling the touch of baby fingers, I felt my eyes suffuse, and said brokenly,

"And I would give, ah, how much to see my baby girl just as she was again," Thyrza placed her arm around me and whispered, "Oh, George, let us thank the dear Father, we see them all on spirit side."

Very often had I seen my child since my detachment. Both Thyrza and I had been to see her just before we left England. Our last night had been spent with her and her mother, who, in the real life, knowing the truth, entirely

absolved me. She gave me the particulars regarding Mrs. Clairmont, and was perfectly satisfied, (knowing, as all spirits know their own soul mates, I was not hers,) that Thyrza and I were conjoined. I smiled in return and answered cheerfully,

"Oh, ye of little faith, even here questioning our Father's judgment. Know ye not that He knoweth best?" Smiles replaced the transitary gloom, and shortly we were planning an airship excursion to some islands north of us.

That afternoon Thyrza, May, Percy and I took a long mountain walk. We selected a wide path that led to Colonel Carr's place, I give the title, as he was recently detached.

He was an American who had taken the place for the summer. We have seasons, varying in different sections, as on earth. The path led first over a slope of downy moss, soft as velvet, of different shades of green, appearing like a mosaic in sun light and shade, thence into the heart of the primeval forest, free from entangling underbrush, with carpet of moss and trees of all varieties. Here and there an isolated monarch towered high above his fellows, with intervening spaces of lawn between, here and there were graceful trees of various colors, not seen on earth, pale pink, blue, red, great patches of shrubs and plants with won-

derful flowers, others with fruits and nuts of all kinds. Many trees, orange, lemon, all earth fruits and many more unknown on earth, feathery bushes, not vines, of strawberries and every other kind of berry.

We saw animals, great and small, divested of the repellant features of earth, scattered all over, some grazing, some eating fruit, many lying in sun and shade, others drinking at vast reservoirs, looking like small lakes, edged with moss and ferns.

"A veritable animal paradise," May exclaimed, "Oh, how beautiful, but look at that lion coming to us."

A lion, lying under a tree, arose and came to us. Thyrza held out her hand and petted him. All he lacked was speech. He gave a soft growl, while eyes glowed with love and admiration. We were soon surrounded by our lesser brethren, who gathered, from near and far, to make us welcome, every one with eyes shining with pleasure and love.

"Oh, you darlings," Thyrza said, "you know we love you all." All responded with sounds soft and melodious. Percy gave regular bear hugs to many, exclaiming,

"Ah, this is life and love in truth, when even our earth enemies love us."

I responded reverently, "Therefore we should never murmur, God knows best. We must forget the trivial past sorrows and live for the glorious present and future.

"When all our dear ones will be free," May added.

"But there will always be someone's dear ones," Thyrza said.

"Somebody's darlings," Percy answered, "but we must all be prepared." Thyrza patted a great white elephant, "just think what these dear things have yet to go through."

"Taste some of this delicious fruits. I do not even know its name," said May, plucking some great golden globes, looking somewhat like oranges, "the most delicious I have ever tasted."

After regaling ourselves with it and others equally delicious, we proceeded on our way out of the forest. We had ascended a considerable distance, so sat down to enjoy the view. Beneath lay the forest from which we had emerged, below that the mosaic tinted slope, farther down the bowl-like valley, with sparkling stream and brilliant gardens, in front the mountains, over whose jagged peaks and curved points, we could see the varying landscape of meadow, valley and plain, and far beyond, the glistening, sapphire sea. When we glanced

above, we saw a sky, fit to canopy such loveliness, in which the sun, pale and golden, rode high, and the stars sparkled like mammoth diamonds.

In a little while we arrived at the top, the highest peak thereabouts, upon which was located a stone castle, made out of the same stone as the peak, a soft gray and black, with naught but a green lawn surrounding it and waxy red flowers and vines covering it, a big stone castle, nothing else, no out buildings, all essentials kept in the great basement.

A large party, standing on the vast front veranda, joyously made us welcome, and we were soon regaling ourselves with such a view as but the spiritual spheres can produce. Not only that which I have described, but on one side, mountain peak upon mountain peak, rugged cliffs bathed in roseate hues, through which the pale green was plainly visible, while on the other, mighty crags, wonderfully wrought gleamed through a soft golden haze. Upon every peak, a stately castle, like the Colonel's, of different colors and of magnificent architecture, added to the beauty of the scene.

Colonel and Mrs. Carr were very charming. The Colonel said,

"Never was anyone more thoroughly dazed than Sarah and I when we found ourselves

walking on the ocean, when the boat turned and carried us to the bottom,) and surrounded by beautiful beings. Had it not been we recognized our relatives we would have been perfectly at sea, as well as on sea, never on the earth ever having the slightest faith in immortality or God."

They had recently become detached by drowning. I looked surprised. Thyrza smiled at me sympathetically, I read her thought, "More clouded than we." Mrs. Carr added,

"We were atheists. We simply could not believe in an Infinite Being, an Omnipotent God, it seemed absurd, incredible. We considered, as a great many do still, on earth, that religion had evolved from the very lowest and that the highest, the Christian was almost on a par with the earliest conceptions, and had not sufficiently advanced to outgrow the crude belief in the supernatural."

Thyrza smiled.

"I perceive you could not have given much serious thought to it, or you would have seen that the religious instinct, one of the most potent in mortals, must have been given for a purpose. The instincts, in all forms of life have been, on earth, solely developed by the *intelligence invisible governing the instinct.*

The religious, one of the greatest, instead of remaining dormant as others, less important, in man developed, in some apparently retrograding, in others steadily advancing, until the Christian religion was evolved, the highest type of religion upon the earth today. All were impelled by the spirit in charge, to advanve, until spirit man was blessed with soul, and impressed his mortal mind, little by little, with the truths imperfectly grasped, helped at successive stages by the great minds, who, more perfectly impressed, were beacon lights and teachers for the less illumined. Although I could not grasp a Supreme Personality, I could still perceive the guiding, controlling hand of a Supreme Intelligence."

Mrs. Carr responded laughingly,

"It did not take us long after our spirit memory returned, to realize how circumscribed had been our belief, how narrow our outlook."

I said, "Although it is true, I did not write as much as many about the soul, immortality and the duties of life, and confined myself, materially bound, to the beauties and attractions of earth, still I ever, regardless how seldom expressed, felt the Omnipotence of God, and the truth of life immortal."

A magnificent man, a noted English Sur-

geon on earth plane, spoke impressively,

"On the earth I, in my profession, had many opportunities of proving many of the potent arguments of unbelievers' fallacies. I studied mind or the brain especially. I dissected animal upon animal, vivisection, so abhored by many, gave me the key to a great deal. I found certain animals, entirely deprived of brain, could live and governed by instinct, impossible to locate, attend to all their wants. I *found by transfering the brain of one animal to another, I could change the characteristics and nature of the animal.* I found that man could live deprived of all, save a part of the medulla oblangata, called the vital knot. I found the gray matter contained the corpuscles that make the gray matter superior to the white, I found the brain, filled more or less with corpuscles, was but an instrument for an invisible, impossible to locate, presence. I found when the brain was in good condition, it enabled this invisible presence to guide and control much more perfectly, than when out of order. I found the seat of sensation *not in the brain,* as claimed by the majority. I found sensation felt, after all the brain in certain animals had been removed. I found the brain instrument for this invisible spirit, could be drugged. But as all these are well known

facts on earth to many and by you all, I shall merely say, I had seen so much of the entirely inexplicable materially, that I was forced to seek within for the truth, and I found it in the inner recesses of my soul, where all on earth find when they seek rightly."

"Only when the brain is developed enough to be impressed with the desire to seek," May replied.

"Exactly as I said, the brain must be a good instrument."

Mrs. Carr, changing the subject, asked how long we would stay in the mountains, expressing a hope we would remain whilst they were there. I answered,

"We shall remain several weeks, then a short while in London, and then a trip to the United States."

"Do join us, we return shortly," she exclaimed.

Thyrza replied, "Only too gladly."

After discussing various topics of interest, and making arrangements to accompany us in our airship the following morning, we returned home.

The next morning, just as the sun appeared over the top of the mountains our two parties, in airships which would have astounded mortals at that period, gently ascended, until we

reached the road leading to the islands, our destination. We had several rooms necessary for comfort and pleasure, and a very large deck, fitted with every comfort. To sail through the air, with a speed almost miraculous, while not as pleasurable as floating, is very enjoyable. Not only to (comfortably at ease, reclining on divan, couch or easy chair,) watch the different craft and floating spirits, an ever varying panorama of beauty, but the great spiritual worlds, with their alluring beauty high above, as well as the constantly changing loveliness below. All our party were seated on the great deck. My grandmother, May, Thyrza, her sister, Percy's sister and grandmother, attired in simple white gowns, with either flowing or braided hair, looked like young girls just emancipated from school, but never upon earth such charm of person, such angelic sweetness, such musical voices.

Thyrza started, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," All spirits possess voices of marvelous compass, melody and expression. It should not appear strange to mortals that many newly detached spirits, love and recall the earth very often, hence, "Nearer, my God to Thee." We sang one of Tom Moore's little melodies, one of mine, one of Percy's and the last, one sung in the great cathedrals.

"Glory, glory, to the lowest and the highest,
Throughout infinity,
Glory, glory to the farthest and the nighest,
Throughout eternity.

Glory, glory, to thee, and to me and to all,
Wherever we may be,
Glory, glory to everyone, within, without call,
In peace or misery.

Glory, glory, to our Father, great God Sublime,
Though far away, still near.
Glory, glory to Him, in ev'ry place, in ev'ry
clime,
Though everywhere, still here.

Glory, glory, to the lowest and the highest,
Every world Divine,
Glory, glory to the farthest and the nightest,
Mine and thine, thine and mine.

Like a meteor winging its flight through space, or a colossal eagle with outspread wings, we flew. We stopped not at a depot, but swept swifty on, balmy zephyrs, perfume laden, softly caressed us until we came to the sea, the wonderful sea, glittering under the rays of the sun, with a beauty unseen, unknown on earth.

The salty taste of its brine, mingled with

the delicious land scents, greeted us as we neared it. The sky above, with fleece of snow and crimson of russet glory, the sea below with its waves of white sea foam, were filled with ecstatic beings, and ocean and air craft innumerable. But as we sped on, far, far out to sea, both changed, almost inperceptibly, by degrees, into a beauty unparalleled, May called,

"Oh look, look," it seemed as though the Heavens parted and we saw our dear Father, Omnipotent God, accompanied by entrancingly lovely Angels, playing on harps, whose strains of melody reached us. Our Father seemed to be more Majestic, more sublime, yet infinitely gracious and loving. We caught, on vibrations, the message, "My beloved children, I am ever with you."

I saw whence came the earth conception of the Lord, and cupids playing on harps. Wonderful clouds, etherial and filmy as lace, forming flowers of exquisite beauty, surrounded our Father. We stopped the ship and remained motionless, our souls and hearts filled with wonder and love, looking upon their glorious loveliness, until the beauteous clouds and flowers softly covered them, and again naught but the sky could be seen, with great masses of flowers, which gradually faded to a soft haze of a royal purple and gold.

The purple and gold of the sky, the blue of sea continued for many miles, until we could see no signs of land or of life, excepting great ocean steamers, airships, and floating spirits, en route to various places in our world and other spirit worlds.

"Greenland, at last," we exclaimed simultaneously. We had come many miles with a speed, impossible on earth, in mortal atmosphere. The island, a vast continent here, soon appeared in full view. We could see great mountain ranges, some covered with snow, sharp pointed saw-tooth peaks, alert sentinels, glittering like polished rapiers, rugged cliffs, grim, forbidding slopes. As we appreached we saw a white beach, beyond undulating hills covered with verdure.

No signs of life where we descended, under a wide spreading oak tree. A silence profound, a solitude soul refreshing, a rest infinitely soothing, breathed over all. Gladly we emerged from the ship and sank upon the ground under the branches of the old oak tree, which reminded me forcibly of the old oak at Newstead Abbey, so dear to me on earth. Lovingly I caressed it. Me thought I could hear it murmur a greeting.

We decided to leave the ship and walk inland, so gayly we started forth. The hills

were covered with moss, flowers sprang up as we walked, and upturned sweet faces with loving welcome. Ere long, we came to a large stretch of gray and sombre, neutral tinted country, the sky also partook of the same dull murky hue, so familiar to earth England. Many white albatross, eagles and condors flew above. Piles and monuments of fantastic rocks jutted forth. To all but the detached spirit it would have appeared inexpressibly mournful and dreary and a suitable place of punishment for the most criminal, according to Emanuel Swedenborg's conceptions, or rather erroneous impressions. But as spirit is free to go wheresoever he will, as all spirit realms and places are open to all, and all fly wherever they desire, no one unless willing, ever seeks or abides in places of this kind.

"I have never seen on earth a place like this," said Thyrza, "I suppose Greenland looks like this on earth."

"Oh, no," said Percy, "this looks more like certain sections in Arabia."

"Or like deserts in the United States," said the Colonel.

"I suppose those who love the great wide places, the open, the silence, and grandeur, even here seek it for a change," observed May.

Soon we saw, seemingly, an oasis, a green

patch, a small habitation and several animals, horses, cows. A familiar earth atmosphere enveloped all so strongly, as to make one think oneself upon earth.

The gray stone cabin, the oak and walnut trees, a weeping willow near a well, the red geraniums and homely nasturtians, the forget-me-not, the helotrope all familiar earth flowers, the cats, the dogs, the chickens roaming here and there.

The Colonel exclaimed,

"I have seen many like this in the middle West. I am sure an American lives here."

We stopped at the gate of a large corral and looked at the animals who all flocked to us with lovelit eyes.

A man and woman came to the stable. I had not yet seen similar costumes in the spirit world. But the Colonel's eyes sparkled as he cried,

"Americans, Americans." The man, a fine tall spirit, of a strongly marked, distinctive type and the woman, with a lovable, saintly face, approached with cordial, outstretched hands,

"Welcome, welcome," they cried jubilantly. The man had on a pair of overalls, a negligee shirt, leather belt, the woman a plain, simple gown. They laughed as we looked at them

rather curiously.

"We loved our earth home so much, we try to duplicate wherever we go, for a short period," the man said.

"We lived in the wilds, we raised our family there. It was home for so many years, we cannot forget," the woman said, a tender, reminiscent gleam in her eye.

"You must have been very happy there," Mrs. Carr remarked.

"No, often full of dread and fear, with the terrible trials of the early settler, but we loved and had our children there for so many years, so we still love it, and as we cannot go back, we try to live it here occasionally, as nearly similar as we can."

We entered a bare living room, a large stone fire-place, imitation animal skins on the floor, wooden chairs and tables, very crude and primitive, and home made utensils filled with immortal flowers, the sole things of beauty visible.

"I did not suppose such things were made in the spirit world," my grandmother said, pointing to the chairs.

"Nor are they, save by the individual spirit who so desires. Our loving Father permits perfect freedom to all His children to do and live as they wish. So there are sections of the

spirit world reserved for all those who wish to exercise individual taste, but," he smiled pleasantly, "very few continue very long anything like this, as our true home has ever been the spirit."

"The love of change inherent in all, the desire that has brought us hither as well as tender associations, must, of course, make it pleasant," chimed in Thyrza.

Our hostess, with her own hands, prepared a simple repast, Thyrza and May assisted. No automatons required here. Soon we were refreshed with bowls of milk, apparently fresh laid eggs, with squash and mince pies of the Yankees. Col. Carr said,

"This is indeed going back to the old home." Our hosts answered,

"We soon leave for London, and then go on to the United States."

"Why did you not duplicate this nearer home?" I asked.

"We have been traveling considerably in Europe and Asia, and provided this for intervals between."

We shortly bade our friends good-bye and started for a town close to the base of a mountain range which they had pointed out to us. As we neared it, we were surprised to see the whole mountain covered with snow, as

well as the country surrounding it for quite a distance. The snow, the first we had seen in the spirit world, also forcibly reminded us of the earth. Although deep, without effort or undue exertion, glowing from the cool, crisp air, we almost skimmed over it, so lightly, so rapidly does spirit walk.

Ere long, we reached the outskirts of the city and were soon on a very pretty street, lined with beautiful homes basking in the genial rays of the sun, all was spotless, not a speck of slush nor now visible.

We were greeted by many smiling friends and brothers, who entreated us to accompany them to their homes. We told them, as there were so many of us who desired to keep together, we would go to one of the hotels. Shortly we entered a splendid hotel, replete with all the comforts and luxuries of a spirit one, vastly superior to the best of earth, inasmuch as it provides everything essential, as well as private theatres, assembly hall, ball room, and many rooms devoted to amusements and games unknown on earth. The music room, a vast apartment, had four sides with electric buttons connecting one with all the great opera houses, theatres, moving picture shows, churches, lecture halls in the spirit world, not to any especial country, but our entire spirit world. The

principal ones are connected with private reception room of each suite. Although telepathy is universal, wireless telephones, and telavues, enabling one to see whilst talking are in every room. One of the first things I did, was to call up my mother, who had not accompanied us, and I soon had the pleasure of seeing her radiant face as well as hearing her loving voice, both preferable to telepathy.

After changing completely, Thyrza especially beautiful in primrose silken material, with white buds in corsage and hair, I in a white dresssuit, we joined the rest in a magnificent banquet hall. We entered from the hall and saw a vast apartment, two sides of crystal, the one facing us in the rear all open, affording a good view of the grounds, which seemed like a conservatory, with fountains, statues, and numberless birds flying to and fro, also a part of the jagged peaks gleaming with snow.

In the center of the dome-like ceiling of crystal, beautiful flowers formed of jewels, cast a soft, mellow light over the charming appointments of the room, enhancing, if possible, the exceeding beauty and radiance of the spirits. A very large fountain was in the middle of the room, a large snow-white swan, surrounded by a brood of little ones, swam in a large basin wrought of cut diamonds like the ceiling. The

basin sat on an immense pedestal of intricate beauty and design, formed of pearl, enjeweled with emeralds and rubies, columns of the same extended above forming a canopy of dome-like effect over the fountain, with one immense flower in the center studded with lights. Around this fountain, on a floor of mother-of-pearl, in circles were tables of uniform size, first circle, tables for two, second four, and so on, up to the outermost circle. The tables were like the floor, of mother-of-pearl with doilies of filmy lace, and bowls of exquisite glass filled with delicate flowers and ferns, the chairs to harmonize, nothing else in the room. Soft strains of melody were intermittently played.

Within a few moments after we wired our orders, we were served with the first course by spotless, noiseless automata. No hoisting up from beneath, tables fully equipped, as is done in some places but very similar to earth, except, of course, superior in perfection of service and detail. At the close of the meal, as we arose, the band in the grounds started a merry waltz, and many of the guests wended their way to the ball-room, but our party decided to visit the opera-house. Without change of any kind, we entered the opera house, which was exquisitely chaste and beautiful, no ceiling but the azure of the sky and silver of the great stars.

Seats in tiers, similar to the earth, were already filled with spirits. No evidence of orchestra, though music reached us as we entered, seemingly from behind the stage at one end. I looked at the audience, I noted the chaste elegance of the women, few more than slightly decollette, very few jewels, mostly flowers, hair in style to suit, no prevailing style in hair or costume, hence none disfigured or caricatured as on earth. I thought of the consciousness, affectation, the hauteur shown by the grande dame, the social aspirant, the climber of the mortal plane. I recalled the supercilious cold stare, the air of self-satisfaction, the soulless expression, the vapid, silly talk, the gracious, patronizing manner, the senseless extravagance of the spirits in mortal form, and I again thanked God that all those defiling, sordid experiences were unreal, that they, in reality, in their true home expressed but the Divine love and wisdom manifested on all countenances surrounding us.

The artists, equally as simple and chaste in appearance and costume, were all, to use an earth expression, greater than "stars of the first magnitude," with genius and voices unknown on earth. Although, unlike the earth, only the soul's highest qualities were expressed in the opera, and naught of the material, pathos,

thrilling to the core, representing a newly detached spirit's sorrow, ere spirit memory returns, love sublime, sweetness ineffable, compass vibrant with the strength and power of a child of God, were so constantly varied as to give all the change necessary, and leave naught to be desired, with those who cannot apprehend, on spirit plane, the debasing animal qualities.

We sought our apartment after a glimpse into the ball-room, and walk in the grounds. "We shall have to do extra work when we return," Thyrza said, ere we retired.

"Of course," I replied, ere drifting off to slumber, to recall, as we often do, earth experiences.

CHAPTER X.

We returned from our pleasure trip, after visiting some wonderful geysers, and several isolated districts entirely devoted to large stock ranches, somewhat similar to those of Western America, in charge of spirits who like a change of this character. It is surprising how many will, for a short time, seek a life of this kind, when all the glories and beauties of the spirit world are open to them. But it is generally the class, who, newly detached, still enjoy a life similar to the earth experience, where they can exult in the great distances, the solitude and the open, and the unrestricted in any sense life. As all stock are loving and tame, a mortal would suppose that they lack all that rendered such a life exciting and thrilling on earth. But spirits, on their own heath, their own plane, enjoy but the real pleasures of the spirit, therefore find more pleasure in riding tireless, happy animals, and mingling with all, on the same terms, as with one's own especial dog or horse on earth. These stock ranges have unfailing crops of various food stuffs, perpetually growing, and immense reservoirs of water. The

superintendent and automatons are all housed and provided for as they desire. The animals are especially beautiful, with clean, satiny skins. Even, as on earth more than in the cities, the peace, the tranquility impresses one more strongly, hence I was not surprised when I found that quite a number, not only came from the class who had loved this life on the earth, but those who, having lived an entirely different life, still felt so strongly some of the earth experiences as to find the solitude, the silence, and the companionship of their lesser brethren, the essential factors to enable them to completely readjust themselves, ere taking up a more social life, in the centers of activity.

After our return to London, we went to a magnificent hotel, preparatory to leaving for the United States. Thyrza and I regularly devoted considerable time to our work, to visiting sanitariums, and many attached spirits whom I could impress, besides attending cathedrals and lecture halls. There are social functions even more varied and numerous than on earth. It is very easy to be sociable when it costs one neither effort, labor nor trouble, where everything is provided, where all places of amusement, all modes of travel are free, and, above all, *where all are on the same social footing, all God's children, although not all advanced*

spirits of great attaintment. I grew more and more in love with my new life as I became more familiar with its numberless blessings and attractions, as I gradually developed my soul gifts, and, as I grew in love for the real things in spirit life, I found I grew in love and worship of Him from Whom all blessings come. Not very frequently do we see Him as we saw Him in the sky, nor often elsewhere, although He visits every child, at least once, within a certain time after detachment. It must be remembered that our Father is the Father of trillions of spirits in many other worlds. It is not possible for Him to be with us, but a few moments at a time, but no matter how many children He has, He knows and loves each individually, and, although He cannot be with them personally, directs and cares for them, through His great administrative departments of Celestial Angels.

Time flew rapidly, one does not sense it as mortals, after a certain period has elapsed, for, although the sun rises and sets in the seemingly old way, and though the seasons come and go, we know there is no such thing as time. No past, no future, as sensed by mortals, but the great and glorious present which ever is, therefore, we often lose count of mortal time, and make many errors when striving to cognize as

mortals do, material conditions.

We decided, in company with the Carrs, and several members of our family, my mother and Albert, Thyrza's sister and grandparents, to take an ocean steamer instead of an aerial one, as we had not yet had the pleasure of ocean travel. These colossal floating palaces travel as swiftly as the aerial. I will not mention how rapidly, for fear you might think the author drawing on her imagination, instead of writing under inspiration. The earth's greatest are very inferior in appointments, comfort and ease of motion. No matter how rough, and often in midocean it gets distinctly so in storms, although not like earth storms, as they are entirely free from all terrifying elements, the motion, so perfectly are they formed and poised, is like gliding over a smooth surface. Besides having all the luxuries of the earth ones, they possess several novel features. No necessity for wireless, as perfect telepathy is universal, but in each suite are wireless telephones and telavues for visual and vocal communion, as well as numerous instruments putting one in touch with all the leading places in the world, therefore, in the privacy of one's apartments, one on board can constantly be in touch with all sections of the spirit world.

The upper deck, several thousand feet in

length, and over a thousand in width, is devoted to an actual park made of soil, encircled by an artistic hedge of flowers and vines. In the center a band, composed of numberless instruments, and here and there divers attractions.

The evening before our departure, I, in company with Thyrza, visited her parents, and went into the material consciousness, and later, visited my wife, my little daughter, my dear sister Augusta and the Countess. A great pleasure as well as a sorrow, much like looking at the beloved faces of the dead on earth, for, although, we see and are with the real ones often, we love and never cease to love their mortal bodies. Not until all the loved ones are free, not until time rolls on through that which, on earth is called cycles, can the dear faces of the loved ones become obliterated from spirit memory. Very often Thyrza and I sigh, and shed a silent tear or two, for the dear earth forms we loved so well. This is the only grief of the spirit, and, although, we know it gives us pain, still, whensoever we can, we go into the blessed material consciousness, if we still have loved ones on earth, if not, steal away to drop a tear, or to give a tender thought to the memory of the beloved mortal forms.

After inspecting our new quarters on board,

Thyrza and I took a lift to the park on the top deck. Quite a number had already congregated; no necessity of introduction to one's own. I left Thyrza and in company with the Colonel and one or two men, I shall so designate them, for in reality they are such, and not the mortal, sauntered over to one of the sides, to obtain a good view.

We had left but a few minutes before, and already the shore was almost out of sight. On all sides, in mathematical precision, were many different routes, until we got out far from land, filled with craft of various styles and sizes, all flying the national colors as on earth. As all is first evolved on spirit, ere impressing the mortal plane, all must be first real and perfect on the spirit, ere impressed more or less correctly on the mortal, therefore, as spirit man from the beginning was on a higher plane than the most exalted mortal plane, all languages were very soon acquired by him, and slowly, gradually as mortal advanced, impressed by degrees, (seemingly evolved,) until the different languages were impressed more or less correctly.

While all are God's children in all the different countries, all of the same origin, still in the various countries, as on earth, there are different languages, and, although all know

their common origin, still designate themselves as on earth, and fly the national colors, not in the sense of being distinct nations, but meerly to *designate different sections.* Similar changes, varying in degree, transpire on the spiritual as well as on the mortal, for instance, when a whole country or continent on mortal plane has been wiped out, the detached spirits have abandoned and left it to new attached ones to evolve another and higher civilization. On the earth, in the same places, geology proves, have been several successive civilizations. All the detached spirits, of each civilization, seeking new places in the spiritual world, and leaving these sections to the attached spirits about to evolve a new civilization on mortal plane.

The great steamer glided smoothly on, with no perceptible motion. The ocean assumed a pale, emerald tint. Overhead great aerial craft accompanied us, their decks crowded with passengers, jubliant voices hailed us. We were not, as on earth, on a solitary ship speeding on its gruesome way, beset by earth's malignant elements, subject to destructive forces, ever and always, with the timid, fear blanching the face, clutching the heart, at overcast threatening sky or unusual noise, but all enjoying perfect peace and confidence. What, though unknown in spirit realms, the immense steamer

should be blown up, spirit would be but blown in his own element, and soar with the clouds. What, though perchance, spirit should be hurled against aerial craft, spirit, immune to change and destruction would but glance off, like unto a ball. What, though the steamer should be submerged, spirit cannot drown, all entities are subservient to him.

Could but mortals see, with spirit sight, when spirit so desires, the millions of life forms filling the atmosphere, and realize the mission for which created, could they but see these tiny denizens help buoy up spirit as he floats, and feel the love expressed in varying degrees, as they caress him, from the faint zephyr when they faintly caress, to the violent, but no less loving ones of the mighty wind, they would realize somewhat of the truth of that which makes these manifestations, and know that, regardless how infinitestimally small, each and every one has its especial place, as essential to the well-being of all, as the greatest aggregation.

Col. Carr, (we do not give titles in the spirit life, but I shall, as this is for mortals, give him his earth title,) and I gazed upon the interesting scenes for quite a space, ere he broke the silence,

"Why I declare there must be an earth shipwreck. Look at all the spirits congregated

over there, on the ocean."

A mile or so away, according to earth distance, were various groups surrounding those who had been wrecked, or the newly detached. I observed the glorified, ecstatic expressions of many, the wonder, the delight, and several with mingling expressions of joy and pain. Within a few seconds we reached them, ere they started to float in various directions. In the meanwhile, the ocean had changed from pale emerald to marvelous blue, whilst the sky and the sun, with its peerless rainbow tinted rings, were ablaze with gold and sapphire. I was pleased that it had changed to these beautiful effects in time for the newly detached to be impressed with the glory and splendor of their real home.

Thyrza and my mother joined us, and insisted upon us going below and joining them in a game of cards. I know you will smile, and associate it with gambling, "playing cards," you will ejaculate, "what next?" Yea, playing cards, with a very great difference, we play only for pleasure and pastime. Although one is a child of God, heir to all the Divine gifts, we must cultivate certain gifts, and exercise individual effort in development, much more than on earth, *hampered by a poor instrument,* for here is no obstruction, *nothing to prevent*

individual effort and will. Card playing, as on earth, tends to develop a certain efficiency, concentration, etc. The animal and basilar qualities are unknown to spirit, hence, in the spirit world, there is naught but purity and good in all things. We were soon in a room devoted entirely to card playing, and played with as much interest and more enjoyment than for the highest stakes. I watched the animated, intent faces, more joyous when defeated, than when victorious, notwithstanding all made every effort to win. It only adds to one's pleasure to give pleasure to others. Unselfishness, self-abnegation, is more or less universal, though varying in degree and expression.

After a few games we went on deck again, and listened to the music, thence to the dining room. Our party selected one of the smaller ones, one side completely open, and one of glass, giving us a very fine view. We took seats, no table in evidence, placed in a circle, wired our orders below, and presently the floor opened in the center, and a table laden with delicacies, arose and settled in place, several automatons soon appeared and, with skill and celerity, waited upon us. Flowers of exquisite tints and delicate fragrance were arranged in the center and around the different covers.

"This is all beautiful," Thyrza remarked,

"but I prefer it in the main dining room."

"I think I do too," said Mrs. Carr.

"I like it here," my mother said. We all smiled when May exclaimed,

"I prefer it served on the ground, before a camp-fire, in the good old earth way."

I chimed in, "Are ye never satisfied? Even here amidst the greatest luxury and profusion, you long for the grapes beyond reach."

"Oh, no," my mother answered, "nothing beyond reach of the spirit. Come float with me, May and we'll soon find a tree, camp-fire and all to suit you."

"Nay, nay, this answers very well for the present," May lauhed happily. We could see distinctly the vast banqueting hall, and several smaller ones, thronged with thousands in the height of good spirits, unmarred by care or sorrow. All attired to suit individual taste, and as good taste is universal, all dressed to suit the occasion, an early luncheon on shipboard, in morning costumes, principally white. After lunhceon, we ascended to the park where we were entertained by many noted artists. The ocean trip, filled with pleasure, came to an end only too speedily.

New York, the great spirit city, appeared almost encircled by water, as we drew up before an immense wharf. Mighty fleets of com-

merce, from all parts of the world, passed us, while immense passenger ships, similar to ours, accompanied us on both sides to their respective wharves. Although crowded, there was such systematic order, that, without difficulty or stoppage, we entered our dock and soon walked from the beautifully polished deck to a magnificent passage way, thence into a great reception room, which was crowded with spirits awaiting friends and relatives.

To our surprise and delight, we were welcomed by several of Col. Carr's relatives, who insisted upon all of us accompanying them to their home, which was situated upon the Hudson. Ere long, in autos, we were speeding over a great boulevard, passing residences like those of London, the sole distinction, the color scheme, white and gold. The boulevard extended over a mighty bridge, which we soon crossed and followed the winding curves of the river. The river, boulevard and esplanade were crowded even more with spirits, if possible, than in any part of London. We went so rapidly we had but little time to observe in detail anything, until we turned to the left, and ascended through the center of a private park, to the front of a picturesque palace, on the summit of a small hill. It was of cream alabaster, covered with green and red vines,

and surrounded by a terraced green lawn. On both sides of the massive stone steps were superb fountains, whose waters fell in cascades over a slope of alabaster, and formed below, on both sides, a small lake, edged with flowers red and white. This was the home of a sister of the Colonel's, a Mrs. Mordant, whose husband was still attached, with whom she was living on the spirit side, and was, therefore, the home of attached as well as detached spirits. Her husband on the earth was living on a farm, the farm-house within the spirit palace. Mrs. Mordant had selected this as one of her homes and was daily expecting her husband's release.

We were soon within a suite of rooms in the front, from whence we could obtain a most entrancing view of the river and surrounding country. The Hudson far excels the Thames in size and scenic effects and is much more beautiful than its earth's prototype. Every place, every scene has its own especial charm and feature. Even on the earth, the "bad lands" and desert countries have a beauty peculiarly their own. The charm of the Hudson from this point, was the extended, unobstructed vista of diversified scenery. The river, with its sinuous grace and winding curves, and sky were a symphony of color.

Mrs. Mordant had devoted much thought

and time to making this home as perfect as possible, so that it was especially splendid and attractive. Instead of the forbiding ugly earth styles, every building near to and within the great cities, is a master-piece of art. Much more precious and costly material, far more beautiful than the choicest of earth, is used for building purposes. We could also see the lawn, the gardens in the rear were a mass of wild luxuriance and varied colors, with fountains, seats, rippling brooks and birds innumerable.

"I like a garden like that," Thyrza said, "it looks so natural. Let us lay out ours that way when we return."

"I prefer it too," I answered, smiling, for we had changed our grounds many times within a very short time.

After a dainty meal, served in a large dining hall, finished and furnished in a choice wood, finer than mohogany, exceeding smooth and highly polished, we were all taken into the room devoted to Mr. Mordant and his Angel guides. Besides Mr. Mordant, who was reclining on a couch, were the spirits of his earth attendants, who in oblivious condition, assisted by their guardian Angels, were leaning over Mr. Mordant. Mrs. Mordant remarked, as she placed herself by his side, and lovingly

caressed him, "He is very low. It will not be very long now, will it?" addressing one of the Angels seated by his side. He replied joyfully, it is ever joyful to us when the tie is severed. "Just a few moments more."

"Time for us to withdraw," I said, when his mother and sister entered, to join in welcoming him upon his awakening.

CHAPTER XI.

We remained several days with the Mordants, and accompanied the Carrs on a few trips to the leading eastern cities. All were magnificent, almost as large as the city of New York, which was larger than London, and equally as beautiful. With the exception of the color schemes, and slight topographical difference, they were very much alike in general, as all are flawless productions, the finished work of perfect artists, typical of the highest civilization and greatest culture. The Celestial style is more popular, all great institutions and the business sections generally of that style, or a combination of it and the Colonial.

We were the guests of the great earth president and liberator of the United States, George Washington, our dear brother, who, loyal to his love of his earth home, has in Mt. Vernon, his spiritual home in the same grounds, but ah, how different from that humble, simple home is the great palace which overlooks the mighty Potomac of the spirit world. His home, a combination of Celestial and colonial is of spotless white, covered with vines, and surrounded

by a great park dotted with stately trees and gorgeous flowers.

As he impressed his mortal mind so correctly, as to become one of the really great instruments of mortal plane, so upon the spirit he is one of the foremost in America, and rapidly advancing. He alluded quite frequently to our earth careers, spoke very feelingly about the hardships endured in the great struggle for freedom, and said with moistened eyes,

"I often go into the material consciousness, to impress many of our struggling mortals, and take an especial interest in all who are fighting for liberty. Could they but see the many who, from love, are present during their sanguinary struggles, their awful battles, they would feel that, although the righteous cause does not always triumph, love and sympathy are always with them. Could their spiritual sight open, they would see mighty hosts in battle array in the air, around and about them."

I knew this is a truth. There are great companies in all cities of the spirit world, who drill, as on earth, simply for love and pleasure. These, often, when nations are struggling on earth, attend the different battles, seeking to impress peace, as much as possible, before the battle, and after love and sympathy, with the Angel guides who awaken the dead, or de-

tached.

He resumed musingly, "I can well comprehend the perpetual interest we all take in the world within the womb of ours. How can it be otherwise. We spent our infancy within its consciousness, our children likewise, why should we not visit our nursery and help the babe on the first plane? The saddest of all is that so many have to be disciplined so severely."

Mrs. Carr, with a slight flash of the eye said,

"Of course, no spirit child of God can question His good reason for thus training some of His children, but I really cannot understand, even yet, why they should not be disciplined simply and solely with love."

"The peculiar discipline, decreed for those who have to undergo the mortal discipline, can only be acquired in this manner, to fit those who undergo it to advance on certain lines," he answered gravely. "All do not undergo even on mortal plane, similar discipline, as is proven by their removal at various ages."

I interposed, "Strange ,theosophists have not seen the absurdity of taking children off ere born, ere they have obtained any discipline to be reincarnated again. They seem to take no account of the thousands taken ere they can

have a chance to build another temple."

"And," Mrs. Carr exclaimed, "we know that inaminate matter cannot suffer. It is the spirit, not dead matter which is disciplined, we who suffer."

Ere our host could reply, Thyrza answered thrillingly,

"Again, permit me to say, on neither plane have you, as yet, sought to answer this problem, or your guides would have answered you satisfactorily. You know our embodiments, on spiritual plane, as well as our reflections on mortal, have been evolved from the animal, each embodiment, as it ascends in the scale of being, composed of a superior class of life organisms, the life organisms, on spirit plane, advancing singly as well as the aggregate of each embodiment, until the body is regenerated to fit it to become the temple of a conscious child of God on spirit plane. The mortal reflection or attachment of the spirit, evolves conjointly to give personality, and discipline to those spirit children whose spiritual progenitors have not developed certain essentials which can only be acquired on earth plane."

Our host added gently, "And permitted by our loving Father for the ultimate good of all."

"Why create them thus? Why not, since our Father is Omnipotent, create all without

the necessity of undue suffering, instead of a few," Mrs. Carr persisted, eager for light.

The great earth patriot replied reverently,

"You, who are on the first spiritual plane, who have but recently awakened, cannot in your present state of development, grasp the Infinite Wisdom of our Father, any more than you can conceive of the infinite multiplicity of the countless superior spiritual realms and spheres, through which we must progress, ere we become fit to enter the Celestial spheres."

"Then the reason, even though given me, I, at present, cannot grasp? Have you solved it?"

He bowed his head humbly, "I have."

"Have you?" turning to Thyrza.

"I have."

"Have you?" turning to me.

Even more devoutly I murmured, "I have."

"Why have not I?"

"Ah," the Colonel chimed in, "I begin to perceive, although all life, all love comes from our Father, all life organisms do not evolve simultaneously, it takes some a little longer than others, therefore by the time the majority, composing a body about to be regenerated to become a child of God, are sufficiently advanced, there are many who are not. The brain, therefore is composed, not solely of the

advanced, but of many in different stages, and thus many children are, when first brought forth, more or less different, with individual tastes and aspirations, as well as certain traits and tendencies, which, although spiritual, still must be corrected ere they can advance."

"Not quite that," our host answered, "instead of possessing traits and tendencies to be corrected, they lack certain ones which can only be acquired through the pain and suffering of the earth discipline."

"Therefore the spirit unfolds on mortal plane?" the Colonel asked.

"Oh, no, no spirit needs unfoldment, as cognized on mortal plane, since the spirit child inherits but the spiritual attributes and qualities; but some spirits must have certain earth experiences recorded on spiritual brain, absolutely essential for unfoldment on spirit plane."

"Then it is only those spirits, whose animal progenitors have failed to advance on certain lines deemed necessary, who must undergo the earth discipline?"

"Not exactly, you must learn to look upon the little earth, not as a great world, where mortals evolve from matter and unfold, little by little material intelligence, but as one of the smallest kindergartens, for certain spirits to acquire the rudimentary discipline, not register-

ed upon the brain inherited from the spirit animal progenitors, this discipline only to be acquired on earth, varying in degree and time to suit each child."

"As our Father is Omnipotent, why not have all developed enough to obviate the necessity for the terrible earth life?" Mrs. Carr asked, wonderingly, the question perplexing many on the mortal plane,

"Our Father is Omnipotent, but even so, He necessarily must have instruments to fulfill His will and law. The creation of the spiritual worlds and their attachments, the material worlds, are performed by the greatest Celestial Angels under law. The spiritual substance is impregnated with life, which, under immutable law, in different organisms slowly evolves until spirit man is born. Those spirits (whose organisms have developed sufficiently along all essential lines,) find the earth discipline unnecessary for them, hence, the many who are severed before birth, on mortal plane, and the thousands with but limited experiences, during early life."

"Therefore, only the unfortunate, through no fault of theirs, are subjected to the earth pain and sorrow?" still persisted Mrs. Carr. "The spirit child of God, who lacks certain essentials, must suffer agonies and—"

Col. Carr interposed eagerly, "Dear, you know better."

Again our host impressively resumed,

"The *majority* do not require the earth discipline, but are disciplined similarly, in many respects, which, although physical pain is unknown on spirit plane, cultivates and develops the necessary characteristics. The spirit, who impresses a mortal brain and body, who seemingly lives in and suffers with it, who is destined to acquire discipline in this manner, to fit him for his own especial place in the Celestial Kingdom, is by no means discriminated against, but is educated, in the only possible way, to develop and call forth his peculiar powers. As on the earth, great minds are essenial on all lines of endeavor and activity to evolve and develop the material resources, as well as to develop the material and spiritual qualifications and attributes, so, in the countless spiritual worlds, minds devoted to especial pursuits and pursuits and purposes are developed by the higher in charge, therefore all require different education and discipline."

"No one," Mrs. Carr asked, "as on earth exercises either will or effort independently?"

"All exercise will and effort on both planes, but all are bound and restricted by law. On mortal plane, all suffer who violate law, on

spirit, none violate law, but ever exercise will and effort in following the will of their Father, in all ways pertaining to developing the highest within all, not simply striving to develop the highest within self, but ever seeking to develop the highest within others," smiled the great earth president on the beauteous spirit eagerly listening. Her eyes sparkled,

"Oh, I see, I see, no, no, I know I have not advanced in this way, for I never sought, even on this plane, when detached at night, I love music and other things more, and I did not ask, so my dear guardians did not force me to acquire that which I did not seek. No wonder I did not seek to solve these things on mortal plane, when I did not on this, but now I known I shall advance, impelled by my soul."

Lovingly he replied, "Service, service to others, love will show the way when our Father wills, dear sister."

The conversation was then changed by our host asking us to look throughout the house and grounds. It was of imposing dimensions. The state or reception rooms vast and grand, ceiling and walls different in all, some exquisitely frescoed by celebrated artists, others hung with tapestries, richly embroidered, others simple and elegant of choice woods, but his own private chambers were almost severely plain. They

command a fine view of river and grounds, and opened on to a small circular balcony, fitted up simply with large desk, bookcase and a couple of arm chairs.

"Here," he said, "I do most of my reading and writing. I find, as on mortal plane, we require quiet to insure good work."

"And seclusion and solitude," I agreed heartily.

The grounds were charming in their simplicity. That part devoted to the attached spirits in charge of the spirit home, within which is the earth Mt. Vernon, was in the rear, encircled by a lovely hedge of roses. It was filled with attached spirits, and their attendents, hurrying to and fro, as on mortal plane, viewing the historical earth home of the well-beloved "Father of his Country." The lawns, smooth as velvet and lustrous as satin were of a pale emerald, great trees of different varieties, here and there a superb statue or fountain, and parterres of brilliant flowers relieved the simplicity. I noticed a lamb or two and many dogs, also several birds, no other pets were visible. In the rear, and on both sides the enclosed hedge of roses, were two small lakes or rather ponds, filled with numerous fish of various colors.

We met many charming people, the guest

chambers were full, and were entertained in every delightful way. The great patriot is on a high plane of development, and much beloved by all. He is at the head of one of the greatest universities, and in personal charge of several departments. He also is very often selected for missions of importance to various spiritual worlds. His mortal life helped to fit him for that which he is, a born leader, one eminently capable of inspiring all to emulate him, to follow his example, whither soever he leads, and as he leads, in the true life of the spirits, to heights sublime, he has marvelous influence with all with whom thrown in contact.

Ere we parted, he took us on a visit to his university, located quite a distance from his home, in a very large city, not known on earth, one populated entirely by detached spirits. Adjacent to all cities for the attached, are sections or shrubs devoted to the detached, but the greatest and grandest, the detached cities are situated on the highest peaks of the most inaccessible ranges. I find I have overlooked this, I have mentioned the great cities of Paris, London and New York, and have failed to say, that the most sublime and peerless of all are the cities of the detached.

The city, wherein is located the great uni-

versity in charge of George Washington, is situated in a section never to be occupied by attached spirits as it is incapable of being either cultivated or made use of on the earth, being extremely barren and rocky, in a district little known and frequented by mortals.

It is a vast place, much more splendid than any city I have ever seen. Being a city devoted solely to the detached, it was naturally much more beautiful, as it did not have to conform at all to the proscribed limit and area of the mortal plane, hence we were amazed at the stupenduous size, the marvelous architecture, the sublime style of the buildings, far more lofty and sky-soaring than the most lofty of any of the attached cities, and, unlike them, on extremely wide boulevards, not restricted, as many of the streets are in the attached cities.

This city covers mountain upon mountain, plains and small valleys, similar topography to the earth, but, ah, how indescribably beautiful and perfect. High mountain peaks are surmounted by wondrous edifices of golden glory, from which descend to gulches below, great boulevards, thence up another mountain, and down again into a valley, to terminate at a lake of limpid beauty. Two rivers with splash and dash of snowy foam, over huge piles of rock, here and there, ripple jubilantly on

to the sea are fringed on both sides with homes of celestial loveliness. A park, of great size, is unique, one side of a mountain terraced down to the valley. A river divides it, forming cascades and waterfalls over which flew spirits and animals in wildest glee, lovingly entwined a child, with a great Newfoundland, or an adult with a pet lion or tiger. Another mountain, a wilderness, a forest primeval in the heart of the city, adjoining this a section unparalleled in artistic effects, another devoted entirely, beneath the shade of giant trees, to games of various kinds.

The city comprises within its great era, every amusement, except that of ocean travel, known on both planes. It is formed of a pale golden onyx, trimmed with white, and covered with flowers and verdure, and excelled everything excepting representations of the Celestial City, we had so far seen.

When we alighted, in floating garb (the patriot generally floated to the university, as it was some distance from his home,) on the top of one of the highest peaks, capped by an immense palace, we stood, drinking in the magnificent spectacle visible on all sides.

We entered a circular rotunde. On each side of the large entrance, in the rear, were very wide stairs and several elevators. We entered a

lift with our host, and accompanied him to his own especial study in the story above, thence through great court-yards, open galleries, with immense columns of choicest marbles, connecting various apartments. The palace, in reality, many separate buildings united by gallery and court-yard, covered many acres, and exceeded in grandeur, in artistic beauty and appointments anything we had yet seen. It had thousands of students, and a great many professors of advanced learning. It was but one of many of similar kind in this great city, and was devoted solely to youths of about fifteen to twenty, many of whom lived with their parents. Those who had attached parents were domiciled within the university.

All the great universities of the earth sank into insignificance in comparison, appearing like pigmy or fairy habitations. Several of the temples and court-yards equalling the temple of Karnac, and the mammoth piles of Baalbec in size, but far excelling them in every other respect.

We were cordially greeted by professors and students as we passed through. It was a pleasure to witness the beauty and simplicity of all, and the mode of instruction, so different from the earth. All were left in perfect freedom to devote themselves to what ever they

desired, with no regular class or forced studies. Lectures alone the sole class instruction.

The professors were all spirits, who had devoted themselves to especial studies. The spirit must first acquire all the knowledge, pertaining to his own spiritual and material world, in universities of this kind, later, attend similar institutions to acquire the knowledge of other spiritual worlds, or, if he so desires, after graduating in his own spirit world, can visit and attend universities in the different worlds, hence, all these colossal institutions are ever filled with countless spirits, ever seeking, ever advancing. Thyrza and I, when at home, regularly attend one or two in the suburbs of London, devoted exclusively to detached spirits. We parted from our dear brother with reluctance, promising to visit him ere we returned.

CHAPTER XII.

We embarked on an aerial steamer, for the west, in point of comfort and size fully equal to the palatial ocean one which had brought us to this land of beauty. It was devoted especially to tourists from other sections and regulated its speed to afford a good view, therefore, we had ample opportunity for enjoying the varying scenery.

Our course, to give one some idea of the magnitude of this country, extended far out west, to, as yet, on earth, a thinly-populated, comparatively unknown section. We passed over mountains, plains, meadows, valleys, rivers, lakes, until we arrived at a river of great size, the earth Mississippi. Although, at that time but little traveled on earth, on spirit side it was filled with craft, and alive with life and merriment. We sailed over its sparkling waters for quite a distance, thence passed over another peerless detached city, high up on the peaks of the Rocky mountains, a city much more extensive than the one we had just left, and, if possible, more beautiful and glorious. It was of pure, spotless white. We stopped at an aerial depot, above a colossal hotel, for a few minutes, to give us a good view.

"Oh," Thyrza breathed rapturously, "this

almost equals the Celestial City. Ah, how divine.

"Divine, indeed," my mother softly replied.

Col. Carr said, while his wife gazed with awed breath,

"I little imagined, in our young earth country, we had such cities on this side."

All passengers gazed spell-bound upon the grandeur of this peerless city. It was located upon, and took in numerous mountain peaks, hills, valleys and meadows, but the grandest, greatest buildings crowned the most majestic peaks and highest mountains, and looked, as they were, master pieces of art, and whilst of immense size, still etherially lovely, for this city was not formed of anything known on earth, but of a substance indescribably beautiful, peculiar to this section of the spirit world, a lustrous white, seemingly, externally, as fragile as Sevres, and, like diamonds, reflecting numberless colors. Great bridges of fairy-like lace spanned peaks here and there, marvelous works of skill, colossal columns held them in place, while the railings were as beautiful as filigree and more delicately wrought.

Beginning at low foot-hills, tier upon tier, chain interlacing chain, crag upon crag, finally culminating in stupendous peaks, upon some shimmering lakes, upon others palaces and

castles of various architecture, the city extends for miles upon miles. Tiny rivulets emerging from lakes, gradually increasing until, at the base of mountains, they became mighty rivers. Small lakes nestle in the embrace of foot-hills, glens emerge from deep-set gorges, valleys and meadows covered with magnificent homes. Parks here and there on the mountain sides, some covered with dense vegetation to the highest peaks, others lustrous and green, with but gigantic trees at great distances, others perfect mosaics expressing the highest art of dazzling, floral combinations. Added to this, a sky of surpassing splendor, shifting clouds of filmy white, commingled with gold, rose and azure, reflected and transformed upon the waters of lake, rivulet, reservoir, with kaleidoscopic effects of varying colors and far off in the distance, extending from the foot-hills on all sides, a country of virgin charm and freshness, presented a scene of unparalleled and greatly diversified beauty.

"Oh, how lovely," Mrs. Carr sighed, "Oh, I want to see more, I want to go on, on to the Pacific."

We decided to transfer to a steamer going farther west, on to the Pacific, and we were soon grouped upon the deck, taking a farewell glance of the wondrous city. I noted the Col.

and Mrs. Carr looking with more than admiration, with a little bit of earth pride, I smiled and said,

"What lovely homes our Father provides for all His children. No distinction of race, nation or country, but all for all."

"That, above all, the greatest charm to the awakened spirit, neither mine nor thine, but all ours," the Colonel replied.

As we proceeded on our way, we were overwhelmed, the Col. and Mrs. Carr especially at the unexpected, marvelous cities, equally lovely as the one we had seen, all detached, and all situated similarly, upon the highest, most inaccessible ranges.

"I see," Thyrza remarked, " these are the eternal cities of this spirit world, never to be abandoned to the envcroaching attached spirits, as all this upon earth is unfit for mortal."

There were no large attached cities in the west at that time, no great Chicago or San Francisco as at present, the tides from the east had not yet set in. The Indians were still, more or less, in possession west of the Mississippi, but, although, on earth all was comparatively unsettled, we were pleased to find great sections inhabited on spirit side. We passed mining camps, aye, mining camps, all precious metals are in use, but not as mediums of

exchange, nor is the menial work performed by spirits, but by automations. Also stock ranhces and farms of all kinds. Besides great manufacturing centers, devoted exclusively, with the exception of adjacent cities for residences, to industries of various characters.

We noted on rivers and lakes great freight, as well as passenger boats, also aerial ones. We also saw great droves of buffaloes and wild animals, the spirits of the earth ones, and immense flocks of small game.

"A veritable hunter's paradise on earth," I remarked, "excels even Africa."

"Cruel, cruel sport," May said, "even on earth I loathed it."

"All that inflicts pain upon any of God's creatures, is cruel," my mother said.

"And, yet, we, on earth, would even have sacrificed our brethren in the interests of peace and liberty," the Colonel smiled.

"Impelled by the propensities of the animal, because it was necessary for us to develop that way," his wife retorted.

We flew over that which is the northern part of California, and saw in that most beautiful of lands on earth, villages, towns and hamlets, rivers, mountains and valleys of peerless charm, and several magnificent detached cities up in the Coast range, as we neared the

Ocean. Then we took a northerly course, north of the city of Seattle, not even dreamed of by the mortal of that time, and soon after, the glory of the Pacific, pacific in truth, upon spirit side, looking like an immense mirror of polished glass, appeared.

North of Seattle, upon mountains, bordering the ocean, is located a detached city. These mountains, varying little in size and uniformity, with an isolated sentinel, rearing here and there its lofty crest, are entirely covered with magnificent buildings. This city, with the prescience of the Celestial Angels, was formed for the detached, and in all probability will never be occupied by the attached, as this section, even today, has not yet been settled. Upon its few lofty peaks are temples of wondrous height and breadth, crowned with towers extending hundreds of feet skyward. Not upon earth, not any of the grandest of ancient and modern, has equalled aught on spirit plane, even in the attached cities, but it is impossible, for finite mind to grasp, as it is for finite language to do justice to the glories of the spirit world. Therefore, when I say, these buildings are of the highest art of spirit spheres, one must let the spirit impress a correct image, if possible. Imagine these buildings, combining the beauties of the Milan Cathedral, the

etherial grace of the Taj, double the size and height of St. Peters' and the chaste simplicity of the Madeline. Each characteristic, excellence and beauty, so enlarged and independently evidenced, as but to add to the perfection of the whole.

This city, unlike the majority of detached and attached cities, combines a blending of several colors, the prevailing shades, blues and soft greens, relieved by occasional buildings of crushed strawberry and white, covered with verdure.

The mountains, facing the ocean, are terraced to the water, esplanades on each terrace. The esplanade, bordering the ocean, extended for miles on either side the city, certain portions devoted to shipping, for this is a great commercial entropot. Immense fleets coming from Asia and Isles of the Pacific, as on earth.

We spirits are a very substantial, and the only real people, and raise and manufacture more than upon the earth, although our methods of procedure and development are intrinsically different and more humane. We raise nothing with life organisms, all our foodstuffs are free from life, although many, the choicest, are raised in soil, as on earth. We manufacture out of certain soil, free from life, all varieties of food. We form all kinds of

game, all sort of beef, and varieties of fish, with same flavor as of earth, and many more delicate and savory, therefore, we need but little soil to provide sustenance for millions. As our Lord transformed the loaves and fishes, so our great manufacturers, with the chemical lore known to the Angels, manufacture immeasurable quantities of produce and food of all varieties. Our countries, as on earth, make a speciality of different products, hence fleets of commerce are ever in operation, pleasure craft and bathing pavilions, are permitted on the ocean esplanade, which extends completely around the city. In the heart of city, in extensive circular grounds, are the great administrative departments, a colossal pile of splendid buildings, in the Celestial style, surrounded by a great park and a boulevard. The business sections are on other boulevards, in circles, extending over foothills and mountains to the ocean, the circles, near the ocean, devoted to magnificent homes. On the outside of the circular boulevards, a great area, are lakes, parks and other sections devoted to various styles of homes, from bungalows to palaces.

We put up at a palatial hotel, on the summit of a lofty peak overlooking the ocean, surrounded by a park, and, some distance away, a magnificent temple, on similar peaks on

either side.

This hotel was formed entirely of highly polished green and soft blue crystals, covered with pink and white roses. It had several court-yards and magnificent chapel, in the building proper, besides opera-house and vast apartments devoted to all kinds of amusements, a city in itself. All homes in the detached cities, save those who prefer smaller ones for a change, are of great size and splendor.

An open dining-room, on one of the front verandas, overlooking the sea, was a feature of this hotel. In the open, caressed by air soft and balmy, with a beautiful view of the smiling Pacific, we partook of our first repast in this charming place. Thyrza, as usual, enraptured with all, had changed the style of our homes and grounds many times since we had left the Mordants. Gazing on the ocean, with a look of joy, she said softly,

"I think I would like to stay here forever, it is so beautiful."

Her grandmother overheard, and responded merrily,

"So you will think, dear, when you arrive at the next beautiful place."

The Colonel said also, with a look of mortal pride, I was amused to see,

"Well, our new baby country beats the old

country on the spirit side any way."

We burst into peals of laughter, Mrs. Carr shook her finger, and exclaimed,

"Oh, you boastful Yankee, even in your own true home, you are of the earth, earthy. I blush for you, when, Oh, when, will you cease to be bound by your animal limitations?"

He smiled somewhat ruefully,

"I really believe it was a little of mortal pride not yet eliminated."

My mother checked her merriment, and said,

"We all, when first liberated from school, feel the same, all are, more or less, tinged with the prevailing likes and opinions of our Alma Mater, mother earth, but they very soon disappear when we become completely adjusted."

"When you consider," Mrs. Carr patted him tenderly, "how the dauntless Yankees and Americans fought, on earth plane, for liberty, when you think of Washington at Valley Forge, one can overlook a little of that not unworthy pride, so long as it confines itself to the real, true things of the spirit, but when you pride yourself on weakness come from the animal, dear, we must draw the line."

Thyrza interposed, sapphire eyes blue as the ocean, lustrous with feeling.

"Dear friends, I have been a little longer

freed from earth's conditions, and have had more time to give to spiritual matters. All war, all taking life on the earth, even though in the interest of freedom and liberty, is the same as the animal fighting for its life and young, the instinct of self-preservation, permitted until the race advances, until man, on mortal plane, is advanced enough to grasp the truth, that all are brothers and sisters."

"Oh, this earth life," Mrs. Carr sighed, "I cannot refrain from, go where I will, in the midst of Heavenly joy and glory, thinking of the ones suffering there. I'll not be happy until all mine are free."

May broke the silence which ensued for several moments, while all gave thoughts to their dear attached ones. Mine flew to my dear little girl, a dear, dear sister, and to the sweet Countess, companion of my exile.

"Yes, I have still dear children bound, I cannot really rejoice until they are free. But I have learned to submit to the Father's will, and, how grateful I am, they are in reality here, where we can always see and find them, and not wiped out of existence, as so many deem on earth."

Again my beloved's face became illuminated. "Yes, thank our dear Father."

"Only a day in spirit time, and all will be

free," I comforted her, pressing her hand.

"Here's a toast, as on earth, 'To our dear absent ones'," said the Colonel raising his glass to his lips.

"To our dear absent ones," with moistened eyes, we quaffed with him.

Time flew on golden wings in this especially favored place. We took ocean excursions. We visited in airships different sections. We were overwhelmed with the beauties of the spirit Columbia, the diversified beauties of the Golden West, so called on mortal plane, the wonders of the Yosemite, the great bay of San Francisco, which peerless as it is on mortal plane, is naturally excelled in the real life. We visited several detached cities in the Coast Range in Oregon and California. It is impossible to do justice to the Yosemite, left in pristine loveliness, fresh from the hands of the Celestial Angels, never to be desecrated or changed on spirit side, also to portray another section little known on mortal plane, above the Yosemite, with lakes of wondrous beauty, and peaks of majestic grace, and vales and meadows still unpopulated. Although the Colonel and Mrs. Carr urged us to visit with them Yellowstone Park and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, we postponed that pleasure, and decided to take air ships for Niagara Falls.

CHAPTER XIII.

We parted from our friends with promises to meet in the near future in New York, prior to our departure. They proceeded on a tour of the Southern States. We engaged passage in a splendid airship, as large, as finely equipped as the most palatial ocean steamer. It would astound mortals to know its size and capacity, though, in time, they will have similar.

On the top deck, devoted to park, we, after visiting our rooms, congregated to take a last farewell glance of the city, wherein we had spent so many pleasure filled hours. A last glimpse at the crowd below waving us goodbye, another to the grand and inspiriting sea, and we turned our faces to the front in quest of the novel and unexplored, other scenes to behold, all, if not as perfect as the one so lately beheld, possessing the unfailing interest ever attending the new and unknown. I was finding daily from whence came the mortal's restlessness, his "divine discontent." It is the soul, on its quest for all knowledge, all experience, giving the spirit the desire for change and novelty inherent in all. Solely in one thing does the spirit never desire change,—the

most Divine gift of our Father, the greatest of all,—our love for our dear ones, especially our own soul-mates. Can I doubt? I who sought vainly on earth to find relief from the one, dominant passion, which, despite my folly and transitory fancies, ever abode with me, rendering me impervious to the attractions of the dearest friend ever vouch-safed mortal upon earth, the still precious and loved Countess? "How inferior," I thought, " are all feelings to the one I feel for my twin-soul, Thyrza."

Methought, as I had thought countless times before,—looking at the lovely girl standing by my side, hand clasped in mine, eyes luminous with love,—of all the glorious and beauties of the spirit world, of all the peerless and beautiful beings, she to me, was and ever would be, the Fairest of the fair, for so our Father wills it. Then, loyal to the core to my lovely mother, also standing near her soul's choice, I extended my other hand, and we four stood apart, drinking in with ever renewing interest, the constantly changing scenic effects as onward we flew. Miles of fresh virgin country, then again outposts, signs of life, great ranches, manufacturing centers, and a city just forming on the Columbia, both attached and detached, one destined ere long to be the great city of Portland. The Columbia,

in beauty on spirit plane, transcends all rivers I have seen, revealing with every bend and curve some novel beauty. The Dalles and all its attractions perfected, with the added glory of the transfiguring touch of exquisite colors, known but to spirit plane. On and on we flew, passing innumerable aircrafts filled with passengers, hailed from below, as well as greeted in the air.

When we reached Canada, we were surprised by an equally, if not more beateous land of great size, we sailed over miles of impressive mountains, snow tipped peaks, haughty crests, jagged saw-tooth ranges, some bare and grim, with rocky slopes, others clothed with dense forests primeval indeed, with few signs of life, save the spirits of the attached Indians, and the numerous wild game of mortal plane.

I am pleased to state there are no distinct races, no different nationalities, therefore all the spirits of these Indians are like unto their Father God, and like unto ourselves, and in charge of Angel guides, as all His children are. Even on earth, some of these are more correctly impressed than their more civilized brethren. Many worship the Great Spirit, all believe in life immortal, the Happy Hunting Grounds, and many have a more humane mode of interring their loved ones, such as placing

them within the cliffs, or in lofty places, to allow them to wither under the sun's rays, instead of in gruesome tombs, hiding them in ground, or cremating them. This, above all, the saddest of all. Even on spirit plane, the advanced spirit hates to see his dearly beloved wiped out in that manner.

After speeding over great stretches of sparsely populated country, a detached city appeared, a golden city, spires, turrets and towers scintillating upon a vast plain. We stopped not, but onward flew above it, over a mighty river, thence onward to other mountains with great falls, cascades, lakes here and there, attached stock-ranches, mining camps, small villages, until finally we came to the cities of Montreal and Quebec and Ottawa, all opulent and grand, especially Quebec. We flew over the St. Lawrence with its thousand isles, upon each a stately palace, almost equal in beauty and charm to the Columbia. We stopped at a picturesque hotel, located on several islands, joined by graceful bridges. It was a great crystal palace, covering both the land and water of about half a dozen islands. The main roof covering all, a vast dome was of extremely transparent glass, and towered over the others of the different structures. Each palace of various delicate shades, was connected by

bridges with the main building, which was in the center and occupied the largest isle. On all sides were great openings, passages to the outside, the grounds of each palace terraced to the water. A great depot was some distance off, on one side of the river. Every hotel was of immense size with wide porches and balconies. One Island was devoted to opera-house, theatre, and a great ball-room, another to baths and amusements of various kinds, another to a church and lecture hall. This place was at that time a very pleasant resort for tourists. We spent a few hours and resumed our journey to Niagara by rail. The depot, located on river, encircled by park, was a stately palace covering several acres. As all travel in exceeding swift and luvurious quarters, is free to all no spirit train provides sleeping accommodation. When one desires to prolong a journey, one stops at any desired place, if in a hurry, one proceeds by swiftest rail or boat; if in an especial hurry, one dons floating garb, and swift as a swallow, wings one's flight whither soever desired.

In spirit life, no one, as all are ever familiar with all they wish to know concerning everything, is ever forced to hurry in this way, save for the great pleasure of the most exhilerating and most enjoyable of all modes of travel when

going to great distances on business or any especial mission.

After a trip of short duration, every moment disclosing new beauties through a more or less populated country by the attached, diversified occasionally by great detached cities, crowning the highest eminences, our route ran parallel with a river, ere we arrived at Lake Champlain, tranquil and slumbrous, its banks untouched, untrod by spirit, save when desiring the silence and solitude of the wilds.

Following May's suggestion, we alighted at a small depot, and watched the train disappear in the distance, ere we took a view of our surroundings. The depot had in connection a small hotel, located on the edge of the lake, no other place visible. After a meal, we procured floating robes, and flew over the placid water, faintly gleaming, neath the glory of the setting sun, with quivering rays. All were silent, no roads above or below ran near, only in the far distance could we see flying craft and floating spirits. All around and on the lake were no indications of life, excepting here and there, a few attached spirits and their angel guides, in canoe or small boat. Rapidly we floated, exhilerated with the wine-like air, and within a short time alighted on the opposite side of the depot, on a soft, pebbly beach.

"Isn't this delightful?" Thyrza cried, "How I long to get away, away, with no one but ourselves."

"Selfish, selfish," admonished my mother gently.

"Possibly, then you are so also, for I see how yo love it, and you do, too, dear," appealing to me.

"Indeed, I do," I answered, "it just suits me for a change," admiring her rippling hair, which had fallen betwitchingly as we flew, forming a glistening aureole and her eyes gleaming with excitement.

"This is just like it used to be on earth," May remarked, "I remember when my dear husband and I lived in the wilds. Don't you remember?" turning to him. A glow overspread his face, his hand sought hers, lovingly,

"Ah, dear, we never forget. There is where we first learned to love, suffer and be strong."

"You learned that on earth, that greatest blessing was reserved for me on this plane," my mother said.

In the rear, the wilderness grew almost to the water's edge. We saw a trail, took it in single file, and followed it into the forest. The sun had just disappeared over the horizon, and the soft after-glow, the twilight and great

spiritual worlds gave us a clear light, which revealed, almost as plainly as day light, the great trees, ferns and flowers as we wended our way on this lonely trail. We followed it, quite a distance, over hills, into canyons, without seeing anything but an occasional bird, or small animal, more or less quiescent or drowsy.

"I love this silence," sighed Thyrza, "how thrilling it is. Just like places I read about, but never saw on earth."

"Yes," May answered drily, "you must love it, you are so eager to break it." Peals of mirth greeted this retort, while we stood awhile to take a view ere proceeding.

We had reached the summit of a very high peak, far from the lake. Far as eye could reach, we looked over the surrounding country. The lake, its slumbrous waters, calm and silvery, reflecting the wonderful light of the spiritual moon and stars. The small hotel and depot, the sole habitation within sight. On all sides, the dense forest, a solid phalanx, and the sombre depths of the gulches and gorges through which we had passed. Peaceful, peaceful, restful, a mighty silence kept watch and ward over the solemn solitudes, and even the voice of spirit was hushed for many moments, ere we ventured to break the soothing spell. At length Thyrza, the irrespressible,

sighed,

"Oh, how I love this silence." All again broke into mirth.

Then again we became quiet, calmed irresistably despite ourselves, and again looked upon that scene of sleeping forces, and thought of it as upon earth, possibly, at that moment, the calm waters lashed into fury, the solemn quietude disturbed by the murderous Indians on the war-path. Thyrza read my thought,

"Oh, do let us enter the material consciousness and see how it is on mortal plane."

We seated ourselves upon the ground, concentrated wills and minds, and ere long, found ourselves seated beneath a great tree, unlike the graceful, beautiful one which sheltered us on spirit side, with heavy branches destitute of leaf and foliage, covered with snow. Beneath our feet, where we sat, was a heavy mantle of white snow, scarcely seen with the feebly flickering light of the earth-moon, and the dim, obscured stars. Great patches of white were visible through the blackness of the heavy, murky atmosphere. We could not see the lake, nor aught else, naught but the snow. Naught could we hear save the yelp of the coyote and the weird cry of night-birds. Thyrza whispered, "Oh, how glad I am that

I'm a spirit. I do not like this."

A profound stillness reigned, which was soon broken by great peals of thunder, while flashes of lightning irradiated forest, lake for a moment, and again inpenetrable darkness, then a deluge broke forth, hail as large as pebbles, great splashes of pelting rain beat us and fell away as harmlessly as water off a duck's back. We stood up beyond the widely spreading branches of the mighty oak,

"I like this," May cried, "the dear, dear rain."

"What lightning," responded Albert, as reverberation upon reverberation resounded, and lightning began to play upon lake and forest. The elements were at their wildest, and whipped and scourged all nature mercilessly. Great trees fell, torn from their roots, snow and hail filled the air, and lashed all into fury, awakened wild animals and birds of prey, which joined in. The howl of the coyote, the roar of the mountain lion, the braying of wild donkey, the cry of the panther, the weird toot of the owl came from all sides. It was a scene of dread and terror to the mortal who chanced to be exposed to it.

"How I hope no poor brother or sister is out in this," sighed my mother, "they could never stand it."

"Think of the countless, unhappy scenes transpiring elsewhere on this unhappy earth," I answered, thinking of some with which I had been familiar in the Alps, of the many lives which had been severed in crevasse and glacier. A great flash illuminated all again, and we saw coming up the trail toward us, a lonely attached spirit, a youth. He tottered and fell at our feet, gave a moan of exhaustion and became insensible. He was not over twenty and evidently a trapper. His Celestial guide said as he leaned over him,

"His time has come, he will succumb to the cold and exhaustion, one more to bid farewell to the delusive life dream."

"Delusive, but, ah, how pitifully real," Thyrza sighed, tenderly caressing him, "poor, poor boy, so far from home, so young and so brave. Ah, where is his mother?"

"Here," said the Angel, and we saw through the trees a beautiful spirit eagerly pass and seat herself by the boy's side.

"Soon?" she inquired, looking at the Angel.

"But a few minutes," he replied, "he will soon awaken."

"How I hate to leave his poor mortal body alone here, to be eaten by the wild beasts," she looked at us imploringly.

"We'll stay some time," I said, "return so

as to be on time to meet him. We'll stay, possibly, you can impress some one to come here," to the Angel.

Within a short time we were left alone with the poor inanimate form of the young trapper. Alone in the gloom of that gruesome forest, the clamor of the wild animals, the wild war of the elements, the sole requiem.

"How glad I am that he is in peace at last," Thyrza sighed.

The elements subsided, the thunder ceased to reverberate, the lightning to flash, the murky dense atmosphere vanished, the moon became visible, the stars gave forth a clear, brilliant light. But we still kept our vigil, for the cry of the wolf, the howl of the coyote, the roar of the lion came nearer and nearer, all on the quest for game. The scent, the animal's unfailing guide, drawing them to the poor corpse, whom we were powerless to help, and yet, and yet, I hoped I might be granted the power to ward them off. With a voiceless prayer to our loving Father, each reverently imploring help, we stood around the boy. Nearer, nearer, came the discordant growls, the furious cries of the hungry animals eager for their prey. We heard their rapidly approaching footsteps even on the soft yielding snow. We saw their sneaking, crouching forms in ambush, ere

coming in full view, ere taking chances, then, as they gained courage and security, we saw the gleaming eyes, the opened mouths, displaying fangs and red, protruding tongues. Unseen by them, they approached within a few feet, a large panther in the lead, eyes aflame, about to make the first leap, when, lo, as though struck by a shot, he fell motionless upon the snow. The animals in the rear, ceased their yelps, their hungry cries, and transfixed by a power unseen by us, and yet felt, we watched the animal struck by lightning at our feet, and his brethren, as one by one they slowly recovered from their terror, and fled in trepidation from a power they could not fathom.

We resumed our seats upon the snow.

"I wonder if he has relatives near," observed Thyrza, "how long we shall have to wait?"

The boy's countenance was rapidly freezing. Slowly the majesty of death, the ecstacy of the spirit, ere it became fully detached, impressed it with the ineffable peace, the sign and the seal of the liberated.

"He may possibly live alone," I answered, "I know many trappers do."

"Few so young as he," May's husband vouchsafed," in this part of the world."

Soft footsteps, accompanied by voices harsh and guttural, were heard. Through the drip-

ping branches, laden with snow flakes, gleaming like jewels, as the moon swung high overhead in a clear, cloudless sky, emerged fantastic figures, Indians in war-paint and feathers. They started as they saw the prostrate figure. The chief, a man of splendid stature, eagle eyes and commanding presence, grunted, "He is the boy trapper." No signs of animosity or hate visible, while all looked with more or less of pity upon the boy. We saw their spirits and their guides endeavoring to impress them. The chief muttered, "The Great Spirit calls him to His Hunting Grounds, we leave him here, his people soon find him." Although on the war-path, their spirits had successfully impressed them to abstain from the revolting practices in vogue among them. Thankfully we watched them disappear through the forest, and again resumed our vigil.

"How awful those Indians looked," whispered Thyrza, "oh, how glad I am, in reality there are no such beings."

"Yes, above all we should be grateful we have none of the fearful earth conditions in our real home," sighed my mother.

"Enough hell upon earth to satisfy the most undeveloped nature," replied Albert.

"Oh, no, not all," smiled May, "or they would not be so eager to believe in it. There

are a great many who will not do without hells."

"For others, not themselves," I joined in, "hells are all right for one's foes, and those one's does care for, but, by no means, for oneself and one's own."

"That is an entirely different matter to the low plane mortal, for only those on the lowest plane can consign pitilessly to places of torment even their most bitter foes," Thyrza said.

"Our dear Father taught, 'I bring ye one new commandment, that ye love one another,' alas, that on earth we should have such a false conception of love," I answered.

"Oh, ye of little faith," chided my mother reverently, "you know why this misery and suffering are essential?"

"And that all His children, regardless how low, how fallen, how abject, how degraded their mortal bodies, are ever the object of His tenderest care in the real life," came in impressive tone from a Celestial Angel who appeared in view. "I have come to relieve you," he continued lovingly, "you can go on your way." Ere He ceased, again we heard soft footfalls and the hurling aside of branches. Two trappers clad in animal skins and covered with melting snow, carrying rifles and bows and arrows appeared in sight. One cried with

anguish,

"Oh, my boy, my boy," and threw himself in agony of grief beside the boy, "Oh, God, not one, not one left. This the last, my one ewe lamb, all gone, all gone," he moaned pitifully, "Why can't I go? I'm so tired of fighting Red-skins and wild animals. My God, what an accursed fate." His friend, who also appeared grief-stricken said,

"Don't take it so hard, John, it is God's will."

"God's will, the devil's, not God's. No just God could torture, so bereave a man. What good power could let fiendish Indians slay one's wife and children, burn his home to the ground, and leave him alone with but one left to comfort his old age, and then take him, the only one left? I cannot believe in such a God," the man cried frenziedly, standing erect and clenching his hands, "I curse such a God, I curse—"

"Stop, stay, John, you are beside yourself," The man tottered and fell with a moan upon his boy's form, his heart could stand no more. The Angel reverently said to his Angel guide and to us,

"He will awaken on the other side."

Shortly we returned to the spirit side and awakened just as the sun began to rise in the

east, and found ourselves in midst of a group who had come to guide and greet the two trappers. We waited until they became conscious. It was joyous indeed, after the natural sorrow of the mortal plane to see the transfigured faces of the awakened when they saw the beloved faces of wife, mother, and different members of the family. Especially affecting was the emotion of the father who thanked and blessed God with the abandon of a little child and the gratitude of a heart filled to overflowing.

"Oh, how could I have cursed my God," he cried a little later.

"You did not, dear, grieve not," comforted his wife," you will know all later."

We felt we had experienced enough so returned to the hotel without prolonging our outing. It had terminated entirely different from that which we had expected, but although we had failed to explore far into the wilderness, we were grateful to feel we had been of a little use, particularly when recalling the rapt faces of the liberated.

CHAPTER XIV.

We arrived at Niagara Falls the following day, and found them far excelling all we had imagined. Exactly as upon earth in size and volume of water, but in the wonderful transfiguring power of light and color far beyond mortal conception. Great sheets of glittering silver, transformed into avalanches of snowy foam, irridescent with ever varying tint, and tone of exquisite shades, softly fell with musical rhythm one moment, the next transformed into marine blue mountains, flaked here and there with white or shot with gold, within a flash changed into terraces of turquoise, amethyst, and accompanied by deep toned volumes of sound, broke into foam spume in the gorge below.

Thus, constantly changing, the water swept over the huge embankment, carrying numberless happy spirits in its seething froth and foam, and many animals, all in the wildest spirits.

Our party donned floating garbs on the island, and joined the enthusiastic, mirth-filled throngs. We flew with the celerity of the wind over the falls, and were whirled away on

the eddying current, one moment submerged beneath the dancing, translucent water, the next gently floating, anon flying above, to be again whirled into its eddying depths.

Thyrza was jubilant with glee, and appeared like unto a goddess, that which she really was, of almost Celestial beauty. Unlike the imagery of mortal poets, sprites, elves and gnomes find no place here, no lodging place in jutting stalactite, nor in flora nor jewel-bedecked cave, neither peeped they forth from the etheral ferns and grasses which grew on the island, nor from the giant trees which formed a great canopy over a part of the Falls, in which sang and also sported bird upon bird, accompanying with sweet melody, ever in harmony, the gentle rhythm, or the deep tones reverberations.

In Canada and the United States were parks and great esplanades thronged with people. We met many celebrated mortals of earth fame, Benjamin Franklin and others equally noted, and accompanied several insistant ones to their homes in Buffalo, ere proceeding to New York. Buffalo was, even then, a very populous city, and, like all spirit cities, typical of the highest civilization and beauty.

We attended Church, a most magnificent cathedral, and had the extreme pleasure of

hearing one of the greatest of earth's apostles, St. John, who was still in the spirit world, though long fitted for the Celestial Kingdom. He was on a tour of the States, and gave an address in every place where he stopped. We were wonderfully impressed with him and his wise discourse, his countenance as expressive of love and divinity as the lecture. Our party sought him and had a few words with him ere leaving. Thyrza said, extending both hands which he grasped cordially,

"This is one of the greatest pleasures we have yet experienced." His eyes swept over all in a comprehensive glance of sympathy, as he first patted one on the cheek, then grasped a hand or two of each of us ere replying. A Celestial Angel, ready for the Celestial Kingdom, with the countenace worn only by the elect and divine, he stood before us, a great, grand god, combining the simplicity, and guilessness of a child with the wisdom of the most exalted. My mother remarked regretfully,

"We shall, ere long, lose you. You will soon go Home to our Father."

"Yes, this, in a sense, is a farewell tour, but I shall often return to visit you all, but I hope," smiling tenderly, "before long I shall welcome you all there."

"According to earth time, many long aeons will pass ere any of us are ready," I replied.

Thyrza essayed softly,

"But according to our time, not so very long, ere we too shall find one of the mansions awaiting us."

"I must admit, I am well content here, if it is neither aspiring nor grateful, I am sorry, but, Oh, I so love our own dear spirit world," May said.

"I can well understand you. We," turning to a transcendently lovely Angel, who shall be nameless, one of the purest, if not the purest known on mortal plane, "have delayed for that very reason, and, of course, because we have been needed." His soul-mate, worshipped on earth as a Saint, although regally beautiful, unaffected and simple in manner and expression, greeted us all lovingly.

"Yes," she said, "we love very dearly this beautiful world, and shall often return.

"You cannot desire to return, except to see the dear ones. I long for my time to come," said Albert. My mother looked at him rather wistfully.

"Why, Albert, I am so very, very happy now."

"So am I, dearest, but we must keep moving, advancing, that is our destiny."

"Be not in too great a hurry. When God wills your time will come, not before," St. John replied gently.

Albert blushed slightly, "That, of course, I mean." My mother exclaimed quickly, smiling at St. John,

"The desire to get Home, no matter how happy we all are, is within us all."

"The Kingdom is within you," I intervened.

"Ah, dear," laughing merrily, she said, "not cognized on this plane, as on the mortal. Although we know the reality of time and space, still we must have real manifestations of both, as on mortal plane, to enjoy the anticipation of the Kingdom to come, or anything at all. We are not perpetually twanging on harps, but divine beings brought forth, not solely to progress eternally, but to enjoy and live in its fullest sense, the glorious life our Father gives us."

"Even on the earth He taught," Thyrza added, "be not as the Pharisees are with their dolorous, sanctified faces, their senseless interpretations of good and godliness."

"Did not our Father desire us to enjoy all the blessings of both planes, they would not be in existence," remarked St. John's soul-mate happily, eyes as sparkling, tones as gay as Thyrza's, very similar to her in appearance,

save the indescribable radiance I have touched upon before.

"I cannot understand why on earth so many persist in thinking the spirit is an intangible essence confined within the mortal body, which on liberation, is miraculously transformed into a being like themselves," my mother said. "They think soul is located within this elusive being, and that soul must unfold on earth."

"The Lord Jesus Christ proved beyond doubt that a very real body ascended, and taught in all ways, that spirit and spirit life were more real than the mortal life. He said, 'In my Father's Home are many mansions, I go to prepare for you.' An etherial, elusive essence would not need a mansion, nor could such an essence be transformed, *within a few seconds,* into a child of God. St. Paul taught of a celestial and terrestrial body, a spirit and a natural body, of a *Celestial Kingdom in existence, of spirit bodies of the living and the so-called dead existing,* not only those who had become detached existing, but the ones living on mortal plane. If a spirit (all who believe in a Supreme Power, believe in spirit and spirit life) must have a body as a medium of expression on mortal plane, it must necessarily have one on spirit plane in the true life. The spirit, born in the real life, develops the bodies

on both planes, neither dwelling within or without, but each body solid and substantial according to the different groupings of the true spiritual substance of the spirit plane, that which is cognized as matter, in reality etherialized, true spiritual substance. The spirit unfolds on spirit plane the soul gifts and spiritual attributes, and impresses the material with as much as is essential. The Lord proved the unreality of sin and disease by healing them, *wiping them out of consciousness,* out of existence. Were they of the spirit, *realities, they could not be destroyed even on mortal plane.* Were they destined to *unfold the spirit,* He would not have destroyed them, but allowed them to continue to unfold those afflicted. Spirits unfold on spirit plane, spiritual qualities, and suffer on mortal plane, to acquaint them with certain experiences deemed essential for those destined for mortal life discipline, but cannot acquire, from mortal plane, spiritual attributes, knowledge nor wisdom. The highest spiritual qualities are indicative of qualities and principles which dominate the lower, the animal, and influence it by the elements of spiritual existence. Therefore, as it is conceded by all who have developed along these lines on earth, that the spiritual and animal are entirely distinct, it can be clearly

seen, mortal life is not for the purpose of *spiritual* unfoldment. Casting out evil spirits meant destroying disease and its disastrous effects, manifested in many ailments which cause crime and mental and moral degeneracy, not in casting out evil beings, a crude belief entertained by those who do not give good spirits body, but give body to evil ones, permitted to torture God's children. The discipline, cruel as it seems, is essential, but as unnecessary is not, God has impressed and impresses those called the inspired among the dufferent races and nations, and went Himself to mitigate as far as possible, their suffering, to assure them a home in the Celestial spheres await them. Hence, those who advance enough to grasp these truths, have the certainty, the hope, the comfort of realizing the limited period of their mortal life, those who do not, more or less animal, incapable of suffering mentally, obtuse and torpid, suffer no more than is adjudged necessary for them, and we, on this plane cognizant of these truths, know that our Father knows that which is best for each individual child, and must resign ourselves, with perfect faith and implicit obedience, to His will," gravely answered the wise spirit.

After several visits to the great lake Ontario

and the adjacent country, we met our friends, the Carrs in New York, and some time later returned to our home, Newstead Abbey. Thyrza and I had developed considerably. We had endeavored to learn all we could on our trip, besides regularly devoting several hours to study and writing.

Following the advice of our Guardian Angels, we decided to take up some systematic work. We resolved, so as not to be separated, to develop on the same lines. To attend a certain university, we located in a detached section adjoining London. In a beautiful suburb, we selected several acres and erected two fine castles, one for my mother, and one for us. Thyrza decided upon the style, similar, although on a smaller scale to a home we had seen in America, one with great galleries, courts, and a private chapel. She was wild with delight when first we moved in, and like an earth maiden, never tired of gazing on her treasures. She would roam from gallery to court, to chapel ,to banqueting halls and guest chambers.

"Oh, how beautiful, how lovely, the very finest home we have had yet." Then she would fly to the grounds, stand absorbed before a statue, thence sink by the stream, like a little child, and play with the beautiful fishes and

birds, a merry, happy girl, and I, like a gay, frolicsome youth would join her, forgotten all but the pleasures of the moment. Ah, the halcyon, endless pleasures of spirit life, the countless beauties ever unfolding the novel sights and sounds ever developing, the everlasting peace and joy. No discord, no worry, no cares, no sorrows, always peaceful and happy. All pleasures delightful, all duties joyful. Love reigns over all.

After we had attended a class, for the purpose of impressing mortals, for some time, we we were fitted to impress our dear attached ones. As all attached spirits are oblivious of spirit plane while conscious on mortal plane, the spiritual brain almost entirely magnetised by the Angel in charge, the spirit, the soul, the real I, is conscious upon mortal plane, with only the material brain as instrument to connect one with mortal life. Consciousness is the gift or power by which the soul knows its own existence, the soul connected with the Father by numberless vibrations, but these vibrations, under law are cut off by the Angel in charge, merely leaving the feeling of consciousness, independent of all spiritual knowledge, while on mortal plane.

Therefore, while soul, the real I, is conscious, on mortal plane, of its existence, it is

not conscious of spiritual life and truths. Incredible as this may appear to spirit on mortal plane, limited to the imperfect, incorrect conceptions and knowledge gained through the five senses, and to the, no less incorrect, impressions from the spiritual plane, unless both minds are in accord, which simply means that the soul, or I, and its material mind agree, think similarly on certain subjects, and are therefore in harmony on these subjects with the spiritual plane, incredible as it may appear, it is no less true.

When spirit, on mortal plane of consciousness, can grasp these truths, he will be able to explain the wonderful mechanism of the mortal body, and the more wonderful laws governing the countless ganglia corpuscles and other entities controlling the brain, all under spiritual laws, governed by Celestial Angels under God. When the spirit, on mortal plane, is in accord with both its brains on certain subjects, it can give all pertaining to these subjects, which it has acquired on both planes, but solely on the subjects in harmony, unless the spirits in charge magnetize the spiritual brain and use the material brain.

When we understood the law governing attached spirits, we learned how to attach and detach, how to magnetize the two brains, and

to impress with all deemed necessary by their Angel guides, no more, no less, so ever and always, we first received instructions from them ere impressing. All upon spirit plane, both attached and detached, are subject to law. No one can interfere in any way with an attached child of God, unless permitted by the Angels in charge.

Whenever a spirit, on mortal plane, is obsessed by different personalities, or to correctly express it, impressed by different ones attached for any length of time, it is done with the authority and by the Angels in charge. Whenever a medium is controlled correctly and governed by spiritual mind, he or she is not impressed by different persons, but by the Angels in charge, or those, who, like Thyrza and myself, have developed for this especial purpose. It can be seen that no matter how God's children suffer, on mortal plane, for purpose of discipline, on spirit they are under the protection and care of His exalted Angels, their own brethren and sisters. It can also be seen how little given by the average medium is correct, although honestly given by the soul, the I, when both brains are not in accord, and the spirit, on mortal plane, gives all he can with the sole instrument he can use. When these facts are understood by those investigat-

ing psychic gifts and phemomena, they will do justice to the poor, misguided medium. Instead of retarding by skepticism, and seeking for material tests from a spiritual source they will strive to develop the material brain to fit it to become a good instrument for the spirit.

We began our work by first visiting my sister Augusta, and helping her in many ways. When detached she said, that, although unconscious on earth, she felt she was becoming more in harmony with the higher truths, and thus enabled to bear more patiently and hopefully her earth pilgrimage. In this manner we helped many of our friends and relatives. I influenced my little girl considerably, and impressed her, despite the harsh judgment of many, to love my memory, and developed her to become the intellectual woman she became. Many who have a gift for writing, also. This psychic I impressed since a little child quite frequently, and could have developed her much more, had not her earth discipline required more of her time in other ways.

We also devoted some time to many, more or less, mentally afflicted, and helped to lighten the burdens of those attending them. Thus devoting many hours to visiting the newly detached in sanitariums, and the attached in their various homes, we found we were not only

helping others, but unfolding spiritually. We took regular courses of different studies, attended lectures delivered by the most erudite and exalted, and, ere long, noted much improvement in our writings. We produced a volume of poems about the same time that Percy Shelley published the work, upon which he had been engaged, prior to my detachment.

Many years elapsed. We welcomed many loved ones, visited all sections of our spirit world, made our home in various places for long periods, sojourned in America for many months at a time, and were there when our brethren were undergoing all the horrors of the Civil War. With George Washington we formed one of the immense battalion which visited various battles. Had it not been ordained by our great God, we could have impressed much more correctly, but no spirit is ever permitted to act contrary to God's will. All we were allowed to do were to impress love and hope before and after the conflicts, and welcome and guide many to their various homes in company with Guides and relatives. The Angel legions, not to witness the combat, (composed of those who had been noted officers and soldiers on mortal plane,) disbanded immediately upon the cessation of warfare, and joined those ministering to the detached or dead.

We visited the great Lincoln, after his assassination, and attended his reception, one of the greatest celebrations ever accorded a liberated spirit. We saw the true man on spirit plane, and recognized from whence came the divine nature, the great heart, when we were gripped by his strong hands and noted the beaming look of joy and love. At home in his true home, among his own, gone forever was the sadness and gloom caused by the lack of development of those whom he could not make see clearly. When America was prostrated with sorrow, steeped with gloom, he, a freed spirit, realizing the truth of the transitory mortal life, that all is in God's hand, submitted with grace, and, though, oft a tear bedimmed his eye, and a sigh escaped for his earth brethren, he joyfully resumed the real life, which he, more correctly than many, had been permitted to express on earth.

To spirit, on mortal plane, subjected to the petty aims, the selfishness, the impurities, the crimes, this atmosphere of peace and love may appear tame and colorless, whereas to spirit, on its true plane, the mortal appears as unendurable and unpleasant as the life of the slums to the genuine Christian.

CHAPTER XV.

After visiting Lincoln, we returned to Europe, and later took up our abode in a mountain city, in the Himalayas, one of the greatest and most peerless in our spirit world. Like all great detached cities, it was located upon the highest peaks. Upon several of the highest, from whence one could look all over the country for a great distance on all sides, were lakes of great size, upon which were boulevards extending from bank to bank, with beautiful homes, in the rear boat-houses and waterways like Venice. This city is one of the greatest of Asia, and is populated by many belonging to the different earth nations. As it is a very ancient city, it is one of the most advanced on spirit plane, comprising among its inhabitants great spirits of Celestial development who, like St. John, for several reasons, still continue in our world.

We met many of the noted on earth, among them Guatama,the Buddha and Mohammed,the great twain who have vied with our Lord Jesus Christ in attracting the faith and attention of many, who, according to Angels in charge, are fulfilling their destiny and who acquire all that is needful for them, as God Omnipotent desires.

When the time is ripe for some to accept the Christian faith, the Angels will attend to it through their instruments upon the earth. In the meanwhile, efficient and tireless workers in the Lord's vineyard, rest easy; God Omnipotent will see that none of His children are lost or shut out from the home they now occupy, just as He has in charge all who preceded the Christian era; those of the many prehistoric races who advanced to a high plane, as well as the poor, benighted heathen, the thousands of imbeciles, degenerates, and mentally and mortally afflicted. They are all His children, the heathen, the humblest, the most fallen as dear as the highest, and most saintly.

We had many interesting conversations with the great Guatama. His home is a castle, dazzingly lovely, all white — excepting flowers — both within and without, with several courtyards, miracles of beauty, with palms, statues, fountains, flowers, and one temple fit to compare with the most splendid in architectural perfection, wherein he often lectures to many of his friends who come from far and near to visit him. The rear of the castle, situated upon a boulevard of one of the great lakes, commands a view of all the country beneath, of river, garden, valley, meadows and a great park.

One evening, upon a large, upper veranda,

we, in company with many guests from different countries, listened to him with great interest and pleasure. The veranda was entirely open, save a railing of white, covered with vines and flowers; it was, in fact, an open conservatory fitted up with easy chairs and lounges. Our host sat, in the center upon a divan, not reclining in a restful, Oriental posture, but erect, with military bearing and stalwart grace —a man of kingly presence, with flashing eyes, noble brow, great sweetness and tenderness of expression. One of the most sublime of mortals, he was at that time one of the most exalted in spirit world. Clustered around, we—men and women more real than on earth—each as distinctly individual, and perfect of his or her type, sat in groups, or stood looking at the charming scene outspread below.

Thyrza and I were in easy chairs near Guatama, more interested in him than aught else. Next to Thyrza was his soul-mate, a being of splendid beauty and irresistable charm. Both were in white, soft and filmy as cobwebs, with flowers in hair and corsage. Glancing from them to a marvelous brunette, with dewy brown eyes of melting tenderness, thence to my mother with her entrancing type, and to many others, all equally lovely, I, as ever, could not get accustomed to the different types of beauty, each

perfect and flawless.

After discussing many topics of interest to spirits on a high plane, one very recently detached, imbued still with many of the earth ideas and opinions, remarked,

"Even yet I find myself often thinking that I will have to leave this charming world, to begin a new life on the earth, I find it so difficult to banish that conception."

Guatama smiled pleasantly as he replied,

"Many years have passed since I was impressed with that theory, for that is in truth, what it is. My material mind, like unto the minds of all, was only ready to be impressed with that which it could receive. As you progress, you will see the absurdity of reincarnation, and realize the truth that after attaining to the consciousness of a child of God, as a personal spirit, not mortal, a personal spirit, that spirit personality and body is as eternal and imperishable as is the Great Father, in whose image you are made, and absolutely immune to change and destruction."

"Does it not seem reasonable that we must return to advance from primitive man up to spirit on that plane?"

"To human reason, to mortal material mind, yes, but not even to spirit, when impressed correctly on mortal plane. Owing to the prevail-

ing materialism of the time, not one, as yet, impressed with the truth of God Omnipotent, material minds filled with the reincarnation of animal up to primitive man, I was decreed to give as I did. It was the 'pabulum' capable of being assimilated by minds on that plane, as today, it is accepted by those not yet fitted to receive the higher. No one, at that period, cognized the fact that all was and is impressd all knowledge, every impression received by animals and man, has come from the spirit on spirit plane, and very few on earth to-day grasp the fact that all was and is impressed, so much and no more, by the Angels in charge. All are impressed and receive that which is decreed essential for them on mortal plane. On spirit all of the spirits of primitive man advanced and were on a higher plane than the highest on earth today, and did not have to return to acquire knowledge or perfect character, since all of God's children are like unto Him, pure and holy."

"I know these truths, of course, but I presume it will take time to forget the erroneous earth conceptions."

"If a spirit child of God, prior to being reincarnated, in a Heaven body of inferior form, living in the Heaven, where one develops mentally, morally, spiritually, why return to the animal plane, subject to animal limitations?

Unless impressed by the spirit or from the spirit spheres no spirit, or mortal can advance on mortal plane, or learn from those on the same plane as themselves. This is the real life—all progress here. The different planes of advancement on earth are not due to the real spirit but to the difference between the material instruments, not built by them, but by those called the Lord's of the Creative Hierarchies, who give each child the brain and body requisite for the necessary discipline, that, after acquiring the necessary qualities from monad to self-conscious spirit, but a little remains, to be developed, that the majority require none; whereas, those who do receive it in one attachment, not reincarnation, to a mortal body.

"If spirit impresses evil, spirit must be evil; then how can mortal grow? From whence develop the spirit attributes necessary for all progression? Even those capable of reasoning, on mortal plane, when material mind is not clouded nor magnetized by the prevailing thought, grasp these things, realizing that an Omnipotent Power is all powerful, and that so-called evil is permitted to give discipline, to some of God's children, for certain purposes acquired by them not living on mortal plane, but merely animating mortal bodies for certain periods. I am sure none of the liberated retain any incorrect im-

pressions, after spirit memory returns, and but few of the correctly impressed upon mortal plane. All religious beliefs and philosophies do the work decreed by God and are suited to the various planes of development." He ceased with a few more remarks suited but to the liberated spirits—comprehension.

The emancipated theosophist replied reverently:

"Naturally, ere my awakening when detached, I grasped many of these things, but I have spent a long period on the mortal plane of consciousness, and I often recall many of my former opinions and beliefs, even though knowing the truth."

The great Angel answered with even greater reverence:

"Our Father is Omnipotent, whatsoever He will is right; all believe as He desires, all are advancing as He deems best among all races and nations. The higher advanced, the more humble, the more ready to acknowledge His Supremacy, to say, 'Thy will, not mine, be done.' Therefore none can have regret in the light of the spirit for all know all is as He wills."

All faces turned to the great Angel, and all bowed in silent homage to the dear, loving Father, ever present, though not always seen; ever connected to His children by numberless

vibrations.

We accompanied Buddha to the temple which was crowded with spirits who had come to listen to him. It was a scene of singular splendor, a vast circular apartment, encircled by an open gallery, supported by immense columns, which extended to the vast dome, ablaze with light. Between the columns were great urns of flowers. In the center was a small platform which Guatama ascended. From our seats, directly in front of him, we could see the terraces in the rear, the lake and the boulevard on the edge of the mountains, below the park, illuminated, almost as clearly as day, by great lights of wondrous beauty surmounting every pillar and post of the boulevard, here and there in the giant trees, and on the domes, turrets and spires of the amphitheaters, temples and pleasure places below.

From the enchantment of without, we turned to Guatama, who gazed with tenderness upon all the beauteous beings eagerly awaiting. How insignificant appeared all the charms without to the perfect forms of beauty, the highest types of all spirit expressions of beauty, God's children. As I have said before, words are inadequate to portray the glory and luster of the eyes, the sheen and luxuriance of the hair, the purity and satiny texture of the flawless skin, the length of

the eyelashes, the perfect shape of the brows, the exquisite contour and curve of face and form, the perfection of features, the ever varying charm of expression, the divine radiance of all, and yet everyone distinctly unlike all the rest. Verily, I thought how blessed, to claim kinship with such beings, to be one among them, and again my soul bowed in homage to our Father.

A deep, wonderfully penetrating and musical voice aroused me, and I fastened my gaze upon Guatama, who grand and tall, stood underneath the sparkling chandelier, about to begin his lecture.

"Brethren and sisters, again I come with renewed pleasure to take you with me to the home of our Father, if for but a few fleeting moments, to impress upon your souls the certainty of the greater love, peace and glory awaiting you in your last, eternal home. Although you have visited many scenes of Celectial beauty, in visions, and have seen correct representations in the sky, these are necessarily, imperfect and limited. When you consider the trillions of spiritual worlds through which you must yet pass, to partake of the diversified knowledge of each world, you can readily perceive how many acons will have to elapse ere you are ready for the Celestial home. As you all know I have advanced rapidly, and have spent much of my time in the dif-

ferent worlds, fitting myself for the destiny in store for me. Were it not that much of this knowledge is similar to our own world, it would have taken me very much longer, as it is but a short while since my detachment. I am, at last, prepared, and will, in the near future, depart to continue my sphere of activity nigher to the Father, in one of the worlds of the great Celestial Kingdom.

The Celestial Kingdom is in all respects and essentials infinitely greater and more sublime than the spiritual worlds (which have been formed by God Omnipotent, in conjunction with the material solely as birth-places and preparatory schools), and has existed, like God Omnipotent and His greatest administrative Angels, from time immemorial, with neither beginning nor end.

All outside the Celestial Universes have been created by God Omnipotent, and altho you have seen but a glimpse behind the curtain of God's immensity, you have more than a faint conception of the inconceivable grandeur of the innumerable universes comprised within the Celestial Kingdom, therefore, dear brethren and sisters, I can, with truth, say, I am just emerged, in comparison, from a kindergarten, and am about to begin life with but the ignorance and inexperience of a little child. You, many among

you, but lately emancipated from the thralldom of material limitations, amazed at the wonders and glories of the spiritual worlds, can, as yet form but vague, imperfect conceptions of the greater life to come. As on mortal plane we were gradually prepared by the great Angels in charge, so are we all being slowly trained and disciplined for the grander, more glorious awakeinng to the ever greater and higher truths beyond, yet to be grasped. As spirits, you realize that continual progression, not going in a circle, progressing and retrogressing, but continually advancing, is the greatest law ever in operation throughout all space, all worlds in existence, among all forms of life, from amoeba to Celestial Angel; therefore, there is and must be immeasurable space, countless Celestial worlds, and illimitable knowledge. Unexplored space ever to be traversed, ever to be explored worlds, and ever new knowledge to be acquired.

As spirits you know there is no such thing as retrogression. Mortal worlds and mortal plane of consciousness are subject to the illusion of retrogression permitted for good reasons, but even on that plane, the thinker realizes that, altho an individual or a nation may apparently retrograde, the great majority are ever on the upward march. Impressed by the spirit spheres, all advance as decreed, retrograde or remain at

a standstill on that plane, but progression, eternal progression is the birth-right of all God's children, my destiny, your destiny, and the destiny of the lowest forms of life.

Ere I leave you, I wish to give you one more glimpse behind the curtain, a forecast of the glory yet to be thine. Some of you have visited other spirit worlds, not unknown to you are the enchanting beauties ever unfolding on the numberless routes, the endless chain of aerial roads leading to those distant; not so distant in a sense, yet, in another, comprehended solely by the liberated spirit, mighty worlds, some much larger and superior to ours, and can, therefore, form clearer conceptions, more vivid pictures than those just detached. For the benefit of the latter, I bid all to ascend with me into the vast empyrean. We take that route, "indicating with a glance of the eye, a great aerial road thronged with flying spirits," and we shall fly the swiftest mode of travel, and, to the spirit, ever renewed with strength, vigor and bouyancy, the most enjoyable of all.

"Altho we have different lines of aerial craft connecting us with many worlds, we, as we wish to enter, permitted me several times, the Celestial Kingdom, and reach there as speedily as possible, shall not avail ourselves of any of these. Not with wings, not on pinions, but naturally as

all spirits, we find ourselves among that great hurrying multitude seeking the various worlds.

"As we have mighty distances to traverse, our destination the country of far distances, we adopt the greatest speed, we fly with the celerity of the greatest cyclone known on mortal plane. Ye, who are familiar with that which makes all motion in the atmosphere, that which creates and keeps motion ever in operation, know the bliss, the effable joy of that exquisite sensation, caressed by the tiny forms of life, held in place by them, buoyed up and propelled by their resistless currents guiding and forcing ye onward, ye know, with the knowledge unknown on mortal plane. On, on, higher and higher, till even with spirit sight, far superior to the eagle, all save the vast concourse, thronging the different routes, are faded from view."

"Ah, the ecstacy of that flight accompanied by the hosts of the Lord, the hosts becoming more and more numerous as we speed on, coming from all directions—from worlds afar and anear to join the mightiest concourse of all, that en route for the Celestial Kingdom, our own brothers and sisters, brought forth as we, from the lowest, now on the first plane of Celestial development, fitted to be admitted to that wisdom and power, which alone can make us realize in its fullest, most complete sense, life and live."

"Our route lies through that called the "Milky Way," past stars of the first magnitude, mighty sums, with their planets and satelliles seemingly in the distance, whirling and revolving throughout space, but, as we approach, borne up on the waves of the tumultous atmospheric ocean, apepar as placid and tranquil as the world we have just left, many similar in topography and of varying size. Bathed in the golden glory of suns, exilarated by the power of their rays, to spirit but pleasantly warm, we whirl bye."

"On, on, the vast concourse, the mighty host break into song, and an outpouring of melody, from the most musical of all instruments—God's children—wells up from every throat, vibrates through the atmosphere in perfect harmony, making the music of the spheres so dimly sensed by the great composers of mortal plane, and only heard by those en route to the Eternal Home.

The sublimity, the unparalleled grandeur of the mighty suns, forming the most beautiful atmospheric effects, the wondrous circles of beauty, perfect arches of variegated colors, the ocean of vapor every varying, showing behind and between the great suns and their satellites seen from the distance is impressively enchanting and affords us great enjoyment. But we speed on with ever renewed vigor and bouyancy,

exulting to the greatest pitch, and like all God's Celestial Angels, immune to all that can hinder or restrict. Altho we have mighty distances to travel, altho we can stop over and rest at any of the various worlds, as we flit by, as we are fit to enter the Celestial Kingdom, we are sustained by the continual influx, getting more and more potent as we near the spheres of our Father. Ye all know we are in reality sustained from the influx from our Father, the ceaseless vibrations from Him, as well as by the life sustaining forces of water and the atmosphere more indirectly from Him, and so do not actually require food, the pleasure of taste, mainly one of pleasure, and not absolutely essential; therefore, tho our road is long, we are not troubled by craving for food or rest. You, familiar with the realities of time and space, know it takes us but an incredibly short time, in comparison with that cognized on mortal plane."

"With prayer, with song, we fly on. Too swift our speed for converse, but not too swift to permit us to see the wonderful works of the Almighty Father. What is time? What is space to the freed spirit, especially to the Celestial Angel? These, to the mortal plane, abstruse problems are divested of all mystery, and revealed by the higher knowledge, understood perfectly."

"Greater suns, greater worlds, more and more dazzlingly beautiful atmospheric effects, greater circles of more marvelous beauty, greater arches of wondrous hue and tone, unfolding novel beauties, ever and constantly multiplying, encompass us as we near the uninhabited distances between our spiritual worlds and the Celestial Kingdom."

"Soon we leave all behind, and are surrounded by naught but the great aerial ocean. No signs of life visible, but one road, almost too far to be distinctly seen, thronged with Angels coming from the Celestial Kingdom on their way to various spiritual worlds. Ere long we lose sight of them, and see naught but the ever changing billows and waves of the atmosphere. Ah, the power of Angels, no suns to give light, far, far behind are mighty suns, none of their rays reach us here in the heart of this the most alluring of all oceans, still light of delicate, exquisite tones anable us to see as far as spirit sight can reach. Whence comes light? What is light? Another problem known to the Celestial Angel Onward onward, bathed in the quivering, vibrating, ever-changing light we fly, and again break into song, chanting a Te Deum.

"Voice upon voice of infinite range and compass, combined with sweetness and melody unimaginable if never heard, join in until the mil-

lions of voices unite in one great voice of unparalleled range and harmony, and, rising in triumphant exultation one moment, anon falling to softest cadences of love and tenderness, vibrating throughout the profound stillness of the quiesent spheres, until, it seems as tho the very heart and soul of music is personified in one supreme being, so perfect is the unison of soul.

Ah, now we begin to perceive from whence comes the idea of all uniting in one, the dimly perceived, *imperfectly impressed truth of all, so in harmony, so in accord as to appear like unto one,* but never, *never* to lose *individual consciousness,* as in a way, I believed on mortal plane.

"From deep and sonorous chanting to the heights of sound unparalleled, we gradually, one by one, grow silent as we notice coming in sight a world, not whirling, revolving, as all world's had seemed in the distance, but seemingly motionless. We note its gigantic, collossal proportions, and its marvelous halo of circles of gold, white and azure encircling it. As we get nearer and nearer, its sublime grandeur and beauties excelling aught we have ever imagined, become more apparent, and soon, farther beyond, systems and clusters of other worlds appear. Motionless, like birds suspending their flight, we gaze upon one of the universes of the

Celestial Kingdom unfolding before us. Words are inadequate to portray the stupendous glory and splendor of the worlds, one by one, coming into view, but, which, as we near our world—our destination—begin to appear to us as the other spiritual worlds do to us here.

"We continue our flight, over mountain ranges, to which the most lofty of our spirit worlds look like ant-hills. Now we see the vast ocean, how marvelous to note it embracing the atmosphere, and yet keeping rigidly aloof, not allowing one of its tiny drops to mingle with it. How well each little life organism comprehends its mission, and how mighty that Power which rules all. Now rivers, inland seas, and lakes of wondrous size and beauty, in harmony, in proportion to the gigantic size of the world, altho here and there we see small ones, amongst mountains and hills, and marvelous forests.

"Scenes of peerless loveliness vie with each other in charm and allurement. As we approach, we see a city, one of the Celestial ones dreamed of, hoped for, never to be seen or ever correctly imagind, until with the eyes of the Celestial Angel, we can grasp and comprehend its beauties. The greatest detached cities in our spirit world, appear fairy-like in comparison. Lakes rivers, falls, cascades, valleys, glens, parks innumerable, here and there, give diversity. From

the ocean, with a very wide beach of lustrous, golden sand, thence over a wide plain, rolling hills, up to the heights of a sublimely beautiful mountain range, thence down on the other side into a valley, over hills and more mountains, and the city ends, covering a distance of several hundred miles. We approach on an aerial route. We see immense aerial and great roads thronged with Angels. Our host diverges, each selecting the line or road leading to their destination in other worlds or to different sections in this.

We, in company with many, alight on an immense aerial depot, and all gather to look upon the sublime spectacle. It is early morning, this huge world seems to have many sums. Over a lofty chain of mountains, we see six of great size and splendor, encircled with rings of delicate shades. Between the great circles, the aerial ocean of softest azure, through which sparkle countless worlds, emitting streamers and shafts of silvery sheen, giving the delicate azure a glow indescribably beautiful. Lingeringly we turn from it to the sea, and tho, familiar with beauty, are almost overwhelmed with awe. We have thought our seas and oceans beyond compare, but this one, pre-eminently splendid, surpasses beyond expression all others beheld before. Vain, vain to portray in speech its transcendant beauty. Far as sight can reach, to where the great oceans

of water and air meet, we see a vast expanse of gently undulating water. It is, at the present time, for it is constantly changing, of a pale azure, and this changes again into hues and shades of all colors. No great craft marrs the beauty or obstructs the view, altho we see, on either side, of the great city, which fronts the sea, a snowy gleam here and there of a sail.

"Slowly we turn from the sea, then gaze with removed rapture upon the city. It is of golden hue, formed of a substance superior to topaz, although somewhat like it. All buildings reflect, through the pale gold, the countless tints of the sky, and are here and there, decorated with delicate ferns, vines and flowers. No color but the pale gold, the reflected tints, and flowers of various colors in the different sections and parks, to insure the perfect harmony ever visible in Celestial spheres. Great esplanades and boulevards, hundreds of feet in width, with park in the center, encircle the city. Upon these boulevards are palaces, in extensive grounds, of prodigious size, and supernal glory. In the heart of the city, surrounded by the innermost circle are the great administrative buildings, situated upon an immense lake, connected with the boulevard by bridges of exquisite topaz twined with vines and flowers. Here and there, we note small lakes and rivers

in the various private grounds and parks. On one side of the city, a mighty river, which would dwarf our greatest, and make them appear fit for a pigmy race.

All is on a mammoth scale to harmonize with this world and city, some buildings cover acres in extent, and are of sublime architecture, with spires and domes rising hundreds of feet above the buildings. We see from whence comes our impressions of the beauties and glories of our spirit world. Here, on the outermost ridge of the Celestial Kingdom, the first world for the newly admitted Celestial Angel, we are dazzled, and yet how many, many more ere we can enter the center, the greatest, the highest where our Father dwells, and thence continue ever and even advancing through the countless worlds encircling it.

When we see our Father, in our world, in His simplicity, not to dazzle His children, before able to stand His Glory, how little we realize His Omnipotence. As we advance, we begin to perceive and comprehend the soul gifts given by Him, and, more and more feel our Divine heritage, and though the beauty and glory at first dazzle and awe, within our souls, we know, we claim it as our own, and accept each new change as ours by right of child of God. Is there, can there be a more glorious

heritage, than that which unites you to the Creator, and makes you a part of the great creative system, forever creating and forever advancing. Here Buddha continued with a few remarks fitted only for the liberated spirit's comprehension, and then resumed, "Now we return to our Golden City, and as I have a home already prepared, we shall visit it ere returning, to give you some idea of the glory and power yet to be thine. Therefore, let us take one more glance at sky, sea and city ere floating to it. Glorious, indeed, are Thy works, Oh, my Father. Reverently let us bow the head and waft a vibration of love and gratitude in return for our countless blessings.

"Look at that lofty mountain bordering the sea, thitherwards we wend our flight, not now with the celerity of a cyclone, but slowly to note the many points of interest. Over the great center, saw ye ever such buildings, such splendid temples, such colossal columns of wondrous beauty? Note that portal, its gigantic size, its peerless loveliness, and there, that vast court open to the sky. Did ye ever dream of such? In an ascending scale, closer to the soul, the essence of beauty we are progressing.

"Ever greater beauty, greater marvels as onward we go. Note the water of the lake, the etherial delicacy of the bridges, both water

and topaz shimmering and reflecting tints of the sky. See that opera house, it covers many acres and seats thousands, observe the perfect symmetry, the chaste simplicity of its design, the extreme beauty and fragility of the many flowers, and note how beautifully the pale gold, of the same substance as the buildings, the streets and pavement harmonize with the exquisite emerald of the lawns and parks.

"Look at the Angels, not too angelic to be human, only our own a trifle more advanced, floating here and there, and the millions, on pleasure and business bent, thronging beach, esplanades and boulevards. We are but a few seconds in coming to my home, but saw ye ever such a one? It is located upon the boulevard which faces the sea, and comprises many acres. The palace alone covers several acres. Ah, yes, we have pleasures undreamed of, even in spirit worlds here, and need ample space. Although we can exercise taste as we wish, as our ideals of beauty advance, naturally we seek to put them into effect, to give them life and form. Thus, in this home, I have embodied many of mine, ever felt but suppressed on mortal plane in my ignorance, that beauty one of the greatest gifts of our Father, is to be cultivated and perfected in all ways.

"Not in lone wilderness, isolated places, far

from the haunt of men ,is obtained even on earth, the best discipline, but, nearer to God, in the centers of population where His children dwell, the greatest expression of His divinity, no matter how *imperfectly impressed.*

"That which is called nature, with its peace and quiesence is essential, to bring the soul in closer communion, for a limited period, but a prolonged one benefits none, and prevents one from higher development in helping the lowest as well as the highest of His creatures. Hence, had it not been so willed, or rather permitted, a distinction comprehended by advanced spirits, I, instead of suppressing the ideals of beauty clamoring to be expressed, would have expressed many of them as I have in this home. Pray observe the elaborate yet simple design, selected from the most beautiful, and harmoniously blended. Note that lofty dome in the center, and that exquisite portal in front, now the open gallery on this side leading to the great central court, on the opposite side another, leading to a smaller court. From the great central court inside, a closed gallery in the rear leads to a temple, a chapel of great size, another gallery in front to magnificent reception rooms, on either side of the great portal.

"Look at that noble flight of steps, the splendor of the columns, the peerless beauty of the

substance. Ere we descend, glance at the rear, observe the great portals above and below, and how the wings extended beyond the main building on both sides, giving one a view of the front, and all the country within a radius of hundreds of earth miles. Although this home of mine cover so large an area, and, is, in fact, several buildings in one, all are so harmoniously united as to give the effect of but one.

"Now we alight. Before entering let us go to the boulevard edging the mountain, and facing the palace, where we can obtain a good view of it. Note its foundation, the superb pedestal on which it rests, and the many grand flights of stairs in the front and on the sides. See the intricate beauty of the columns in front, and on the wings, jutting out from the main structure. Note the gallery on either side, in conformity with the open corridor of the front, with the difference nothing obstructs the view of the wondrous sea in front, while the columns of the wings are covered with vines and flowers up to the roof.

"It is a home fit for a child of God, such as ye all are and destined to have. Now the grounds, look at the main entrance, an immense pillar capped with superb flowers, then a tree of faultless grace and beauty, and so on up to

the front steps, on each side a statue of two of the most exalted Celestial Angels, mounted on pedestals to conform with the size of the building. Look at that lake, on the right side, and observe. Ah, you are all looking at it that magnificent statue of our Father, upon that isle in the center. Our Father, not to us, as we advance God Omnipotent, but our Father, our greatly beloved Father. Again send we a greeting ere we proceed to Him from whom all our blessings come. Saw ye ever such beauty, not even in spiritual world have ye seen that substance, nor yet attained to that perfection of art. Now glance to the left at another twin lake, in the center, another magnificent statue of one who shall be nameless," again he stated a truth fit simply for the awakened, ere he continued,

"That one who is nameless, almost as dearly beloved by the Celestial Angels as our great Father. Saw ye ever such hallowed Divinity of expression, and goodness. Naught else but the great lawns, the flowers bordering lakes, walks, boulevards in the front and on each side, here and there a tree with seats, statues and fountain. But, see, on this side the wonderful gardens with an occasional building, far excelling the Taj, devoted, not to tombs, but pleasure and joy. Note the happy throngs congregated,

eager for my arrival, brothers and sisters all. Now to the rear, almost similar, to the front, save instead of two, there is one large lake filled with small pleasure craft. There, a little distance beyond, is where I shall often spend many pleasant hours, a small wilderness with mighty trees, mammoth rocks from whence issue cascades and a small rippling brook, and animals of various kinds, which, like all in the Celestial Kingdoms, save the spirit children, have existed from time immemorial. As ye are all familiar with the animals of the Celestial Kingdom, I shall not dwell upon them," again truths comprehensible but to the awakened, were given.

"Now we enter the open gallery on this side, which leads to the central court covered by the mammoth dome. In the center of the dome, an immense picture, a landscape surrounded by pillars extending to the third story, from the corridor encircling it, above the third story to the dome, walls corresponding to it, with pictures of beauty. In the center of the court, which is an enclosed garden, is a large pond filled with fish and surrounded by trees and flowers, in which are birds of exquisite plumage. We linger for a few seconds and proceed to the temple, my hall of learning, where I shall not teach as here, but where will come

many from the higher planes *to instruct me,* and those visiting me.

In this sphere, learned though I am presumed to be in our spirit world, I am but a novice, and must be taught, even as a little child, hence, in all homes in this world are similar temples. Wherever we chance to be visiting, we are instructed, and as Celestial Angels are very sociable, and every home, more or less, filled, such places, as well as numerous guest chambers and reception rooms are indispensable. Not only have we great institutions of learning, but every home has its own especial temple and chapel, suitable for a patriarchal style of living. Note ye not the many here, many of my own who have proceeded me, my own earth progenitors. Here is my temple, lofty, grand imposing, yet chastely beautiful. Observe how wonderfully the ceiling is painted and the columns, marvelously decorated, the harmony everywhere evinced, and now to the chapel, where we love to assemble and offer in company, our homage and love to our Father. As white and spotless as the soul we are striving to emulate, with dome of glittering crystals and walls of lustrous white. No altar here, no one to preach, all equal, all kneel, soul to soul, and send upon vibrations love and greetings and receive the same in return.

"Now to the banqueting halls and dining rooms. This is a large establishment, and will number its guests by the hundreds, hence this banquet hall, several hundred feet in width and breadth, and adorned and embellished to give pleasure to all, and, hence these numerous smaller breakfast and dining rooms, finished and furnished in faultless taste. Now to the great reception rooms, embracing all the front, a series of vast apartments, comprising libraries, reception rooms, music rooms, and others devoted to various amusements. Now we ascend to two floors devoted to guest chambers, no less than a hundred or more suites, with bath and every convenience on each floor, above, ballroom and theatre.

You perceive this home is on a scale and of a size suited to a child of God. While in the spirit world there are a few of equal size, there can be none to equal this, for this is of a higher development of beauty, unknown there and upon mortal plane. Unparalleled as this beauty and splendor is in spiritual worlds it is but the beginning of the Celestial, which gradually develops, ever and ever on an ascending scale, the perfect ideals inherent in all God's children, until they culminate in God's own Home in perfection, but although these ideals end in perfection, wisdom

continually unfolds throughout illimitable time and space.

"Ere we leave, let us take a glance into the semi-basement in the rear of the house. The pedestal, foundation, does not extend beyond the wings, thus giving to the culinary department light and air, *as essential in Celestial as spiritual spheres.* We enter from the side of the lower portice, a paved gallery of white, which connects with the large middle hall, also of white, lustrous substance superior to marble. On one side, the hall opens, or rather extends into a court with flowers, fountains and statues as beautiful as the ones above, in the center of it a large pool, in the floor, encircled by flowers, beyond many reception rooms and chambers. All on this side is devoted to the automata, who in Celestial spheres are endowed with greater capacity for pleasure, but no greater intelligence. On the left, we enter the large kitchens, see the large staff of automata, (many relatives and guests are preparing for me.)

Look in here at these contrivances to lift up tables fully set if required, served so, and at these many dumb waiters connecting overhead. Everything is spotless white even to the attire of the automata. In this great pantry, see the countless buttons for turning on various

beverages, see this subterranean passage, with various snowy cars, connecting as we proceed, with divers others, all snowy white, garlanded with flowers, connecting this establishment with the great culinary departments and vast store houses where every thing is prepared, similar to, although on a more perfected scale, than in the spiritual worlds. Note these cars, equipped with conveniences for vessels of all kinds, ready to be dispatched to the various places, unaccompanied by automata, and returned with all ordered, with the utmost dispatch. Now let us ascend to the higher portice, and take a glance at the sea. We take the stairs in the front gallery, and proceed to the front, and enter the great portal. Look at this hall, its immense proportions, the great stairs, in the center, branching off to each side, of a substance similar to pearl, exquisitely lustrous. Ah, here we are in the corridor above the central court, look below upon that attractive scene once more, now this gallery to the portice, now gaze upon the entrancing spectacle of the city, and all around its peerless glory and beauty, and ere we leave, let us take another glance at the sea, and again with awe, and with a voiceless prayer to our loving Father, take a farewell glance of all the alluring beauty.

"Brothers, sisters, now, with me, ye have

visited my first Celestial home. Feebly have I portrayed its manifold charms, those appealing to our love of exterior beauty, far inferior to the superior charms of the soul, the soul which, as it advances, unfolds the greatest and highest of all, the limitless love of the Father, that love which in time so increases as to render one entirely forgetful of self, conscious more of others, and, in this sense, becomes as one with the consciousness of all, hence, while each personally, little by little loses all thought of self, all concentrate their love upon others, and thereby are infinitely more lovingly provided for, than if they concentrate thought upon self solely, in all soul gifts and spiritual attributes. This is the law of the mortal plane, of the spiritual, and of the Celestial, there is no evading it, all must advance until, that which I imperfectly grasped on mortal plane to be reincarnation, we become one with all consciousness in soul, in unison with all, yet retain our personalities as individual children of God."

CHAPTER XVI

We spent a few days with the great prophet Mohammed,w ho is a very advanced spirit. He, at that time, was also sojourning in that city. He had selected a very high peak upon which was located a palace more sumptuous than any he had ever imagined on earth plane, surrounded by grounds which extended far down on either side of the mountain affording him ample space to gratify his love of outdoors. They were not at all like the houri-filled fascinating ones he portrayed on mortal plane, although more beautiful and infinitely more chaste and truly spiritual.

One morning we met in a charming grove on the side of the mountain overlooking the city, where he had ordered breakfast to be served. A dewy softness, a delicious fragrance was in the air. Upon a velvety lawn, canopied by superb trees, we gathered around a large table, with our host at the head. The pale, silver light of early dawn began to change into crimson flame and golden glory, heralding the rising of the great monarch of day, which soon overspread all the sky with their brilliant colors, slowly changing into paler shades of soft rose

tinged with gold. On the outer edge, a great mass of full blown flowers, (exquisite blossoms in the center,) of still more delicate rose, these, replaced by great streamers of deeper gold and sapphire, again slowly changing into pearl and amethyst. A greater glory, nearer, nearer approached his majesty, shafts of scarlet and firey gold imperiously banish all paler shades, and he impressively, grandly salutes us with an overwhelming effulgence of light and color, leaving a benediction of rosy tones, bathing lawn, trees, brook and beautiful faces with a flush of beauty, ere proceeding to mount on his dirunal journey.

Mohammed drew a slow breath of pleasure, "What a fascinating sight, I never weary of it."

He had a countenance of great charm and divine power, and was like Buddha, of commanding presence, and although not as far advanced, still within gleam and sight of the Celestial route.

"I practically live out of doors," he continued, "You see I have this fitted up with all comforts, and look over there at my study, and there, at my resting place." The lustrous expanse of lawn was furnished with tables, chairs, couches next to the brook, on the other side, in a sequestered sheltered nook overhung

with feathery ferns and flowers, were desks and bookcases filled with books, lounges and easy chairs.

"This side of the mountain, I reserve principally for study and reflection during the early morning hours. I find inspiration in all forms of outdoor life."

Thyrza remarked,

"Just as we do, we rarely stay indoors, unless necessary. It is so much more beautiful outside."

"And yet we have great beauty within, marvels of beauty and wonders of art which I never tire of admiring," observed Mohammed's mate, seated next to him, a beauty far excelling all the houris he had ever dreamed of, and like him on the verge of the Celestial Kingdom.

"I think I enjoy everything in our beautiful homes, wherever we are, and must confess the domestic ever has appealed to me. I love all parts and departments of a home," said May.

"And so do I," my mother exclaimed.

Thyrza replied merrily, "Why so do I."

"Only the present beauty with you always appeals more potently," said May.

"That is as it should be, the present enjoy to the utmost, Mohammed replied.

"But I must confess I love some places more than others, in fact," hesitatingly, "I love

my home in England more than any. I love it so much I fear it may keep me from progressing."

Mohammed laughed heartily,

"Nothing can keep a child of God from advancing, especially love of anything given by Him to us. To appreciate and love that which He gives us, can hinder no one from advancing."

"So long as one does not love these things to the exclusion of the greater love of Him and His children," my mother said, "which of course we can not."

After breakfast, we repaired to an out door temple open to the sky, where we listened to Mohammed address many newly detached Mohammedans, still imbued with reverence for their great mortal prophet. He, among many remarks fitted but for the understanding of the liberated, alluded to the erroneous mortal conceptions.

"Not with regret or shame do I recall my false, material views. Familiar as we all are with mortal discipline, we know the truth of mortal life, and that all reflect and are impressed with just as much as is necessary for each individual discipline. I was but an instrument, I gave that which I was impelled to. The detached spirit attaches no importance to the petty differences of the various impressions

of the mortal plane, while the illuminated of that plane recognize the Omnipotence of God, and know that all are the living children of the One Living God. As mortal life amounts to the limited schooling of a primary grade not necessary for many for a very transitory period, we know it to be put a plane of consciousness to acquire certain experiences for a limited number, whose incorrectly impressed beliefs and lack of development are counteracted by the truths with which ever familiar in the real life."

"And thank our Heavenly Father for it. How terrible would be the state of the great majority if their false conceptions were true."

"And were salvation and abodes of peace but for a limited number, how absurd to think that a God of love would create so many to be uselessly tormented," Mohammed's soul-mate, said. "Ah, how blessed we are to have a Father of love and justice and not the impotent, unloving one the ignorant, and credulous undeveloped ones judge as themselves, not at all higher or purer than their conceptions."

"The dammed would so far upset the equilibrium given by Swedenborg upon that plane, as to draw all into the hells," Thyrza cried, "Oh, how lovely to be free from these fallacies."

"How very few would be saved, according

to the divers religions. Even the highest of all, the Christian, accords salvation to none but the redeemed. Those solely, no matter how sinful, who accept the Lord Jesus Christ, whether Catholic, Protestant, or that of the more illuminated interpretation of the greatest of all Gospels, Swedenborganism and Christian Science, all exclude the majority who are perfectly irresponsible through inherited ailments, the millions who never heard of Lord Jesus Christ in prehistoric and later time up to the Christian era, and the majority comprising the other religions, also who never heard, or who, if hearing, have not the development to comprehend," Mohammend said. "We can see how backward are all on the mortal plane, when the highest of all, that claiming to teach and promulgate the doctrine of love, has so little conception of it, as to exclude many from the presence of their Father, He whom they claim to be Omnipotent, and yet make man more potent, create evil out of good, and completely ignore love. Christ said, 'Whoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven. Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you, that in Heaven their Angels do always behold the Face of my Father which is in Heaven, for the Son of man

is come to save that which is lost, even so that it is not the will of your Father that one of these little ones shall perish. A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another, bless them that curse you, forgive seventy times seven.' Thus God impressed correctly the Lord Jesus Christ, but not impressed correctly those who ascribe to one on that lofty plane the ungodly qualities of revenge and bitterness, evinced in many of the words never impressed by God. The mission of the Lord Jesus Christ was to save the world from delusions, to purify, to render them more amenable to spirit control. 'And I will pray the Father shall give you another comforter.' In reality meaning the spirit being able to impress more correctly. 'But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost which the Father will send in my name, He shall teach ye all things. The doctrine of love has remained since first given a sealed book to the majority, parable and allegory interpreted according to the spiritual illumination. The more correctly interpreted by those more illumined by love, hence when Christ's doctrine is rightly impressed and cognized, all the spurious, unworthy qualities attributed to Him by those on a lower plane, of an inferior nature, will be eliminated, and the true Christ religion

in time will be the invincible, immortal doctrine of love, correctly impressed from this plane, and will bring all races and nations into the true conception ere the material world is resolved back into its primal elements."

CHAPTER XVII.

We were invited by an American of note, Professor William James, of Harvard University, shortly after his awakening, to hear Henry Ward Beecher deliver an address upon "The development of consciousness."

We were visiting some friends of the Mordaunts, on a recent trip to America, and were staying at one of the great hotels, a palatial edifice, located in the center of Central Park.

As on the mortal plane it is vacant, not occupied and seldom visited by attached spirits, it is patronized chiefly by the detached. Although grounds were filled, as on earth, with attached spirits and their guides or tutors, they were rarely crowded and beautiful in the extreme.

Prof. James, when we entered the reception room grasped us eagerly by the hand. His fine countenance radiated joy.

"You cannot conceive what an inestimable blessing it is to be Home at last," he exclaimed, "even yet I can scarcely realize the glorious truth. To know, without doubt, that all, much more beautiful than I believed on earth, is

true, is indeed joy unspeakable, but," he added ruefully, "I can not get in touch with the mortal plane as I would like. I cannot find one psychic who can be impressed correctly. Vainly have I sought without satisfactory results. I now know why it is so difficult to obtain reliable messages on earth. I would like to comfort my dear ones, whilst they are on the mortal plane and fulfill a promise I made to several, but," brightening, "they all know the truth, when detached by sleep, so I must be patient until able to reach them."

"When the laws governing mediumship will be known on earth," I replied, "it will be known that only on spirit side are psychics developed, and that but a limited number are permitted or impressed to give material tests or aught concerning material affairs, not because it interferes with material conditions, all are supervised here, but because it would prevent that which is necessary for those who learn or develop in this manner. Were they cognizant of the truth, did they know the spirit life is as it is, they would have to develop in some other way, and, possibly, suffer more, hence, ignorance for them is necessary.

"But," Thyrza interposed, "there is an ever increasing class, who, having undergone the necessary training in other ways are being de-

levoped to be good instruments when the time is ripe."

"Yes, I know the mistakes they make is due to undeveloped brains and minds, filled with their own misconceptions and opinions."

Thus conversing regarding the beliefs peculiar to the mortal plane, we descended, to the esplanade, in front of the hotel, and, as it was but a short distance to the Cathedral where Mr. Beecher was to lecture, we decided to walk.

Central Park, on earth, is a very inferior reflection of its spiritual counterpart. Every attached spirit, statue, tree, shrub, bush, flower and all animal life are perfect and indescribably beautiful. Instead of the trees, etc., being merely one shade of green, they are of various tints and tones of one special or several colors, harmoniously blended. The marvelous diversity of form and color, all graceful and beautiful, the exquisite flowers, from fairy ones of fragile loveliness to others of prodigous size, on very large trees and bushes, often several birds, of brilliant plumage, emerging from their chalices, are a source of extreme pleasure, especially to the newly detached. The Professor exclaimed rapturously at every novel feature. When he espied a statue of George Washington, he cried with delight,

"The Father of our dear old earth coun-

try! What a grand figure! How I wish, whilst on earth, we could know how perfectly natural and human is the spirit life. What a blessing to know that we are ourselves, the identical ones who lived on earth, that not solely do we feel and think almost similarly, but that we look a great deal as we did."

"Yes," Thyrza laughed merrily, "a blessed relief to find we are not infantile cupids twanging harps or retrogressive globular forms or heaven bodies, verily I think the perfected human form infinitely superior."

"Very much better," I acquiesced, joining in her mirth, "than a windbag of wisdom, seraphim or cherubim."

The Cathedral, a mighty structure of extreme achitectural beauty appeared in sight. It was of a lustrous white, with the exception of the windows, spires and turrets which were completely covered with vines and creepers of variegated colors. Although the substance of which it was constructed, from its transparency, appeared as fragile and thin as spun glass, it was as solid as marble. The magnificent main entrance, great portals thrown open, was of extreme beauty. The broad steps and balustrade exquisitely carved. All was much more awe-inspiring than St. Peters; Majesty, power, strength, glory and beauty incomparable evi-

denced in all. It arose in towering grace, a fit abode wherein, in truth, is enshrined, not our *hopes* of immortality, as I wrote of St. Peter's, but our hopes *realized*.

The exquisite perfume of countless flowers and blossoms greeted us as we entered. The interior was arranged very differently from any of the earth cathedrals. Instead of aisles, were groups of tables and chairs, arranged as in a sumptuous salon or drawing room. The great audience were already seated. The Professor had a good view as we took our seats, directly in front of a splendid platform.

I saw the Professor look with bated breath and enraptured gaze upon the sublime beauty and majesty of the assemblage. He was almost overwhelmed.

"In my wildest dreams I never imagined anything like this," he murmured. "I do not believe the Celestial Kingdom can excel it." But glancing above at the vast central dome, a view in one of the Celestial cities, he remained mute before the greater glory and beauty.

"You look rather handsome yourself," I said, "and I assure you, you compare favorably with the majority here."

"I know I look remarkably well, beauty seems to be general, but, of course, there's a difference in the radiance, the light, the ex-

pression. Look at Beecher, how sublime he looks!"

I had met Mr. Beecher several times and esteemed him very highly, as did all who knew him, not only for his great love of poor humanity, but for that which the mortal plane regards as spiritual. You may smile thinking that all possess the same gifts here. While it is true that all receive all soul gifts on constant vibrations, they here, as on earth, express differently, according to the development of their brains and minds. While there are countless who are farther advanced than Mr. Beecher, there are countless more who are not as far advanced, hence I was not surprised at the vast audience eager to hear him.

I had been looking at our brother, who, before ascending the rostrum had been conversing with some friends. His type, even on spirit side, is distinctly marked and individual. The severity of his massive head and commanding presence, is softened immeasurably by the glory and radiance of his expression and the splendor of his eyes. I had been admiring his complete unconsciousness of self after he ascended the platform, his entire absorption in the inner communion, awaiting illumination. I feel the query— illumination from whom, from what? From the Divine Mind, The Oversoul, The

Absolute? How possible, unless from a Supreme Conscious Being who directs all? No one Being, regardless how Supreme, could be in constant conscious communion with quadrillions of different beings. The Divine Mind, the Oversoul, the Absolute are not conscious reasoning Beings, but merely expressions, used by the unillumined, to designate the force which emanates from God, the Father, the Supreme Being.

The Force or Energy,—put in operation by Himself and greatest Angels, with which He guides and directs all He, the Supreme, directs the highest, these the next to them, and so on to those in charge of the mortal plane, the lowest plane of all.

As electricity is beginning to connect the earth the various force, from which electricity radiates, connects all the Celestial and spiritual worlds. Thus, from those directing his plane, the great earth divine sought illumination. For a moment he closed his eyes, then opening them to their greatest extent, he, seemingly embraced all with a searching, comprehensive gaze ere he began to speak in a voice so delicately attuned as to seem like softest melody. Genuinely religious on earth—when but imperfectly impressed although sometimes almost totally entranced, oblivious of all he said—he is much

more so in the real life, where true religion is a religion of acts and not words. Mr. Beecher's earth discipline demanded much mental suffering, caused by a half-demented woman and her husband, a very poor instrument for truth. No one, correctly impressed, ever heeded the charges made against him, which were only believed by those capable of similar acts. Those incapable, knowing how many innocent persons have been misjudged and condemned through perjured and circumstantial evidence intuitively realized his innocence.

"Brothers and sisters, I am pleased to be able to address you before I leave for my home in the West, that West which is becoming so populated with attached spirits as to render imperative the departure of many who are not bound to it by the ties of attached dear ones. Within the near future I shall move to one of our great detached cities, where, in connection with many known to you, I shall resume my work, whilst developing myself. My address is, as you know, upon the development of consciousness. You are all familiar with the development from the spark Divine, destined in time to become the self-conscious child of God. From the primordial cell, in the two worlds, on the two planes of consciousness, the spiritual and the material, through the lowest

species or forms, developing until brain and a nervous system is formed in the higher ammals.

You know that the consciousness of the animal the little spark divine from God, is not self-conscious as a child of God, and cannot become so until a brain is developed, to enable it to receive that which gives it self-consciousness, hence, all animals, while conscious of all appertaining to themselves, receive no soul gifts directly, but are impressed, under law, with them, therefore, are not conscious soul, until the spark divine, through that cognized as the Divine Mind, becomes self-conscious as a personal child of God. This does not mean, as is presumed by the mortal plane, that soul is an essence from God, it means that the evolving spirit or monad as cognized by some, from cell to human or man, spirit child of God, becomes conscious of not solely being, but akin to God, when he or she receives direct from the consciousness of that presumed to be the Divine Mind, the Oversoul or the Absolute, the feeling of individual personality, the consciousness, which *once felt as a distinct personality is never lost nor changed.*

"What is this I? From whence come the countless different I's or personalities, all entirely distinct on different planes of advancement,

though not conscious of it on the mortal plane, when first conscious? No two I's are alike or can ever be the same, not even soul-mates. Each ever retains his or her individuality and personality. Is God conscious through all these? Is He really the same I manifesting through all forms of life? Is "from the Absolute to the Absolute true?" Are all merged or absorbed, or are all individually conscious, independent of the consciousness of God?

"That in God we live, move and have our being is true, in the sense that all life and consciousness come from Him, but not as understood by many, on the lowest planes, that all of manifest creation is God, all forms of life, that He lives and manifests, is conscious through all. This is not so, but a very erroneous conception of the truth. A spark of His energy materialized into form in the primordial cell is not God although formed by Him. The consciousness evolved by this spark is not the consciousness of God, although directed and unfolded by His instruments, under Him, who guide and care for it until it developes the consciousness of a child of God but not consciousness of God.

"What is consciousness? It is, in the first

place, the sense of being. This sense or attribute, as it advances, develops others. Thus the spark divine first feels alive, then it reproduces, divides and subdivides its cells and feels through and with all, in the sense, that, as it advances from form to form, or in truth is developed, under directivity, its consciousness increases, as sense by sense, nervous system and brain are developed until the consciousness of all the life organisms or entities, in charge of the vital organs, become, in the aggregate in unison with the spark divine, on that which is transmitted directly to its descendent as a child of God, an independent I personality.

"The consciousness of the I is not the consciousness of God individually nor potentially, but is the developed consciousness of the spark divine, which, under law, is fitted to receive self-consciousness, but this self-consciousness and responsibility, this I feeling does not come until brain is connected with that called the Divine Mind and receives with this consciousness an influx of the soul-gifts. This is all known to you who have been detached for some time, but not to the large number in this audience, those recently detached who, due to other aspirations and desires, did not develop along these lines when detached by sleep.

"What are the soul gifts? They are love,

righteousness, power, wisdom and are the heritage of every child of God. When a child's brain is in harmony, when all that composes it, its countless organisms are lovingly subservient to the child of God, the I in control, the child receives the soul-gifts according to the development of his brain, or to put it more plainly, is filled with love, expresses truth, wisdom, righteousness, power, according to how his brain is developed, and individual mind formed, through his own free will and individual efforts after he becomes self-conscious. Those whose brains are in harmony and need not mortal training, advance according to their own will and efforts. Those whose brains still require more development, develop in one attachment to a human body, and before and after death to it, advance also through free will and individual efforts.

"While all are assisted until they become self-conscious, and are ever assisted by those on higher planes, still all must rely upon self and make individual effort. Individual mind is formed according to how the soul gifts are received and expressed, and, as on earth, according to environment, education and training, and as all have that which is suitable to their plane, all advance from plane to plane. As will and efforts depend on the brain and senses,

on earth so likewise do they here, depend upon the spirit brain and senses.

"Only when a brain is in a perfectly harmonious condition, can the free will of a child of God be rightly expressed. The spiritual brain is the most marvelous thinking, reasoning machine ever formed. It is formed of living entities, living records of all that has transpired from the lowest up to man. Those ordained for mortal life have many mortal experiences indelibly recorded on these living cells, whose mission as they advance, in conjunction with spirit, is to create new cells and record all that forms individual mind. Thus the consciousness, as new senses and mind areas develop, increases and spirit advances from plane to plane, until he arrives at the first plane of Celestial development,thence on till he attains to the highest plane of Arch-Angel, when his consciousness, through the acquisition of knowledge previously expressed by others, and the expression of the wisdom received by himself, through vibrations from the Divine Mind in reality, impressions from those on higher planes, until he receives directly from God. But even then his consciousness does not become the consciousness of God, he does not lose his individual consciousness but becomes so in tune, so in harmony with God, as to express,

in the fullest sense truth, love, power, wisdom and righteousness.

"You, brethren and sisters, are free from the delusions of the mortal plane, from its mystifying theories and conceptions, ever clothed in the most redundant and verbose phraseology. Words, words destitute of ideas and truth. You know how to conceal our ignorance, paucity of ideas and lack of wisdom on the mortal plane, we use words and terms incomprehensible to the average mortal, who, lacking a good brain and mind, is impressed with our superior knowledge. Many still adhere to an obsolete language to impress the ignorant within the churches.

"Here in the clear light of truth, we use language understood by all and impress ideas independent of language. Hence, the Unmoved Mover, the Oversoul, the Absolute, the Divine Mind are used by many who cannot explain save in befogging more and more this class of brain, who like themselves cannot cognize the truth. They can, apparently, grasp that the Supreme Being, the Absolute is a vast aggregation of countless universes, that these worlds and planets are sentient beings within Him, that He is All in All, and contains within Himself all forms of life through which He manifests from the lowest to the highest.

But although they believe that they understand this, they cannot explain to the comprehension of those who think, the difference between the Creator and the things created, nor why the Absolute should develop Himself from low to high when He is already the Absolute, nor why the Divine Mind should be so miserably reflected in suffering humanity.

"Why should this all prevading Omnipotent Being or Principle develop to a certain stage and then destroy, not solely the physical forms but the countless personalities through which He manifests? If already the Absolute, conscious throughout all life, why the necessity for building or reproducing countless new forms on the mortal plane? If not the Absolute, from whence comes the wisdom which brings forth and develops all life forms? The Absolute is Omnipotent wisdom, the Divine Mind likewise, hence need not to evolve from the lowest to evolve either knowledge or wisdom.

The Unmoved Mover, the Oversoul are equally as incomprehensible and only explained in ambiguous phraseology and understood by those inspired to give these terms or rather by those incorrectly impressed with truth. Religion is very different here from the various expressions on earth, where many still adhere

to idolatry and others, on higher planes, so adulterate it with cant and hypocrisy, that the earnest seeker after truth gives up in despair, or goes into the byways of philosophy and gets stranded upon some complex problem, too abstruse to be solved with material reason and logic, only grasped intuitively, or inspirationally. Therefore as all religions possess little more than a grain of truth and the various philosophies but a little more, it is not strange that many are driven to Christian Science, spiritism, spiritualism, New Thought (as old as the hills) and agnosticism.

"As the religious instinct, next to that of self-preservation, is the paramount, dominant instinct, it must be satisfied in some way, for it is inherent in the spark divine, the little ray destined to bring the mortal from darkness into the light of the spirit. Hence, all races according to their development, have different modes of worship, whether they worship a stick, an animal or a god. Although this instinct seems evolved, and there is, unquestionably, evolution in religion, it is not so. As races advance, their brains become better instruments, their conceptions become clearer, their vision clarifies, mists fade away, problems are solved, until the correctly impressed of all races recognize the truth, on all the different planes,

whether low or high, that there is but one God, the Supreme Being and we, each and everyone His children.

"On earth, this truth is grasped by those who are satisfied with nothing but the truth, who hunger for it, toil for it and would die for it. All who seek for light, who demand it as their birthright regardless of what race or period, whether learned or ignorant, are impressed with the truth that nothing can shake nor conquer. Never were uttered more inspiring words than 'Seek and ye shall find,' and strange as it appears to those who are not impressed with the religious instnct, who through various reasons are kept from the realization of this truth, when they awaken here, like many lately detached in this audience, they awaken to the glorious truth that there is an Omnipotent God, a Supreme Being, our great and loving Father.

"To the real thinker, not the superficial, who acquire opinions from others, on the mortal plane, no other explanation is satisfactory. No vague, intangible Principle, merely His Energy in operation, can explain the wisdom, the Supreme Intellect, the marvelous reasoning power necessary to make even the smallest cell or seed in mortal life. The tiny seed from whence grows the mighty oak, the ex-

quisite color and beauty of flower, sky and sea, the glory of the butterfly's wing are all marvels and impossible to the greatest material scientist, although he can make sea urchins out of life inpregnated substance, and will in due time form automata, low scale beings devoid of soul, such as are here. Yet they cannot, unless they go to the spirit, through themselves or other psychics, explain from whence the vital principle, the life force comes.

"Science cannot do the impossible. It cannot solve the apparent mystery of life with material reason and logic. It must go to the spirit and receive illumination. There is only one way and there, no matter how science progresses, will ever be but the one way, for all wisdom and knowledge come from the spirit. The giant, imponderable forces are not material. All are, in the last analysis, spiritual, as all matter in truth is.

"Here, in the true light, we know our Father alone reigns. That the Divine Mind, the Oversoul, the Absolute, the Divine Idea of Christ or the Sole-begotten Son, is in truth, our Father. When this truth is realized, on the mortal plane or here, the peace that passeth understanding, lifts the mortal, the sole "earth-bound" spirit and the emanicpated to the ineffable bless of their glorious heritage. This

realization has come to many on earth who never heard of the Lord Jesus Christ, who knew not that God impressed Him. Not solely to the Christian is the light of the spirit given. All who seek righteously find it. Not only those who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ shall enter the kingdom of Heaven, but all, whether they believe in a stick, a stone or an animal, for all are His children, as ye all know.

"How teach the poor mortal fool or weakling, whose brains are afflicted by disease, or who, for purpose of discipline are impressed with the animal propensities, never to be located by material science, or predispositions, a term glibly used, which prevent the truth from being impressed. We know that God, under law, through His mighty legions, directs all, that Divine law is inimitable, that a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without the knowledge of those who control, that indeed every hair is numbered. But because He directs all does not do away with responsibility on the mortal plane, even though all are really irresponsible here of mental evil.

" 'As ye sow, so shall ye reap' is verified only in those cases who are to advance in this way. All, whether they advance or not on mortal plane, undergo essential discipline. All selfishness from disease or propensity, all

ignoble or criminal acts, whether powerless to prevent, from either mental or physical causes, under law, entail suffering or not, for not all suffer who sin, and not all sin who suffer. This is entertained but by the superficial. Many, seemingly swayed by human reason or logic, violate natural law under Divine law. Evolved from the animal, his material vehicles impressed to give him the necessary discipline, are not solely under his control, but the control of those who form them for him.

"We know that the Lord Jesus Christ was not the Divine Idea of Christ, a child of God, but the Physical Instrument, the vehicle impressed solely by God alone. We know that our Father lives in the Celestial Kingdom, that there is no Spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ, although our Father is often recognized by newly detached Christians ere their spirit memory returns, as the Lord. We know that we are all His children, destined when we advance to dwell with Him in the Celestial Kingdom if we so desire, for He never separates us from our loved ones. We who advance can stay in our spirit world until all we love are prepared to go with us, as eventually we all go there.

"These are known facts, hence our religious rites are unlike those of the mortal life. It is

true we have magnificent churches, cathedrals and temples, named not after, but like unto those on earth. This is the world of cause. All on earth are named after the real and true to endure indefinitely or for a certain stage of advancement. But we have only one religion, that which we strive to impress on earth, the worship of the Father. As all are righteous, we need not religion in the same sense as on earth, hence our Father desires neither useless eulogy nor incessant praise. Merely a brief matutinal greeting sent on vibration, the silent voiceless communion which all are familiar with

"As we come into the true consciousness of our Divine heritage, little by little we, like our Father, become so in harmony with law as to become a part of it, and thus a law unto ourselves. But this takes many centuries. We must advance from sphere to sphere, plane to plane.

Although it is true incorrectly grasped on earth, that all wisdom is ours, yet it cannot be expressed by us, until we attune our instruments to the greatest perfection, through will and effort. Those who claim the spirit is perfect fail to explain, whilst pure and holy, he can only become perfect through his own will and efforts. He is not born nor brought forth

perfect. If perfect he would not even dream of the mortal plane. There would be no necessity for growth or unfoldment either in the spirit or mortal life. Nor would he return to the lowest plane to advance mentally, morally, nor spiritually.

Therefore, as on the mortal plane when we awaken or rather—when our brains and minds are ready to be impressed rightly — our consciousness of that which is real and true becomes clearer, so here, as we advance, does our consciousness, of the marvels and beauties constantly unfolding, become greater and as we have the senses more perfected and several developed, *prior to their development* on earth, also others never to be expressed there, it is much easier to advance. New senses are constantly unfolding until when we become archangels, like unto the Father, we can, when we will, although not in person present, become omnipresent, omniscient and omnipotent, in the sense that when we, with the highest, manifest His power, we all collectively and individually, are in *perfect unison with Him*, and through this perfect harmony conscious with and through Him in this sense, so in accord as to seem like one Supreme Being, though never like unto Him, the Source, the Fountain Head!"

Mr. Beecher concluded with some remarks

utterly beyond the mortal plane, which I omit.

The Professor had listened with great interest. After Mr. Beecher ceased he sat in deep meditation until he said softly,

"Did you understand his concluding remarks? They were perfectly unintelligible to me."

"Yes, I answered, "they will soon be made clear to you, when you attend church or religious services you will see what he meant about all the service being given in music. Not an audible word is uttered yet every thought, every idea as correctly grasped as with speech, much more melodiously expressed. You will feel the peace and love you receive with the morning greeting to the Father and almost as potent vibrations of life and love as when embraced by Him."

CHAPTER XVIII.

One early morning sitting in the little park, encircling a cathedral, I heard a sweet and familiar voice,

"Why, Byron, what are you doing here? Waiting for me I presume."

Glancing up I saw a lovely, unusually distinguished looking woman, accompanied by several children, all simply attired in white.

I had met this lady many times since her detachment. We were devoted friends. I loved her no less now that she was joined to her soul-mate than when I had known her, on earth, as the Countess Guicciola, for my love was exactly as it had been there, really the love of a brother.

"Meditating not about you, but some of the old earth problems," I replied merrily, as she seated herself by my side.

"Why didn't Thyrza come too? Where is she?"

"At home, where I should be, had I not felt your desire. Well, what is your problem? Although I really know it and I, myself, impressed you with the desire."

"I know, of course, you did. I know the earth problem you are now interested in, and, as I love Mary Glover and know her wish to correct some of her wrong impressions, I thought you would take us to the instrument engaged in this work."

"Yes, we are now ready for her. I have met Mrs. Eddy or rather Mrs. Glover several times lately. You really felt the desire, as I myself have, of those directing this work, many advanced spirits interested in it. The time is ripe for a clearer interpretation of the Mission of the Lord Jesus Christ and His doctrine of Love. This instrument has been developed for it since a child, though unconscious of it on earth," I replied.

"Just as Mary Glover was, Oh! her name is Mary, too, strange."

"Oh, no, you know spirits are named here, Mary, in truth, means sorrow, tribulation, purgation. Those who are ordained to be vehicles for the spirit spheres are purified and cleansed through fire and travail, ere they can attune the material. Although they often err, ever come forth, after every lapse, better instruments for truth. Mrs. Glover learned through sorrow and suffering, this instrument also, and all who are developed for this purpose. There are others being developed to put

the truths given through her in operation after she is detached. These truths will revolutionize mortal thought, even more than Christian Science has done, and although few at first will be able to grasp the true realization of the Doctrine of Love, due to material limitations, many will before long."

Mrs. Eddy and Countess Guicciola friends and sisters in the real life! Mrs. Eddy, the revered founder of a religious organization, and a woman known as the mistress of a low-plane mortal.

"Impossible, incredible," I think I hear the undeveloped exclaim. Not as impossible as you think. That revered teacher taught that all are God's pure, holy ideas. The Countess, in the real life, has ever been as pure and holy as her sister, not at all obsessed with the mortal delusion of evil, as truly claimed by Mrs. Eddy, "a false mortal concept."

That afternoon, in the home of the psychic, are gathered, in the room where she is writing as distinguished company according to mortal sense.

The psychic is our sister, a child of God, undergoing mortal development, being fitted on both planes for the task of helping her brothers and sisters, no different from them in the real life, and, only on earth having a brain

amenable to and able to express love, hence the truth, love, the greatest power of all.

Around the table as she writes are her Celestial tutors or Guardian Angels, her father and husband or soul-mate, several great spirits known and unknown on mortal plane who direct material conditions, the Countess, Mrs. Glover and myself.

The object is, as this work portrays, the clearer interpretation of the one true religion, the correction of its misconceptions, and the portrayal of spirit life as it really is, hence, instead of, as I am giving this work, dealing with great characters of my mortal native land, England, I am giving that which I, also an instrument of those on higher planes, am impelled to give, therefore all, regardless how great their material rank, wealth, knowledge, who were and are not instruments for truth, the truth of spiritual and mortal life, are not desired in this work, which independent of the little given of my private life, is for the purpose of giving the truth.

Mrs. Glover, a beautiful spirit, with a radiant expression of the peace, love and harmony she sought to express on earth, sat next to another Mary, one who is worshipped as a Saint, even more beautiful, with greater radiance and glory.

She said to Mrs. Glover, "Now dear, tell how you feel regarding your mortal work, and you, yourself, correct your faulty impressions."

"Even though it may not be accepted by the undeveloped, there are many, within your own especial fold, who, even though they come not fourth publicly, out of respect to their organization, will accept and many more who unashamed will come forth and acknowledge the truth, and many more, amongst the different religions and philosophies, be given the light to spread the truth of the One Father, the one true religion and the Doctrine of Love, given by Him for all, of every race, religion and class."

I, with my hand on the psychic's head, as I am permitted to personally impress, clasped Mrs. Glover's hand in mine and all willed the psychic to write as she is, while Mrs. Glover seriously, lovingly speaks:

"To the dear ones on the earth, not only to my followers, Christian Scientists, but to all, all my own, I impress this. This comes from me in the real life, though invisible I be to ye, much more alive, more in the truth, more correctly impressed than when I sought to give myself. First you must know that this psychic values neither mortal commendation nor condemnation, that, on the border, waiting to come home, she values neither material

approval nor material glory, hence, know that, although she *must* give it, for it is the truth, she values nothing for self, and when the time is ripe, after her work is accomplished, will gladly leave it to others.

"When I was first impressed with my beautiful interpretations, I was harassed with material worries, and could not be impressed all the time correctly.

"It was almost impossible to keep out the naturally resentful, indignant feelings caused by unjust persecution and harsh judgment, especially when bereft of child; husband and family, I sought seclusion in solitude.

"Although my work was delightful, and I was filled with a sweet buoyancy and peace ineffable, I could not refrain from an occasional thought of bitterness, especially later when my students arose in open rebellion, and I was forced to resort to diplomacy to keep my organization intact, within my own hands, hence, could not receive truth correctly and gave several misconceptions as truth. But the truth of there being only love, peace, harmony in the real life, the unreality of sin and disease to the spirit, that evil appertains solely to the mortal plane, was correctly impressed and first publicly given by me, although many were impressed with these truths and several had published

them in an obscure way. That our Father, God Omnipotent was in Body, like unto His children, that His children, His pure, holy ideas, were really made in His Divine Image and Likeness, I could not grasp, I attributed all to Principle and taught of a Being, like unto that which Buddhaism and Theosophy cognize as The Absolute. This was my greatest misconception. Often I was impressed to give the truth. A few of my writings still extant explain my perturbation, unceretainty and doubt. But there is enough in Science and Health to show that the Divine Idea of Christ really meant our Father.

"As Plato and other thinkers ignored matter and accepted only ideas as real, I could not, influenced by them unconsciously, be impressed with the truth, that while the spirit is really in his true body, that the material, although transitory, is as real and as necessary as the spiritual, and that the material universe, though *worlds* are transitory, is as real and immune to destruction as the spiritual, for while there are worlds ever being wiped out of existence, there are countless coming into and ever in existence.

"Although I recognized a human species and animal propensities, as I had been inculcated with the orthodox belief in a special crea-

tion, I could not believe in evolution as grasped on the mortal plane, and more correctly impressed knew that evil did not originate with the animal, and as I could not believe that evil could come from God and could not be impressed to explain how, under God's law, it is but in truth, a state of consciousness, the sole explanation I could arrive at was that all pertaining to mortality was an illusion not impressed with the truth that every state of consciousness is of God.

I could only grasp that we were false mortal concepts, false beliefs which we would conquer, that the real spirit would then manifest, as many believe now on the mortal plane. I could not explain the difference between the two worlds, the two bodies and the two planes of consciousness. This not a misconception but an impossibility to me. My other misconception, upon which the superficial deem that my teachings mainly rest, is that mortal mind creates disease, sin and death, false beliefs and that the Divine Mind heals them through making the spirit come into the consciousness of the truth that there is no such thing as sin, disease and death.

"This is not only a misconception but an error. If they were but false mortal concepts, false beliefs, there would be no necessity for the

Divine Mind to conquer them, for as I taught they had not reality. I failed to make the distinction that while evil is, in truth ,a false mortal concept, the material body and brain is as real, though transitory, as the real, also not to plainly teach its necessity, not vaguely that sin and suffering are but stepping stones to higher thing, thus, to the thinker implying their necessity. As God is Omnipotent, matter a form of spiritual substance, the mortal plane a phase of spirit consciousness, material creation and life are a part of the spiritual and as necessary as that cognized by me as the spiritual and under God, as I state several times in Science and Health.

"Christian Science, when it relies solely on the truths given by me, with its mission of healing rightly understood, when it casts aside its misconceptions, as in time it will mainly through these revelations, will become a greater power for good among the very large class who demand, upon the mortal plane, not only the spiritual gifts of peace, love and harmony, but those cognized as material, although also spiritual, fine churches, domiciles, raiment and fare. It will then know the truth that the Christ Spirit teaches that all are under guidance and directivity, that when prosperity fails, adversity teaches and vice versa in giving that

which is essential, that the good gifts of the Father on the mortal plane are given as those in charge of that plane deem necessary for each individual case, that while practitioners and healers are necessary for one plane of development, they are not for another.

"Christian Science is for a very large class just awakening to the truth, a class who repudiate the orthodox teachings, this is for a class who are even beyond Christian Science and need the clearer interpretation of the Doctrine of Love, which teaches, not to strive for the material, unless to benefit and uplift others, to ever and always make it subordinate to the spiritual, not with the hope or object of acquiring material prosperity for self. It teaches that the true wealth are the soul gifts of love, wisdom and righteousness. These alone to be striven for irrespective of all else. This does not mean that one on earth should deny oneself aught essential for cleanly living. When one awakens to the truth and seeks to live up to his highest, the good gifts of righteousness are added whether he receives material gifts or not.

"With the true light of the Christ Spirit ever comes the patience to bear all deprivations of the material and the peace, whether in

adversity or prosperity, which is ever given to all who live rightly.

"Healing is not solely confined to Christian Science but is done by many in the various races, who never heard of the Lord, in other ways, but that which I taught, especially adapted for this class, is doing that which under law it is ordained to do."

"The Christ Spirit teaches all who seek rightly, without desire for material goods, ever and always placing the spiritual first, how to heal oneself independent of healer, mentally, morally and spiritually, to receive directly from the Source of all good God Omnipotent as well as through His instruments, advanced spirits, more than the greatest material minister or practitioner can give on the mortal plane hence do not need them. *And* will teach in the future, in language so clear that the unlettered and ignorant can understand, all that will be necessary for the lowest as well as the highest who, like the lowly fishermen, in harmony with the spirit will be able to grasp."

Mrs. Glover ceased speaking and turned to the Angel by her side who said lovingly,

"This is all that is necessary to give in this work."

"The time is not far distant," said a stately spirit, "when many, on earth, will prove all

given in this work by seeking within for the light which is ever given to all who seek persistently and unselfishly. Many will not only see and hear individual spirits, but recall, after awakening from sleep, many things of the real life, actually witnessed by them when detached at night."

CHAPTER XIX.

A large splendidly formed woman sat before a fire in a magnificent drawing-room. Her eyes, shaded by deeply fringed lids were lowered, her hands were clasped as though in prayer. Suddenly her expression changed from deep gravity to sparkling animation. She arose, exclaiming,

"Of course I must go and explain, as did Mrs. Glover, my misconceptions."

Madame Blavatsky, known on earth as the famous Theosophical leader and seer, is in the real life advancing rapidly and often laughs over her earth opinions.

She smiled as she noted her reflection in the mirrored wall,

"I am so thankful," she murmured, "that I do not look as I did upon earth, and above all glad I am not as I was on that plane in any respect. I know I am desired by those in charge of the latest revelations to explain as best I can why I believed as I did."

She was visiting friends in one of the eastern cities of the United States and had just been impressed that she was needed in the West, so

ere long, was seated in an air ship bound for San Francisco.

Within due time she arrived in San Francisco and later in San Rafael, where, as the psychic writes, she is seated with the same company who were with Mrs. Glover, those engaged, not only in this work, but the Aprocryphal Revelations, given to the world, by the psychic as she is impressed to do, to prove that true religion will in the future be given free of charge.

Naturally it may appear peculiar that Lord Byron, a profligate poet and peer should be selected to give a work of this nature. But, in the real life, as stated before, I am a child of God on as high a plane as Mrs. Glover and Madame Blavatsky, nay, truth compels me to state a higher, due to the greater period of my detachment from the material. I have also been selected because I have, although harshly criticised by many, been of great interest to the mortal plane, in fact of much more interest, through my presumed profligacy, than I would have been had my life been known to be as in truth it was

Madame Blavatsky, with her gorgeous beauty and ample proportions, seems to fill the small room, on the spirit side charmingly beautiful with its glorious view of San Pablo Bay.

Her large magnetic eyes became focused on the psychic, who, with eyes gazing on mortal life, and mind on the mortal plane was engaged in writing. We do not need to enter the material consciousness, hence impress her on this side.

Our sister Mary, the Celestial Angel, alluded to in the preceding chapter, spoke to Helene, who, with a smile, placed her hand within mine. I placed my hand on the psychic's head and transmitted to her that which the Madame said, hence she writes now impressed by me, through permission of her guardian Angel or tutor.

"Ever since my detachment I have desired to give the truth, but, as you are all aware, I could not give more than a few brief, incorrect impressions, through various psychics not yet prepared. Although it is true there are many more developed, on certain lines, than this psychic, she has been fitted especially for this work I know, through, like others of her class, love for God Omnipotent and her brethren and sisters.

While others have seen and mingled with some on this side consciously and retained fleeting impressions of the truth, they were, more or less, commingled with the material upon the return to the material plane, hence as they would and could not believe in a Supreme Be-

ing, God Omnipotent, they gave that which they could as I did.

"As I believed in reincarnation, I could not grasp that we live in our true bodies, similar to those brought forth on the mortal plane, and that we merely use the physical whilst awake on that plane. Hence could not believe nor give the truth that the Lord Jesus Christ was impressed solely by the Spirit, God Omnipotent, that He was not a great Spirit or Master reincarnating but simply and solely the one Physical Embodiment of God Omnipotent.

"As the Aprocryphal Revelations explain these matters, I shall, as briefly as possible, give my reasons for becoming a theosophist and a believer in reincarnation.

"The mortal plane is familiar with my life through my works and friends, but not with that which actually induced me to enter a monastery. A few think they know the truth. Several were indeed partially confided in, with the result of not only making them more eager to join me in my soul quest after knowledge, but also making them fancy they had an occult claim on me.

"I had, in youth, a most harrowing experience, which clouded all my life, and made me a devout student of the occult. When I first began to seek, I doubted there was aught of

good on earth, although I demanded the highest, the truth, of those in whose charge I put myself to develop the spiritual. I smile as I say spiritual, so little deemed I then of what was really spiritual.

"I sought, mainly, to make me understand why I, guiltless of all wrong doing, should have been so unjustly afflicted. The sole explanation I could arrive at (after running to the mortal, and *forgetting the truth,* retaining but a fragment or a glimpse of the real, whilst recalling scene upon scene of the supposed astral plane,—really motion pictures of scenes, more or less illusory for purpose of instruction,) was that I suffered for wrongs committed in previous lives. And, as I saw repeatedly the same great spirits in scenes of both ancient and modern times, and believed I conversed with them, regarding the different epochs, apparently as real as on the mortal plane, I naturally believed them real and did not know that it was but a state of consciousness, produced by those in charge, to give me that which would benefit me most, therefore, I presumed the astral life as real as the physical.

"Thus, while I acquired many lessons psychically and recalled much, which I gave in my writings, of the real and true spiritual life I remembered very little.

"In future times, one on earth, will, in motion pictures, see many of the present and later periods and reproduced, in various later pictures, in different eras, will be the great heroes and artists of today. In this manner are pictures presented to all who seek, not through love of God and humanity but through love of wisdom and self. As is well known in theosophy, if the thinker develops solely the intellect, the entire nature deteriorates, for intellect alone, unless accompanied by spiritual discernment, is cold and heartless. No selfish desire is ever spiritually answered, ever and always psychically .

"That we seemingly converse and recall, after our return to the mortal plane, conversations, is due to the impresisons recorded on our brains by our Angel tutors. Just as many, who cannot learn, unless provided for bountifully, are provided with the flesh-pots, material goods, etc., so, those who cannot express love, on the mortal plane, through a brain not able to be impressed with it, are given that which their minds can grasp and their brains record, the sole instrument connecting them with the two planes of consciousness, the spiritual and material.

"My mind formed from unwholesome experiences, my tormented, restless, insistent brain

my body, poisoned with various drugs, tobacco, etc., prevented correct spiritual impressions, hence while I was developed greatly psychically, I was limited spiritually.

"My love nature, the genuinely spiritual, was a sealed book to me, hence, all my soul journeys on the astral plane and in higher spheres, in truth, were actual experiences in this life or motion pictures, ever illusory.

"Had I really loved one being on earth, been able to express my true love, I could not have believed as I did. The love of the mortal is the love of the spirit imperfectly expressed through physical instruments, hence cannot cease to exist after destruction, or rather disassociation of the entities composing the psychical and physical bodies.

"The love expressed by the higher manus, the divine ego, the spirit for parents, child, soul-mate, all ever living the real, true life in the real, true bodies, lives on, and lasts forever, the identical love for the spirits who are the mortal parents, children, etc.

"No one who sacrifices the love of the spirit for parent, child, etc., to acquire spiritual glory or intellectuality, who renounces, not alone the claims of the flesh, but *the love of the spirit,* ever advances spirituall. To mortify the flesh, to deny the demands of the soul, is not spiritual,

it is carnal. The physical is but a vehicle of expression for a transitory period. All who claim to be the ones born on earth are the same personalities brought forth in the real life conjointly. All who return to earth to dictate, inspire, impress, ever claim to be the one known on earth, the one particular identity and not dozens merged in one.

"Reincarnation means to reincarnate, to be born in the flesh on the physical plane, again and again, for the purpose of developing the monad or spirit until he is fitted to become in unison with The Absolute. As no spirit ever is born in flesh but merely animates and impresses the physical instruments, the term is misleading.

"Omnipotent Wisdom, Infinite Mind is purely spiritual. While the physical is a form of the spiritual, it is of the lowest plane. The monad does not descend into matter to advance mentally, morally or spiritualy. All advancement is done in the real life, but the monad, in all forms up to man, the self-conscious child of God, develops qualities, attributes, which can only be developed on the physical plane through a physical body. When these are developed, he no longer needs physical instruments and advances, as ever in his own true body.

"These qualities are developed through all species and forms of life, from the primordial cell up to self-consciousness as a child of God. When man becomes self-conscious, if all his brain is in good working order, a perfect instrument for him, he needs no more physical bodies and advances, not in a heaven body, a shapeless mass, but a body made in the Image and Likeness of his Father.

"Those whose brains still need mortal development, very few in comparison with those who do not, who are detached ere being brought forth or still-born, need only one attachment to a physical form, as they have but very little to develop. All are developed in one human mortal life. The difference in planes of advancement, as all ever advance and are spirits in the real life, is not due to the spirit impressing the physical body but is due to the material brains and bodies formed by those who form every body up to the time of self-consciousness and after.

"Whilst all spirits are on different planes of advancement in the real life, all good and righteous, there are different expressions, not solely of goodness and righteousness, but of intellectuality. All do not express similiarly, but undeveloped conditions and states of consciousness regarding that sensed as evil apper-

tains solely to the physical, and are ever abandoned with it.

"Physical bodies to suit each undividual to give the necessary discipline, are formed by those who, under Divine law, have in charge this department of mortal life. As spirits do not build their own material bodies, those who have imperfect, defective instruments to give the essential discipline, acquired on the lowest mortal plane as well as the highest, all only develop these qualities, and progression mentally, morally and spiritually is due to the development of the brain in this life, it can be seen there is no necessity to return again and again to advance in wisdom, intelligence or in morals.

"All when detached at night by sleep are educated in the real life, therefore, an idiot, an imbecile on earth, due to a malformed brain, in the real life, with his own good spiritual brain, may be on a higher plane than the superintendent of the institution in which he is confined, the criminal likewise, a better instrument than the judge who sentences him. All real education and learning is done in the real life. The discipline of the mortal plane is but to develop certain qualities. All from the lowest to the highest develop that which is essential. The

highest, like the Buddha, but imperfectely express love and wisdom.

"Guatama did not attain to the plane of the Lord Jesus. The spirit who impressed the Buddha was not The Spirit which manifested through the Lord. Guatama is Guatama still, has not returned in a higher form nor ever will.

"The Lord Jesus was impressed by the Father. No teacher, before or since, has ever equalled or can equal Him in expressing love and wisdom, as He had a brain especially formed to be in harmony with God.

"Many centuries of earth life have passed since His advent and not one in the slightest degree, notwithstanding superior brain development in the psychical forms, has attained to His standard, Mrs. Eddy, one of the latest, presumed by many on earth, to be on a plane of high spiritual unfoldment, formed one of the greatest organizations, in a sense more medical than religious, but, due still to undeveloped conditions, founded her organization upon a commercial basis, as was essential for success. But no one, unless with a peculiarly distorted vision, can claim she gives a higher interpretation of the love and wisdom of God, than the Lord, who had not a place to lay His head, who although He stated the laborer was worthy of his hire, charged His apostles to take naught

but food and shelter for their services.

"Thus, it can be seen by those who make the material subordinate to the spiritual, that the love and wisdom, lived by the Lord, exemplified in every act, is not expressed by any religion or philosophy on the mortal plane. If not now by those who claim their religion is founded upon love, how could it by the Buddha at an earlier stage of development? How could it have been expressed through me who was not able, like unto all, to express through a brain not formed or developed to express it?

"How can love be received and transmitted by those who are powerless, through the brain and sense organs to express it? As only the true, conjugal love is expressed by the soul-mate so the mother love is only, in its entirety and sacredness expressed by the mother who has a good instrument through which to express it, as the numberless divorces and unmotherly mothers prove on the mortal plane.

"Those who know not the soul-mate love on earth, deny it, have no faith in it. Those who have not the mother love, e'en though they be mothers, also deny it. But this does not do away with the truth, that the true conjugal love and the unselfish selfless love of the true mother exists, e'en though poorly expressed by a very few on earth.

"And as the love of the soul-mate and the mother is expressed by but a limited number, so even a less express the love of God, even whilst claiming to worship Him as Divine Person. But because they are unable to express it, does not prove it to be, as claimed by many, founded upon illusions or delusions. The highest conception is that which worships a God of Love and Wisdom, by no means is that the highest which teaches of hapless souls being consigned to either the hell of the Christians or Karma Loca as it is taught on earth today, that all those who enter this plane at death, with all their potencies for evil in full sway, no Devanchan is possible, and as all their desires rage furiously earthward, their very force will carry them speedily to a new reincarnation and we then have a Jesse Pomeroy, etc.'

"I smile when I think of the doctrine which recognizes that the physical is but a vehicle of expression, and teaches it is constantly renewed or changed on earth, that 'the astral is formed of matter immediately above or within that of the physical. It disintregates with the body' and yet will make a being, spirit or soul suffer for the transgressions due to the transitory, constantly changing brain.

"Thus, while I recognized that were the con-

nection broken between Manus and the brain, intelligence could not be manifested, unless through projection of the astral body, I could not grasp that this is really impossible, as the astral, in reality is but an etherial counterfeit to vitilize and hold the physical in place. Hence, all my teachings were, as are all religious and philosophies, on earth, more or less contradictory. Jewels of light and truth, ever obscured by the material, incapable of being discerned save by the genuinely unfolded spiritually, not psychically.

"Instead of being able to explain intelligibly that the divine ego or soul ever lives in the one true body, made in the Likeness of God, and not in a heaven body, 'That the Head Atma and Buddhi are in Heaven and the feet Manas walk in hell," can be explained in a few words, the spirit ever in Heaven, the physical interpenetrating it on the mortal plane, the sole hell in existence.

"The lower Manus is the lower brain, the animal brain, the higher manus the divine ego, the spirit, but I will not continue, as I know all these misconceptions are explained in the Aprocryphal Revelations."

"Yes," I said, "you now are aware that the Doctrine of Love, given by the Lord Jesus Christ, is but a higher expression of the one

true religion, interpreted by all preceding teachers of all races, according to the fitness of their instruments, the development of their brains, and as the elder religions teach that the highest are in the Aryan race, in the higher forms of today, it should not be a matter of surprise or doubt to those who believe in their teachings to realize that that which is given today can be more correctly impressed than centuries ago. Although in truth, brain development and spiritual unfoldment on the mortal plane is under the charge of this plane, still humanity are not automatons and themselves develop the special qualities necessary to enable them to advance here. From primitive man up to the present all have been and are being given that which is necessary. The time is ripe for a clearer elucidation of the mission of the Lord Jesus Christ and His Doctrine of Love. The New Revelations explain the misconceptions of the various expressions and harmonize all. They show that while all have truth, the truth has not been either understood or practiced. That while one expression, such as Buddhism, is farther advanced on certain lines, it is not correct in others. That whilst the truths, the wisdom given by the Lord on all lines was superior to that given by Buddha, it was not understood by those to whom given and for other

more potent reasons, was withheld until the present."

Mary interposed, "Hence, all are, more or less, tinged with the material, with love of the material benefits to be received from the expression of religion—not one but what receives remuneration of some kind, for that which should be given freely, hence the Christ Spirit, the latest interpretation, will teach all who are ready to go to God individually. Within the Revelations they will find that which if practiced, will give them the truth and the light to live rightly. The enlightened theosophist, Buddhist, spiritualist, and Christians of all races and classes, who are awaiting these Revelations, will welcome them with joy. Wherever there are mortals ready, this work, under the directivity of the spirit spheres, will be accepted. The truth will then be known that the Doctrine of Love is for every child of God of every race, religion and class. The Christ spirit will bring them into the light so that all who seek, will prove the truth."

Helen turned her glowing face and said,

"I shall certainly do my best. I am impressing several great theosophists who are coming into the light."

"These are destined for a great work, to

spread this doctrine, and are under great masters," Mary answered.

"Great masters, ever on this plane who instruct and impress, but never reincarnating often in inferior bodies, as I thought," laughed Helen merrily.

"If you thought as you did," said a great spiriti ,"you could not do otherwise. You gave that which was essential for those like unto you. There are many who will still adhere to your teachings for the same reasons that a thug believes in strangling until, if so ordained, they or he advance to a higher plane. All under law as it should be, for all the different planes. Hence, the undeveloped who, in the name of the Prince of Peace, misinterpret His Doctrine, are loved on this plane as children of God undergoing very unpleasant mortal training, which, were it not imperative, would not be."

CHAPTER XX.

I wish to give but a little more relative to life on the true plane. I have given all I could impress. I have not explained nor expressed certain matters as clearly as I should like, owing to it not only being very difficult to give the infinite through the finite, but mainly because our Father only permits that which will not interfere with the discipline necessary for those who have to undergo mortal life. It has been impossible, through limited vocabulary, to give correct ideas of the grandeur and beauty of the spirit realms, as well as to make comprehensible to spirit on mortal plane the higher spiritual truths, but everything that has been given is correct with the exception of a few minor details.

Ere I close, for the benefit of those who still believe in punishment and evil spirits, I shall give an interview between the famous seer, Emanuel Swedenborg, and a newly detached member of his church.

Emanuel Swedenborg was seated in his library when one entered with both hands outstretched in glad greeting. He arose hastily and clasped the tall, blond spirit tenderly.

"My dear brother, how glad I am to welcome you. I could not be present at your reception, as you know, but intended going to see you as soon as I could arrange it."

"I could not wait any longer. I wanted to see the one, next to our dear Lord, who had inspired and helped me more than anyone else on the dark and dreary earth plane," answered his visitor genially, blue eyes gleaming with pleasure. "This is one of the greatest pleasures accorded me in this haven of pleasure and happiness."

Emanuel Swedenborg pulled up a chair and holding him by the hand said,

"Come be seated, this is a great pleasure, I have ever been in close touch with you, and although, I have only seen you but once, still love you dearly, and am gratified your period of trial is over. I grieve it was severe at the last."

His visitor threw back his head covered with golden curls, a smile of perfect peace and happiness irradiated his countenance, as he replied with much feeling,

"I am so overjoyed to be free, to be no longer compelled to return to a life that had become unendurable, that all other feelings are submerged in gratitude, especially as I find I never have been the sinful, erring creature I deemed

myself, that I was *not* born in sin and that there is no such thing as evil."

"And yet you know these things were not true when freed during sleep, so of course, were not surprised when your spirit memory returned."

"Nevertheless, like those who have spent three-fourth of the time on earth, that life seems very real at first, and, although I have been some time free, I still think of many of the false conceptions I had."

The exceedingly benign and noble face of he who had been one of the greatest of mortal seers clouded a trifle, "Yea," he replied earnestly, "were it not impossible to grieve where we know the truth I would over the erroneous ones given through me. I have often wished it were possible to give the truth personally, to be able myself to correct some of my earlier false impressions."

His visitor exclaimed eagerly, "Possibly you may yet be permitted."

"My Father knows this desire of my heart, and when the time is ripe will doubtless permit me."

"Particularly as you yourself were not responsible."

"It was decreed that I should be the instrument to found a church to meet the require-

ments of a few, on similar planes, who were imbued with the one great truth of God Omnipotent as Person, but who were not developed sufficiently to be impressed with the truth of Him being a God of love alone, not also one of hate."

"The majority of all material brains on earth plane are on too low a plane to permit the spirit spheres to impress rightly. The strong, ever preying on the weak, devoid of love and pity, manifest the animal characteristics the spirit has not yet been allowed to overcome," said his visitor.

"Therefore as the majority of those who had been brought into the Christian religion in my time still believed in pagan crudities and ceremonies, not ready to apprehend the doctrine of love given by our Lord, I was selected to see personally, to give all that their material brains could receive. Not upon a brain which mixed the chaff and the wheat, filled with the primitive ideas of the Old Testament, (permitted by God if not inspired by Him, for those on the low planes then and later,) the inconsistencies of the New Testament, and the revelations, utterly unintelligible to all but those who claim to interpret their obscure meaning, could the truth be "impressed."

"And yet I grasped your explanation regard-

ing many, although I often doubted the hells and places of punishment. The Lord Jesus Christ taught of love, forgiveness, pity and charity, healed the sick, forgave the sinning, I could not understand why He should forgive on mortal plane and not in the spirit, where dwelt His perfect Father, and all was pure and holy. Although He said, 'Fear Him which is able to destroy both body and soul in hell, really the grave,' He also said, 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father, but the very hairs of your head are all numbered, fear ye not therefore, *ye are of more value than many sparraws.*' Could such a Being say, but with pity, free from condemnation, 'Woe, woe unto thee, Bethsoida one moment, "it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of Judgment than you. And the next 'Come unto me all ye who labor, and I will give ye rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly at heat, and ye shall find rest unto your soul." Within my soul I felt the truth that He should be judged by His infinite compassion, and the love displayed in all His *acts,* and not by the allegories, parables and saying *interpreted superficially,* that a God of love who would counsil His creatures to forgive seventy times seven, who forgave the most

erring on earth, would do likewise in the world of spirits, and ,yet, with the passions and lusts of the animal, I could not be impressed with the truth, but turned to that most congenial to my material nature."

"Alas," replied the great seer, "were it not imperative, were it not solely through stern discipline that many on the lower planes must advance, I should bitterly deplore. It was ordained *that I was to forget the truth after my return to the material plane.* It was my mission to strengthen the belief in the horrors of hells and places of punishment, to compel the undeveloped through fear to do that which they could not in any other way. Although many have progressed beyond these crude conceptions, my church still adheres to these obsolete dogmas, and, which despite the enlightment of many and their correct impression, retard its growth. You were far above the average, and still you accepted these errors."

"Simply through my faith in you, and lack of correct spiritual impressions, but it is not solely our church which inculcates these errors, both the Catholic and Protestant teach the same thing. They, with the exception of many within, who are illuminated, and more on the outside who abjure such ungodlike, unchristian beliefs, delight in, and would not do without hells,

fire and brimstone, even though they know the real meaning of hell to be not a place of punishment but the grave."

"Not yet are they ready to be impressed correctly, but they are gradually becoming more illumined, and abolishing many of their most primiitve conceptions."

The visitor laughed merrily, "Oh, I know, I acknowledge my limitations. I argued with many, not nearly so enlighted on material matters as I, who were much more correctly impressed, many, too big to wish salvation *not accorded to all, who were infidels, atheists and agnostics, and many spiritualists,* undeveloped modiums, who saw with a clearer vision, who midst many laughable absurdities, grasped the truth of a God of love and ridiculed our greater absurdities and fallacies."

The seer laughed also as his visitor continued, "That which suprises me is the attitude of the churches regarding spiritualism, not recognizing that all religions have a spiritual foundation and are of spiritual origin. All worship a God of Spirit, hope for a spiritual life, and teach of heavens and hells. The Lord Jesus Christ ascended to the spirit world, proved its existence and the life of the spirit in many ways. The Old Testament is filled with spiritualism. St. Paul devotes a chapter to it, the

12th chapter of the Corinthians, 'To another the workings of miracles, to another discerning of spirits, to another divers kinds of tongues, etc.,' and yet the orthordox Christians who *accept hells for their foes, never for themselves or their loved ones,* deride these people more orcrectly illumined than they, regardless how low in social scale or how illietrate, I speak now of myself, who was one of the most intolerant also."

"I must confess when I felt compelled to give the aweful pictures I thought I had seen, I felt my soul protesting and filled with pity but could not give clearly spiritual truth at that time."

"How correctly impressed was St. Paul when he said, 'So that they who are in the flesh cannot please God, so as many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God. *The spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God.* For I am pursuaded that neither death, nor life, nor Angels nor principalities, nor powers, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord.' Ah, these sublime promises to *all* of God's children, so *erroneously claimed* to be but for a few, but for the righteous of whom the Lord said, 'I come not to bring the righteous, but sinners to

repentance.' Also St. Paul, 'For though we walk in the flesh, we do not war after the flesh, for the weapons of our war-fare are not carnal, but mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds.' Also, 'For the *fruit of the spirit is in all goodness, and righteousness and truth.*' It seems to me so strange now that I interpreted so many of these truths incorrectly, that I could not see that ever and always the life of the spirit, the life of the flesh both existing, were on two planes, utterly distinct, tha advise, instructions, promises, denunciations were for the mortal(, not for the spirit of righteousness, goodness and truth."

"All intended for the *spirit on mortal plane.*"

"Entirely distinct from the spiritual, and different discipline for each individual one, He dsciriminates aganst none, all are prepared for different lines of activity, hence many are called home at varying ages, and many upon acquiring personality ere brought forth. I never could explain to my sense of right and justice, the end destined for that class, as well as the large element of degenerates, weaklings, mentally unbalanced and insane, I felt they were irresponsible, and that our Father could not hold them responsible."

"It will be but a *very* short time," said the seer, "when spirits, on mortal plane, will be

impressed with the truth, thhat, not only are these unfortunate brethren and sisters irresponsible, on that plane, but that the large criminal element are equally so. Science will solve and prove these truths, when those in charge decide the time is ripe. The truth then will be known, that those deemed so terribly afflicted, so discriminated against, do not suffer more than others. The degenerate, the weakling, the moral pervert, the mentally unbalanced, are so lacking in wholesome entities forming brain and body, that it is impossible for the spirit to receive from the various nerve centers *correct impressions regarding aught of the mortal body,* except the pain and suffering adjudged essential. The criminal oft the offspring of this class, or victim of disease and propensity, the same, as either brain or body, subject to disease and propensity, cause equally as deplorable results, and also renders him so dense are his sensibiliites, so undeveloped his brain as unreliable an insrtument as the insane."

"Christian Science, one of the latest interpretation of the Bible, that mortal mind, or rather material brain *creates the delusions* disease, evil and death on the plane is not correct."

"Knowing the *truth as we do, we know* that Mrs. Eddy was impressed to give certain truths, as I was, to meet the requirements of a large

class, who cannot believe in hell and damnation."

"A dnyet this class accept theories as impossible to credit. They believe in Principle, and not in a Supreme Personal God. They believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as His "Sole-begotten Son." They accept, yet deride spiritualism. They accept "The Spirit" which impressed Mrs. Eddy, and is presumed to impress their healers. They do not give form to God nor location to the spirit world, *although they believe in the real, true spirit life and man*, and ignore mortal life and beings. They grasp the great truth of the unreality of evil, disease and death to the spirit, the real and the true, but cannot see the inconsistency of the real and the true in the Person of the Lord Jesus Christ, who said, "*Who seeth me, seeth the Father*," abandoning the real and the true world, the real and true body, to *sacrifice an unreal one, to save unreal beings, created by mortal mind from from unreal mortal beliefs.* Were mortal life created out of the spirit's erroneous beliefs, and mortal mind and life illusions, God Almighty would not come Himself, or send His sole-begotten Son to dispel an illusion of a mortal mind and body, *an unreal body and mind.* Pure, perfect spirit has no delusions to dispel. Christian Science ignores all mortality, gives spirit its true place, yet ridicules spiritism, claims

truly, "only spirit can discern spirit," yet denies that spirit, on mortal plane, can see or commune with spirits, whilst claiming *all are spirits and mortals do not exist. The spirits who believe in spiritualism but not in Christian Science cannot commune with, or see spirits, but are shut out from spirit consciousness as well as association.* False beliefs of the true spirit create mortal mind, which creates the delusion of death, evil and disease, Christian Science founded by *a mortal, a false concept of mortal mind,* heals these false bodies and false beliefs, so that the *real* and ever *true spirit child can advance, otherwise the real and true would suffer for the false and unreal.* And yet *sensible people, who cannot accept hell and damnation because it shuts out all from immortality but a chosen few,* as interpreted sujerficially, accept these statements because they give hope, and with the truths grapsed and comprehended, with faith in the name of God, the Lord Jesus Christ, does good, and heals and reforms those ordained to be healed."

"Yea, yea, it reforms, reforms the brain and body by the power of the spirit, *when the mortal brain is fitted to receive impressions, never otherwise, only when God wills."*

"Certainly. Christian Science is especially for the class I alluded to, as the Salvation Army

is for another, both doing effective work, although Christian Science is a step in advance, as it, not only recognizes the unreality of evil, disease and death, but proves the unreality of disease by healing it, *when God wills,* and when it heals disease, by the same power, heals evil. Mrs. Eddy made the mistake of not giving matter and the material creation its true, legitimate place, as essential in *God's scheme of creation as the spiritual."*

"Nay," corrected Emanuel Swedenborg, "Mrs. Eddy made no mistake, Mrs. Eddy was impressed to give that which alone could appeal to, and comfort a certain class, as the truths we know will be given to another class, to comfort them. These, if given to Christian Scientists, not yet ready, would be rejected, just as when I shall be allowed to give the truth to my church, only those correctly impressed will receive it. The majority, unable to grasp a God of *Love,* dominated by the carnal, eager to punish their fellow creatures, will still cling to their hells and material conceptions as you did. You could not grasp the truths of Christian Science and condemned it, simply, because you, on certain lines, more enlightened, discerned where truth had *not been misrepresented, but vaguely expressed.* You know, impressed by her spirit and others, not as cognized by her,

"The Spirit, God Omnipotent," she was impressed to give publicly the unreality of evil, disease and death, the power of God through the spirit to heal the disease and evil of the mortal plane, and, in reality, to those who comprehended her in spirit, (only those who were not in spiritual light failed to grasp, as she did herself), the truth. But Christian Science makes mortal mind, while denying its reality, more potent than God, makes it build the body, and create disease and evil, *instead of explaining lucidly that God Omnipotent created material and spiritual worlds conjointly and the two planes of consciousness.* That the material world is as necessary as birth-place for His children as the spiritual, and necessary as preparatory schools of discipline for many. It ignores the fact that spirit has, while on earth, a "natural as well as a spiritual body," also the scientifically proven fact that mortal mind, or rather material brain, is *not* responsible for all the divers mental and physical afflictions man is heir to. That, instead of innocent babes just born, foully diseased, creating disease, opposed to all justice and common sense, their parents, through perversion of thought, inflicted upon them, the parents, in reality, are victims of disease themselves, which has been transmitted from generation to generation by pure and

honorable people, incapable themselves of creating or perpetuately by unholy, impure thought, the diseases which have originated with the animal and primitive man seemingly through ignorance and violation of law. Christian Science assumes that many diseases not caused by fear and worry, but the physical condition preceeding, *the effects of conditions known to us,* are caused by mortal mind. The actual truth is that no disease is caused by that which is presumed to be the mind, that the spirit knows naught of disease. The spirit through a material brain is unable, unless, under control or directivity, to keep body in health or disease. But, that which is sensed as a disorder, defective, malformed brain unable to follow law, debilitates the body, lowers its vitality, and produces disease, or that which is sensed as disease."

"It is then, as I assumed on mortal plane, that mortal mind does not create disease, hence Christian Science does not impress these facts clearly, although it clearly proves that God heals disease and sin. It does not explain how it heals to the satisfaction of any but those for whom it is intended, whose brains can grasp idyosincrasies incomprehensible to others, or who accept the truths, which the majority do, content to leave to the spirit the power to unfold

the apparent contradictions and inconsistences. Christian Science cannot graps a Personal God, makes all manifest God. This is true as children of God, we are all of Him, but not true in the sense that we are or ever can equal Him. Christian Science does not explain the truth of God Omnipotent Personally impressing the Lord Jesus Christ, recognizing the Lord Jesus Christ as a Son on an equal plane. The great truth of a Personal God Omnipotent is taught by our church, which has not advanced simply because we teach hell and places of punishment. I frankly confess Christian Science is doing better, greater work."

Swedenborg replied, "It is impossible for the majority until ready to be impressed, to credit a Personal God, that, as I say in "Heaven and Hell," is but discerned by the highest. Christian Science was brought forth by Mrs. Eddy, the instrument, to impress those in harmony with the truths they were fit to receive. So long as they realize the Omnipotence, whether cognized as Principle or Person, the Divinity of Christ, the Divine Commandments, all is as God wills. Little by little all will advance, there will be no necessity for *exterior* forms of religion, all will find within the true light. It is true that there are many undeveloped healers in Christian Science, that many of its followers

are even more undeveloped, that it does not interpret clearly the Gospel of Love, that it still, more or less, on material plane, fails in many ways, as do all religions, but it is just creeping, when it eliminates its false conceptions, become truly spiritual, it will be a greater power for good."

"Do you not think it probable in time that true Christian Spiritualism may advance?"

He smiled, "True Christian Spiritualism, amongst all races, whether accepted as *Christian* spiritualism or not, is more powerful than any, has more followers among all the different religions, philosophies than any other belief. Modern spiritualism, with its "Elder Brother" theory, will merge into the true which ultimately will number openly, as it now does privately thousands, who, divested of the fear of prejudice will come forth from the churches, Christian Science and the various philosophies, and *unafraid, unashamed, acknowledge the control of the spirit.* It were as absurd to attempt to wipe creation out of existence, *as to attempt to stem the mighty forces of all our spirit spheres, all, under our loving Father, working in unison, to gradually, not incompatible with discipline, bring the two planes into closer communion, to lighten, as far as possible, the otherwise too severe discipline.* As the chil-

dren progress, the material brain becomes a better instrument, and brings spirit in closer touch with material life, hence unless *instructed regarding the truths and necessity for this discipline, they would suffer more than is adjudged necessary.* No one is permitted to suffer in the least more than is actually necessary for individual discipline. The more developed, the more unfoldled the spirit, in closer touch with mortal life, feels more *keenly the impressions received from the mortal brain and body, as well as expresses or transmits more perfectly spiritual impressions.* In consequence were the spirit *unilluminated with faith, hope and knowledge while on earth,* as he advances and become more conscious of material life, he would *naturalyl suffer more.* Therefore, as the spirit gradually comes in closer touch, teachers, suited to each plane of advancement, have been prepared for the different races. When the time arrived, when a greater than any who had preceeded, was needed, when some were so advanced that only the truth could satisfy them, when the great masses, on the lower planes, had arrived at that stage where more light was needed, light that could not be destroyed by the sophistry of any unstable philosophy or religion, our loving Father, the God of Love, brought forth, on earth, the Lord Jesus Christ, a perfect material instrument, one fit to be im-

pressed perfectly. He, Himself, impressed and at various times attached Himself to Jesus, through Jesus He suffered all the ignominy and pain of His life and crucifixion. Only in this way, with truth, could our Lord say, "I and my Father are one." In verity in more accord and unison than any spirit with his mortal body. Our loving Father, to inspire His children with faith, hope and love, suffered, on mortal plane, while attached to the Lord, as much as any of His children, and in this manner, brought the spirit and mortal life into closer union, satisfied with actual knowledge those clamoring for the truth, and, in parable and allegory, gave all that was necessary for the masses. The little grain of truth, the tiny ray of light which they were and are capable of being impressed with, is just enough to force them, incapable of being governed by love, to greater effort through fear. It is the mission of the Celestial Angels, directing attached spirits, to gradually impress the spiritual attributes of love, will, understanding, knowledge, intelligence. In truth there is no such thing as human *reason or logic,* there is material brain, which has a certain degree of reason, intelligence and consciousness, the reason, intelligence and consciousness of each separate entity inhabiting it, *all under directivity or control.* When these combine, as a whole, in the aggregate, under control, for

purpose of discipline, they transmit incorrect impressions, and, seemingly, *bear false witness.* The Angels, in charge of all these entities, under their supervision, develop the conditions requisite for the especial discipline for each spirit on mortal plane. Were it not for this supervision a mortal babe, even among the most advanced races, would develop no more than the babe of the most primitive. The Angels develop the brain within the first six months, to enable the spirit babe to be impressed, when ready. Every child, upon mortal plane, is impressed from the spirit spheres by their own especial Angel Guides." He ceased.

"Therefore, the child, his visitor added, "of the most highly advanced spiritually and materially, suffers no more, in reality, than the abandoned waif of the slums, or the millions in famine stricken places, who succumb to starvation, or the thousands of child slaves who toil for a pittance."

"Often so, all have individual discilpline, many suffer necessarily more on this plane, although the waif of the slums, the famine-stricken, the child slaves in a much shorter period are called home."

"Those taken, prior to birth, upon acquiring personality, early in life, require but little mortal discipline."

"The especial work of various kinds for

which they are destined require entirely different training, or they most assuredly would not be detached unless necessary.

"They do not suffer at all then, therefore must be more greatly favored."

"Not at all. Nothing is left to chance in all God's realms. All, even to the hairs of our heads are numbered. That for which a child is destined is *known prior to birth on spirit plane,* all that Divine love and wisdom can do, to fit him for that destiny, is done, as there are millions brought forth daily in all the spirit worlds, the discipline of all varies considerably. The mortal life so transitory, so dream-like, despite is suffering, appears but a moment to the awakened spirit.'

"Then there is no such thing as free will upon mortal plane?"

"The spirit, upon the mortal plane of consciousness, is only impressed by Celestial guides, with that which is deemed essential for mortal discipline, until he advances under law of the mortal plane. The work of the Celestial Angels in charge is to make the free will of the spirit, of mortal plane, to accord with the God will of the spirit, when *the mortal discipline requires it.* The will of man is free only within the bounds of law, man is neither a puppet nor an automatum upon his true plane, but, upon the mortal, he is ever un-

der law and supervision. In all spirits spheres law is invariable, universal and immutable, so invariable that perfect science foretells the future with absolute certainity. Upon the mortal plane, science has advanced so rapidly as to predict phemonena many years in advance, were conditions as perfect as on spiritual, spirits on mortal plane, could be able to foretell with accuracy all things pertainingly to physics. As law is but an expression of the Divine will, all that has been in the past, and all that is, and all that will be, is but an expression of His will. He acts not contrary to His own Divine law. Even the phemonena, determined by the variable conditions, under which law operates, on mortal plane, *attributed to man's free will,* are under law."

"Then, in reality, there is no such thing as free will?"

"Spirit, on mortal plane, is free to act as he will under these variable conditions, yet no one, outside the mentally and criminally afflicted but seeks within for the light to guide him, the impressions that he can receive from no where else but the spirit plane, where God's will is his will in his own true home. Hence, he acts according to the impressions transmitted and while apparently free, yet is guided and directed as his guardian Angels know to be necessary for him."

"Do you not think that there are many on earth to whom the knowledge of this truth might make cast off responsibility, cease individual effort, and rely solely upon their guardian Angels?"

"That could not be, all rely upon Him who said, "Take no thought of the tomorrow, but, although all impressions are *from the spirit, all receive, according to their plane, according to those in charge, none can act otherwise than as they decree or as God wills."*

"The Lord's prayer says, "Thy will be done, lead us not into temptation, deliver us from evil."

"The Angels, in charge, arrange these condition of apparent temptation and evil. This prayer was and is for all subject to material conditions, no matter how advanced."

"As mortals advance, will evil cease to tempt, and be conquered?"

"The law of progression, in all spirit spheres is universal, invariable, on mortal, for the purpose of discipline, it is variable. Although here and there an individual or race retrograde, or are wiped out of existence, the majoriety are ever on the upward march until they attain to the highest material advancement. If unaccompanied by *spiritual unfoldment to harmonize,* the pendulum swings back, races disappear, are wiped out, become extinct,

to begin anew until *both material and spiritual are in accord.* When that time arrives, the earth will have accomplished its mission like the material body, cease to exist as a world, and be transformed into the true spiritual substance of the vast atmospheric spiritual ocean. But in spiritual worlds, in the true life, the spirits, the real beings, ever in peace, love and harmony, whether their mortal attachments advance or not, advance, and upon their release from the mortal, find themselves upon a higher plane than the highest material plane in all wisdom and knowledge, and more spiritually unfolded than the most God-like and saint-like. God's will, their will, where the unreality of evil disease and death, the illusions of the mortal vanish as with us. The apparent conflict between the material and the spiritual, the animal propensities and diseases, which seemingly cause the undeveloped conditions, are, under law, caused by the Celestial Angels for purpose of discipline. Hence, from the beginning of human life up to the present, these conditions are necessary for the majority or they would not exist while spirits are being trained in all material worlds."

Swedenborg ceased, his visitor said reverently,

"Thy will be done."